

PREFACE.



THE Editor has much pleasure in sitting down to write his Preface, although he scarcely knows what he has to say—however, it is the *custom* to write a Preface.

PLEASANT PAGES is now connected with the past and the future; and the Editor may look back on old pleasures, and forward for new ones. The past is a matter of congratulation. Oh, truly it is a great pleasure, to have been assured of pleasant thoughts, and pleasant looks, which have been read in the pleasant faces of thousands of young people! For, are not the faces of all dear children truly "pleasant pages"? To have suggested bright thoughts, and to have lit up bright intelligent smiles on any of these fair countenances, is indeed a reward for the labour of love in writing this book.

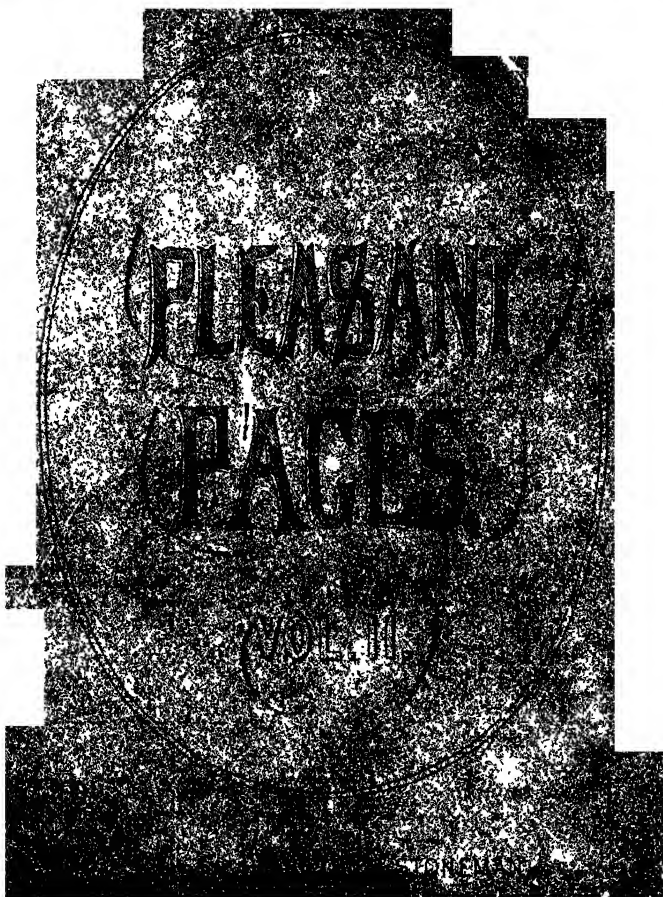
So, the past is a matter of congratulation, for Volume II. is now complete! May it meet with a reception as extensive as that of Volume I., and may it go forth and light up more and more smiles, and train to habits of thought, and convey useful knowledge; and, more still, may it be blessed from above to arouse in young hearts that easily-kindled enthusiasm for the cause of truth and justice, honesty and love, which cannot be too early or too earnestly fostered!

With a sincere belief in the necessity for such a work, now ever, imperfect the assistance which these humble volumes may hitherto have afforded, the Editor will still reach forward to their maintenance. "The foundation of moral and intellectual habits is the first generation."

One more word for the future. In carrying out the design of PLEASANT PAGES, it is intended, as has been stated, to supply elementary courses, according to the principles of education of Locke and Pestalozzi, in each of the essential branches of Mental Training and Knowledge. In the next volume it is intended to supply twelve supplements, containing OBJECT LESSONS FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION. In consequence of the attention necessary in getting up the drawings and wood-cuts for such a course, the Editor has resolved on suspending the course of Drawing for the next six months; but he cannot say whether after then it will be continued in PLEASANT PAGES, or whether, in order to supply more appropriate Drawing-copies, it will not be carried out separately in a book of larger size. It is intended in the next volume to proceed with increased vigour in the courses of BRITISH AND FOREIGN GEOGRAPHY, as the present time gives a peculiar interest to the knowledge of the countries of "all nations." It is also intended, before the close of the volume, to begin a course either on ENGLISH GRAMMAR, or ARITHMETIC, both of which subjects have too long been considered *dry*, whereas they may really become sources of the most pleasing excitement.

THE PRIORY HOUSE, CLAPTON,
June, 1851.

14-100



"PLEASANT WORDS are as an honeycomb; sweet to the soul."

PROV. xvi. 24.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION

FOR

THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

BY A. PROUT NEWCOMBE.

1st Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

"Write injuries in dust, and kindnesses in marble."

W. We have had two lessons from that proverb, papa—we had a lesson from the first part, *Write injuries in dust*, and another lesson on the second part, *Write kindnesses in marble*.

P. True, Willie, and it is such a good proverb that we will have another lesson from it—we will learn of both parts together. *Write injuries in dust, and kindnesses in marble*.

Ion. And it will make a good rule for us. I should like to think of it all the year round.

M. So should I, Ion—and so, that we may all remember it, I will tell you a true tale.

You know where Barnsbury Street is?

Ion. Yes, mamma.

M. Before I was married to papa, I used to go to school every day.

W. Yes, of course, when you were a little girl—because, else, where would you get your learning from?

M. But I mean, when I was grown up—then I went to school to teach. I used to like going to school, for it was a pleasant walk until I came to the large crossing.

That boy at the crossing was a great hindrance, and always followed me across the road with his cap, if he saw that I wanted to make haste. When I had got across, you would soon have seen that we were going to school—not I, but we—ah, a great many of us. I soon heard little voices calling my name, and the sound of many little feet. On they came, running. Sometimes from two or three streets at once, would come Mary, Sammy, Phil, Fred, Katie, little Meg, and "her dumpling," the baby, with the servant girl dragging the twins in the chaise, and the great doll, while the old steady old Boxer ran before, as if he were man enough to take care of them. So, often we would travel on like a great and mighty company.

W. Or like a caravan.

M. Yes—until we reached Barnsbury Street, where we saw a house numbered 34, with a great black board, and gilt letters put together, so!

INFANT SCHOOL.

and that was our school!—Such a

dear old board that was—and such a merry school.

School! school! Who wouldn't go to school? "Who would like to stop at home?" you would have said, if you had gone with me; for when we peeped inside there were always plenty of folk—Mrs. Mann, and great dame Patty, keeping school of their own accord, and teaching. 1st, Sophy, with the black hair and gipsy face; 2ndly, Sophy, with the curly hair and ruddy face; 3rdly, Baby Bruck, with her round twinkling eyes and fat face; 4thly, my own dear Joseph, and his sister Kate; 5thly, poor patient Janie, who was lame, and lead irons fastened to his legs; and so on up to 18thly or 19thly, where sat my great boy Robbie Young, with his broad shoulders and broad face, and sober "mean-to-do-something" look. He, when he saw me, would open his great staring eyes—then, without saying a word, he would get up slowly from his seat, would come down the gallery with heavy cautious steps, looking at his feet, and taking only one stair at a time, whilst all the while he seemed to say, "I am coming down 'about something,'" until at last he reached the floor, when he would march up to me, put his fat hand in mine, and say, in his broad Scotch language, "How—do—you—do. Miss Why-i-ite?" Sometimes, when he was sociable, he would put up his face for a kiss.

I cannot stop to tell you of all my children. When we began school, and I had cried "*Stand to the line!*" what a long row there was of feet with little black shoes and white socks! Ours were all growing children, for they had all *begun* to grow, but none of them had finished yet—it was not a

"finishing" school. Perhaps some of them were higher than the table. You shall hear now of something that happened.

Once it was my birthday. It was in the month of May, when the flowers grow; and always on my birthday each child brought me a bunch of flowers for a keepsake. So on that morning, when I had received a great many beautiful flowers, and we were all standing to the line, one boy cried out, "Where are Henry and Fred?"

"Oh!" said one of the girls, "I think they will be here soon—perhaps they are picking a very large nosegay."

"Yes," said another, "Harry told me yesterday that his papa's gardener was going to pick one for him from the green-house. He will have some jonquils, hyacinths, auriculas, balsams, carnations, petunias, and a fine camellia. I shall be so glad when they come."

"Perhaps, ma'am," said Marian, "the boy at the crossing has stopped them."

"Oh," I said, "he could not be so rude as that."

"But, ma'am," said another, "he is often rude to Harry and Fred. He is not rude to me, because I come with the servant; but sometimes, when he sees Harry, he tries to stop him from crossing the road. Once he took away Fred's books, and splashed him with mud. When he sees them running he is sure to stop them. In the winter time, he makes them walk on the snow, and holds up his broom before their face, and says, 'Can't come across—can't come across—you'll be late—you'll have the stick;' and sometimes, when they are very early, he tells them they are late, to make them run faster."

"Perhaps, ma'am," said one

boy, "he has taken their flowers away from them."

"And then," said another, "they will not like to come."

But, that very minute the school door opened, and in came Harry and Fred *without any flowers!*

They made their bow, and stood to the line not saying a word, except *good morning*; but they both looked down on the ground.

"Where's your nosegay?" whispered a little girl to Henry.

"Have not got one," he said.

"If—you—please. maaa-m," cried great Robbie from the other end of the room—"they—have—not—brought—no—flow-ers!"

"Hush, Robbie, never mind, we are going to begin school," I said, so no one made any more remarks.

Jon. But, mamma, I should like to know why they came without the flowers.

M. Well, I will tell you; for I soon heard. They were coming to school with a very large nosegay, a very large one indeed, and were running that they might not be late, when they saw their old enemy the crossing-sweeper.

W. Were they not afraid, mamma?

M. No: for he was sitting down on a door-step, with his head resting on his knees, and they were going to run past him when Harry said to Fred, "Oh, he will not hurt us—let us stop—I wonder what he is crying for."

"What is the matter?" said Fred to him.

"Mind your own business," said the boy without looking up; "go on to school."

But just as they were going away he caught sight of their flowers, and called them back.

"Don't go," said Fred. "he's a wicked boy—we can't help him."

And they were going on when Harry looked again and saw him crying, so they returned.

The boy then told them that he was very hungry, and what was worse, that his mother was at home ill, and his grandmother too, and they were very hungry. He told them, too, that last week a new policeman had turned him away from his crossing because a woman had said it belonged to her; and that he had not earned any money for three days.

When Harry heard this, he said "Poor fellow." He forgot how bad the boy had been, and only wished he had a penny. Both he and Fred looked at their flowers, and the boy too looked at the grand camellia.

"He can't have our flowers, you know," said Fred, "we want them for our teacher. Besides, she is kinder to us than he is."

"And then," said Harry, "we said that ours should be the *finest nosegay*. I want to show her how much I love her."

So they walked away slowly, but the boy looked after them with a longing eye.

"I say that he does not deserve to be helped," said Fred.

"And so do I," said Harry—"and then these flowers are too good to give to *him*;" but still they did not feel quite comfortable in their minds—selfishness did not make them happy.

"We have no right," said Henry again, "to punish him, it is only God who is good enough to punish. Don't you remember our lesson at school yesterday? '*If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you.*' Here, Fred!—take them to him."

So, looking back and seeing that the boy, who was very near them,

was looking earnestly through some railings into a kitchen, Fred went up to him and put the flowers into his hand.

Then, making haste back to Henry, they both ran off to school very quickly, without stopping to hear his thanks, or to see the tears in his eyes. Ah, how happy they both were! they looked at each other so gladly.

W. How did you know this, mamma?

M. I will tell you. We were having our Bible lesson at school, and no one had been able to say a word about the flowers, when their papa came in with the nosegay in his hand. He had bought it of the boy for a shilling, and heard the whole history from him.

When we all heard it in school, we were pleased to see the flowers; but do you know what pleased us more?

L. Yes. Harry and Fred pleased you most. You liked to think of them, because they had been so good to the boy.

Ion. And because they had written his injuries in the dust.

M. And, I'll tell you what we did. We wrote their kindness in marble. We remembered it for a long time. We talked next day of the words of our Saviour, who said, "*Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you.*"

But some one else wrote their kindnesses in marble.

Ion. Yes, God did, mamma.

M. True, Ion, and that was a good thing. And not only God, but that poor boy did. The re-

membrance of that kindness would never leave him, it was always doing him good; it was inside him, like a medicine to his soul, keeping him from being unkind.

He regained his crossing, but now, as Harry and Fred passed every day, he always touched his hat to them;—and, when their little sister Mary came to school with them, the poor boy would watch for her in dirty weather, that he might carry her across the road.

In time, he became so kind to them, that when their father heard of it, he engaged him to clean the boots and shoes at their house; he gave his mother some washing to do, and put his grandmother in an almshouse.

I think that after that the boy grew up to be very good, and became a gentleman's servant.

"Ah," I once said to Fred, when he was a man—"that boy might have been a beggar all his life, even a bad man, and a thief perhaps, but for your writing his injuries in the dust."

"Yes," said Fred, "and I have found out a good plan now, when any man injures me. I always write his injuries in the dust, and that does me good."

"Then, when I do that he writes my kindnesses in marble—and that does him good—very great good too—it makes him much better."

Dear Lucy, Willie, Ion, and Ada, ask God to help you to do so all this year. So, out of injuries will grow kindness, and out of evil will come—

L. Good.

TRUST not to each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong,
Which ought not to be true.

SHERIDAN.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 2. FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS.
(*Quadrumana*.)

M. Let us look back on our old lessons once more. The animal kingdom may be arranged into—

L. Four sub-kingdoms.

M. The sub-kingdoms of vertebrated animals may be arranged into—

W. Four classes.

M. And the class called mammals may be arranged into—

Ion. Twelve smaller classes, called orders. And we learned about the animals in the first order. I will describe them.

The animals in the first order of mammals are superior to any of the others, for they have *souls* which can never die—and besides that, they have minds which think and reason very much, while the other animals act chiefly from *instinct*.

So, as their minds think many thoughts, they have hands at the extremities of their fore-limbs, which perform many actions, while they only use their hind-limbs for walking.

Again: as they only use their two limbs for walking, we find that their bodies have an *upright posture*—such animals are called—

W. MANKIND.

Ion. There!—that is the history of the first order—now we shall begin to learn about the lower animals.

W. Ah, I'm so glad!

M. And so am I. You will find their history to be as pleasant as that of *man*—for the hand of God is upon them all. They will teach us more still of the beautiful order in all God's works, which we spoke of long ago.

The next order, after the two-handed animals *mankind*, are the four-handed animals—the monkeys. These animals—

W. Mamma, excuse my interrupting you—

M. Well!

W. But, I was thinking—will you let us bring down the great monkey from papa's room—the stuffed one in the glass case!

M. But it is as tall as a man—you cannot carry it down stairs—suppose we go up to it.



W. Here he is, mamma, with his name—"Chimpanzee."

L. I should think, mamma, that such a fine intelligent fellow would be able to give his own history, just as the Butterfly did. Please let

him give us an account of his own life.

M. Very well. I will consent to *speaking* for him. I will be his trumpeter.

Chimpanzee. For my own part I am quite agreeable to the arrangement just proposed—for who can know so much about my own life as I do?

If I may be permitted, I would wish to correct the young gentleman who remarked just now that I was a monkey;—I am an *ape*, which you will find is quite a different thing—and what is more, if it is not rude to compare myself with others, I belong to the highest species of apes—and am believed to be more like man than any other animal in our order. My name, “Chimpanzee,” for instance, has been considered rather aristocratic.

L. (whispering). I like the *manner* of this animal, Willie. I think that there is more politeness about him than any animal we have heard yet.

W. (whispering). Yes, but I think that that remark about his *name* was rather foolish—as though his name could make him any better.

Ion (whispering). No, his name is not a part of him. Is it?

Chimpanzee (coughing). I was going to begin with the distinctive features of—

W. The *what*, sir?

Chimp. The *distinctive features* of our order (you must ask your mamma what that means*); but it has been suggested that I should principally confine myself to my personal history. So, please attend.

On the map of the world, which

is hanging before us, I observe a large piece of land, called AFRICA. Now, if you look on its western side, you will see a part marked “Guinea.” There, where the sun sheds burning light—there shady forests grow! I cannot say where I was born; but, as I grew up, I began to notice our dwelling-place. It was a leafy spot, where a little rill ran over the stones, and “murmured a quiet tune.” My father and mother, instead of living in a cave, had formed a sort of hut from the branches of the trees, and there we used to sleep during the hot day until the cool evening-time. Then would we sit in calm repose, and eat luscious mellow fruits—all juicy and green—nuts, of which we kept a store;—and also animal food—“eggs of birds, locusts, and even small lizards, we chewed with diligence and delight.” Thus, we were something like men, for we ate all kinds of food.

P. And as the Chimpanzee has not learned any *Latin*, I will just stop him to tell you something. The Latin word for “all things” is *omnia*, and the Latin for “devour” is *voro*; so that the animals who eat all kinds of food are called “omni-vorous,” or *omnivorous*. Tell me another omnivorous animal.

W. The *cat* is, papa; she eats meat, and potatoes, and eggs, and cheese, and cabbage—

Ion. And *grass*—I have seen her.

M. Domestic cats are omnivorous.

W. And so are the elephants at the Zoological Gardens, and the bears, I think.

Chimpanzee. Allow me to proceed.—I remember that my father and mother had many friends, for it is the custom of apes to live together in troops. One day, a number of old apes sat chattering together for some time, and I

* *Distinctive features.* See note, page 329, vol. I.

heard them say that an elephant had lately come to live in our part of the forest "without permission," and my father, with several others, armed themselves with clubs and stones, and started off to make an attack. I followed them—at some distance, and saw them gain a complete victory over their enemy, who fled and carried his bulky body farther off.

As they returned home in great glory, they grew rather uproarious, and passing near a rice-field, they attacked some negroes, and obliged them also to flee. Ah! but then I learned something; happening to notice a negro young lady, it struck me that she was not much unlike myself; for, while I was young, my face was much handsomer than it is now;—your papa, I know, has my picture.

P. Yes, here it is; and I will show you why, when he was young, he was so much like the negro woman. Do you observe the two thin lines?



L. Yes, papa, there is an horizontal line crossing the ear, and a perpendicular line drawn from the lips to the forehead.

P. You have learned about angles in your drawing lessons. What angle do these two lines make?

Ion. An angle nearly as large as a right angle. The line in front is nearly upright. That is because his skull then projected almost as forward as his face.

W. And, as his skull was so large, it shows that his brain must have been large; almost as large as a child's, I should think.

Chimp. True—that is very true. That angle shows *how large my brain was*; but, alas! I am sorry to say that, as I grew up, I found myself to be an inferior animal! I happened to be more fond of eating than of thinking; so my jaws, with which I ate, grew very fast, while my brain seemed to have stopped growing. Yes; alas, for my beauty, while my jaws projected, my skull seemed to fall backwards; so that, by the time when I was full grown, the lines of my skull and face made an angle, so!

Ion. Ah! that angle is much smaller. It is an acute angle.

W. Then the small angle shows that his skull is small, and his brain also.

P. In other animals, such as the dog and the horse, the brain is smaller still; so that the angles of their faces are also small. This angle, which shows the size of the face and the brain, is called "The facial angle." There are many animals whose facial angles are much smaller than the horse's.

Chimp. That is very correct. I have observed it myself, and I am proud to say that the facial angle of our order is larger, and more like a man's, than that of any other animal. I'm sorry to add that, my cough being very bad, I cannot now finish my history; but you may for the present write down these two things—

"APES and other four-handed animals resemble man—

"1st, Because they are omnivorous.

"2nd, Because their facial angle is almost as large as *this*.



THAT thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.

COWPER.

ABOUT GOVERNMENTS.

L. We have not had any History lesson for three weeks, papa, so we are quite ready for a new one.

P. And so am I; but let us look back at the old lessons for a minute. Do you remember them?

W. I do, papa. Please let me recapitulate.

About 1,900 years ago, there was an island called BRITAIN, inhabited by people in a *savage* state, people in a *pastoral* state, and people in an *agricultural* state. These people, who were called BRITONS, were conquered by men in a *civilised* state called ROMANS.

After the time of the Romans, they were conquered again by a people called SAXONS.

The Saxons drove out the Britons, and settled here, but in time they were nearly conquered by a people called DANES.

At last the Saxons and Danes were both conquered by a people called Normans, under William the Conqueror; so things went up and down, up and down, just like the waves of the sea!

L. And when we stopped, you may remember the English were *slaves*, pressed down by their masters, the Norman barons.

Ion. Who made them work like the poor brutes—that was such a different plan from Alfred's!—he said, you know, that the people should be *as free as their own thoughts*. So now we have to see how they rose again, and became a great nation.

L. I think that their rising would depend a great deal upon the way in which they were governed. I don't see how they could rise under that *Feudal system*—the *Allodial system* was the plan I liked best.

W. I think that the *feudal system* was a very good one. We are governed on the feudal system at school. We are a nation of boys, seventy of us; we have barons to look after us called monitors, and then there is a king to keep the barons in order—he is called the master; and I am sure that ours is a very orderly school.

L. But you forget, Willie, that you are *all boys*, and your master is good enough to keep you in order, because he is older and wiser than you are. But it is very different in governing *men*; you cannot always find a man who is older and wiser than all the others.

W. Ah, some of the people might be older and wiser than he! No, if you want for one to govern all the others, he must be more than a man, he must be an *angel*. William the Conqueror was not an angel.

Ion. And yet it would not answer for all the people to make the rules. Supposing that they all met together to make a law, what confusion there would be; there would be ever so many people speaking at once. I think that I see now, the *barons* were the proper persons to make the laws.

W. No. I don't agree to that; for, if they happened to be bad barons, they would make bad laws. The plan of the Saxons during the *allodial system*, was a good one, because the people chose the wise men to make the laws, and to speak for them. That is much better than for the king only to make the laws.

P. Men are not all of the same opinion on that point yet, Willie. There are, now, countries where the king makes all the laws himself, and there are countries where

the people, make their own laws, without any king.

L. In Russia, papa, the emperor makes the laws.

P. Yes; and where a monarch, or any one else, acts only according to his own will, he is said to be *absolute*; so, the government where the monarch acts alone, is called an *absolute monarchy*.

W. But when the people make the laws?

P. Then, it is very different. Then the government is said to be a public business, because it belongs to so many people; the Latin word for *business* or *thing* is *re*.

Ion. So, such a government is called a *re-public*. I have heard that word before. The government is then a public business.

L. In America, the people have a republic—and in France.

P. And in several other nations. People have been getting fond of republics lately.

W. But in England we have a monarchy—the Queen governs.

P. Our good Queen is said to govern; but she cannot make laws without the consent of the people. The people send their "wise men" to speak for them. The Normans brought over to England a French word—*Parler*, to speak—so, when this assembly of wise men meet to make speeches, and laws, they are not called a Wittenagemot, but a Parliament.

W. Yes; I once saw a Member of Parliament.

Ada. Did he look wise, Willie?

W. I forget; he had large whiskers, I know.

Ion. Ah! he ought to have had a long beard, to look wise. If I were a member of Parliament I would wear a beard.

P. When these members of Par-

liament meet to make laws, each one is said to be *present*, instead of the people who send him. We say that he represents them and speaks for them. Sometimes, however, he speaks for himself, and says what he thinks is right, without asking the people.

W. I don't think that that is fair. If the members of Parliament do that, they may make laws which the people do not like—they have no business with any power of their own.

P. That is another matter of opinion, Willie. Perhaps they do not think so; for sometimes they make laws which are not liked—bad taxes, and so on.

Ion. I remember, papa, you said that you did not like *income tax*. Now, I see that there are *three* powers of government—the People, the Parliament, and the Queen. That is a better plan than having only one power; because, if the king should govern badly, the Parliament could keep him in order; and if the Parliament should govern badly, the people can keep it in order.

W. But if the people should be bad—ah! then, I suppose, the *king* would keep them in order with his soldiers?

P. We will talk more about this plan of government next week. I think you will like your history better when you know something about governments; and then, as we go on, we can notice the different ways in which the government was changed from the old feudal system, and we shall see how the English nation rose out of slavery, and gained great riches and power.

L. I shall very much like to do that, papa.

THE METALS. (*Introduction.*)

M. I think that we finished our course of lessons on the objects of the breakfast table.

L. Except, mamma, the lessons on the spoon and the mats. But we shall find those things on the dinner table.

M. True. But, I have been thinking, that before we proceed to the dinner table, we might take another course for a change. Look all round the room, and see how many objects there are which will give you instruction.

W. Yes, mamma. We might learn something from the chairs, the carpet, the window, the ceiling, the fire-place, the door.

M. This chair would give us many lessons. I should like you to know where all parts of it came from; to hear of the grand mahogany tree, and the qualities of its wood; to understand how the striped chintz covering was made, and the green damask which forms the inside covering; to know the history of the wool, horse hair, glue, and even of the little nails used in making it, with the history of the varnish, or French polish, outside it.

L. It will be rather hard work, mamma, to notice so particularly as that.

M. But there is no reason, dear Lucy, why you should not know the history of everything you see around you. The many objects in this room are very interesting. Before this room could be furnished they were brought from all quarters of the world. I see something now which came from Sweden, something from India, something from South America. I am wearing something from the West In-

dies, something from Ireland, something from the Islands of Asia, and something which was brought either from Spain or Australia, I do not know which.

W. Well, I should like to know where all the things came from, and all their history.

M. You not only have to learn where they come from Willie, but what they are. Many of these objects you know scarcely anything of, except their names. That which shines so brightly inside the grate you call *the fire*, you know what it is called, but you do not know what it is.

W. No; only I know that it is *fire*, and that it is very hot, that is all.

M. So, also, the substance of which the window is made, you call it "*glass*;" and the bright poker, you call it "*steel*," but I do not think that you know what glass or steel is.

W. Then let us begin to learn about the *furniture*. What shall we take first?

M. Suppose that we take a *class* of subjects this time. God has supplied for our use objects from the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms. How useful, for instance, are the metals which are dug out of the dark places under the earth! I wonder how many metals we have in this room?

L. We have *iron* in the stove.

W. Yes, and in the nails of the doors; the lock and key, hinges, the fastenings of the shutters. The fire-irons, and the fender, are made of iron. The *handles* of the doors are made of brass.

Ada. The Toal-stuttle is made of *topper*.

M. Ada, you are quite old

enough to make a *k* sound, say *coal-skuttle*.

Ada. Coal-stukkle!

Ion. I do not see any *gold*. Yes! the gilt on the frames of the pictures and the pier glass, is gold.

W. Mamma's watch is made of gold and papa's chain, and the sovereigns in his purse.

Ada. And mamma's wedding-ring is gold.

L. And we have some *silver* in the room. I have a shilling—there is papa's silver watch, and his silver pencil case. I do not see any *lead* in the room, nor any *tin*.

Ion. I was thinking about that—where is there any lead?

W. Ah! *where* is it? It is playing at hide and seek with us; but I saw it the other day when the carpenter mended the window sash. Come here, *Ion*. Do you see this strip of wood at the side of the window? Well! He took that down, and there was a sort of wheel with a rope over it; and a weight at the end of the rope, made of *lead*. Ah!

And I'll tell you something else; there is lead in the *glass* of the window—it is used in making glass that it may not be too brittle. I read that in a book once.

L. And there is some lead in this great heavy old pincushion, in mamma's work-basket. Here is lead, too, inside the tea-caddy:—but I do not think that we can find any *tin*.

W. Yes, I keep my slate-pencil in a *tin* case. Here it is in my pocket.

M. There is another metal in the room, which you have not mentioned. It is not solid like the others—it is fluid.

L. I see it, *mamma*. There it

is! inside the thermometer; and there is some in the barometer, in the hall—it is called quicksilver.

W. Or *mercury*, generally. How many metals we make use of, *mamma*, even in this room! Please let me take down the thermometer, and put something made from each metal on the table. Here is some *mercury*, a piece of *lead*, *copper*, *silver*, *gold*, *iron*, and *tin*. Why here are *seven* metals! I propose that we ask *mamma* to give us some lessons on metals—all who approve of that motion will signify the same by holding up their hands!

Ion. We are all signifying, Willie.

W. Then I will be the *deputation*. "If you please, *mamma*—will you teach us about these metals? Will you tell us where the copper of this penny came from, and why it is called 'copper'? Will you tell us where this shilling came from, and why it is called 'silver'? Will you tell us which is the heaviest, which is the brightest, which is the softest, and which is the hardest? Will you tell us how they make brass from copper, and steel from iron? Will you please to tell us *all about* them—and then—and then, we'll be very much obliged to you."

M. Yes, Willie, I will. These metals are very interesting to me, and so they will be to you when you have examined them. There they lie together on the table, lifeless things, and yet they speak to us about God as much as the animals do! They were *sent* to us from Him. They will teach us very much, if we try to learn from them, and we will begin to do so next week.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

RECAPITULATION. LANCASHIRE.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

When people begin a new year, they sometimes sit down and think. They look back on the old year, and think of what they have done; and then they look forward to the new year, and think of what, if God should kindly spare them, they will do.

This is a very good custom; and I think it is also good to look back on what we have *learned*. You have learned about five counties—viz., NORTHUMBERLAND, CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE — and have already been questioned on the first three. Suppose, now, that you sit down, and answer me while I question you on all of them.

1. I know a large river, which has several tributaries spreading through a certain county like the roots of some great tree—what is its name?

2. This river is a tributary to one which is still larger; what is the name of this very large river?

3. The name of a capital town on the *large* river?

4. The name of a great port on the *very large* river?

5. I remember a town where I saw the two great *cloth halls*, and many great woollen manufactories—what is its name?

6. The names of the five cloth-making towns?

7. What animals is Yorkshire famous for?

8. Which county is famous for mustard?

9. What town is famous for its grindstones?

10. Mention a town famous for its lead pencils?

11. A town noted for its pickled salmon?

12. A capital town, with a good trade in salmon also, noted for its fine situation and its old walls.

13. A capital, with a very ancient cathedral, and a modern university.

14. A capital, containing the finest cathedral in England.

15. The etymology of *Durham*?

16. The etymology of *York*?

17. The etymology of *Cumberland*?

18. Of *Westmoreland*?

19. Of *Northumberland*?

20. A town noted for cutlery?

21. A town noted for horse-races?

22. Whose statue may be seen at Hull?

23. Tell me something about that man.

24. What was the name of the steamer in which I travelled from Hull to York?

25. I wonder why the Yorkshire people gave it such a name?

26. I visited twelve towns in Yorkshire—tell me their names.

27. How large is Yorkshire?

28. How is it divided?

29. Get your map of England, and point out the great valley which my Yorkshire friend spoke of—the largest valley in England.

30. Describe the eastern coast of Yorkshire, mentioning the two promontories.*

We will now, dear children, proceed with the history of my travels.

I fear that you must be quite

* The reader should go back to the first series of questions, which, together with this course, should be frequently repeated during the year.—Pp. 286, 316, vol. i.

tired of hearing about my horse "Peg"—but, really she is a great friend of mine, and she interests me as much as the towns and other places that I visit.

The fact is, that she is an *old* horse, and a very *good* old creature—so, you will, I am sure, be sorry to hear that she is ill. Poor thing! she makes a sort of wheezing sound when she breathes, especially when going up a hill—and she sneezes frequently, while her eyes are very bad. Her skin, too, is in very bad condition—rather rough, and the hair falls off. So, after I had written you my last letter from DONCASTER, I found that I had to return on business to PONTEFRAC, and from thence we went again to LEEDS. There, I found that, as Peg was so ill, it would be a very great trouble for her to carry me to Lancashire, and we both took the railway to the great town of MANCHESTER.

Have you ever heard of Manchester, dear children? I had, before I reached it. I had heard that it was the great manufacturing town—the largest manufacturing town in England, so I was full of expectation.

We travelled through several tunnels; indeed, I expected to do so—for, if you look at your map, you will see that before we could reach Manchester, we had to cross the northern range—the mountains which, you may remember, are called, "the Backbone of England."

"It must have been a very expensive railway, this," I remarked to a gentleman opposite me.

"Well, yes, it has been, rather," he said; "you must expect that it would cost something to make a road through such a range of hills as this. At one time, men would have thought it impossible. It

shows what astonishing perseverance and power men have now-a-days, sir. They wouldn't have given it up even for a very great difficulty; for, you see, it is a very important line, I'll show it to you, sir, in my *Bradshaw*. If you notice, it connects the west and east of England. The Manchester people can not only send their cottons and machinery to Leeds, but on farther, to Hull, the eastern port."

"And I see that there is a rail from Manchester to Liverpool."

"Yes. So now, sir, the immense quantities of goods from America, Ireland, and other countries on the west, may easily be transported to the east. There goes a luggage train, sir! it has just passed us;—and, I dare say it contains quantities of goods, which are not intended for England—they are going right across to the Continent—so, you perceive that this country is a sort of highway between the new and the old world. But, here we are, sir,"—and I looked out of window, just in time to see a crowd of tall chimneys, church spires, manufactories, warehouses, and a great number of houses, with plenty of smoke, when the train stopped.

I should like to describe to you the long railway station here—the Victoria station,—but I have too much else to tell you. After placing poor Peg in a nice warm stable, I took a walk through the High Street, through Market Street, and many other large streets, in order to notice the town.

"Well," I said to myself, "this is a busy place;" and I am sure you would have said so, if you could only have seen the bustling, active people, and the waggons that were loading and unloading. How crowded the roads were! There

were the carriers' carts waiting at the warehouses to receive packages, dyers' and bleachers' vans delivering pieces, while waggon followed after waggon loaded with immense iron-hooped bales of cotton.

What a long time I loitered about! I was most amused by reading the signboards over the doors of the warehouses and manufactories. There were Messrs. Green and Co., manufacturers of *moleskins, domestics, &c.*; Jones and Co., manufacturers of *bed-ticks*; Smith and Co., manufacturers of

crape: there were manufacturers of *baize*, manufacturers of *cords*, manufacturers of *calicoes*, manufacturers of *cambrics*, manufacturers of *damasks, diapers, merinos, ribbons, sheetings*. But, I found it impossible to remember all the articles manufactured; so, dear children, I have thought of what I will do; *I will copy all the sign-boards!* and will make a list of the articles for you in my next letter.

"Well," said I again to myself, as I went home, "this is indeed a great manufacturing town!"

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—It is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow,—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor—
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again!

CURVED LINES.

P. Let us look back at our old lessons, and then go forward again. What have we been learning?

Ion. We have been learning to draw with *straight* lines—we found that with lines we could make *angles*.

W. And that with three angles we could enclose a space, or make a *figure*, as we said,—a *triangle*.

Ion. We have made drawings with three-sided figures, or triangles—with four-sided figures, such as the square, and rhomb, the parallelogram, and the rectangle.

L. And then we began “perspective.” But all our drawings have been made with straight lines. I suppose, papa, that we are to begin with round lines today, like this:



P. Such lines, Lucy, are not exactly *round*. I think that I said so in our first lesson.

Ion. Yes, we called them *bent*.

P. I did not, I gave you another name.

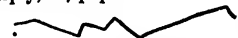
L. You called them *curved*, papa;—but here is a line which is neither curved nor straight. See—



I call that *crooked*.

P. So it is—and crooked means *curved*, but with many different curves in the lines—for, directly a line ceases to be straight, it begins to curve.

W. But when it turns round sharply, so, papa?



Ion. I should think, then, that it is neither *curved* nor straight.

P. The truth is, that this is no merely *one* line—there are several angles. How is an angle formed?

L. It is formed by two lines meeting in a point. I see now, papa,—wherever there is an angle, there must be two lines to make it—so that Willie's line is only a number of little lines, making angles—let me count them,—one, two, three, four, five, six—seven.

P. Now, how many kind of lines are there?

L. Only two—straight, and curved lines.

P. Why?

L. Because when a line is *crooked*, it consists of a number of little curves—or else, it contains angles formed by small lines.

W. But, papa, at our school we learned of another kind of line—this shape. Our teacher called it a *spiral* line.



Ion. Well, that is only another

kind of curved line. Here is another. See—



W. I should call that a *snaky* line—or a *wormy* one.

L. I would call it a *hilly* line—it is more like hills rising up and down, than a worm—worms do not march so.

Ada. Call it a *wavy* line—it is like the waves of the sea.

P. Ada is right, that is the proper name for it. Such a line is called a *wave* line.

Ion. So that we know the names of three curved lines—

The crooked line,
The spiral line, and
The wave line.

P. Very good—we will not have any more “lesson” this morning—but you shall copy some of the objects in the room which have easy curved lines in them. Point out some of them.

W. Oh, there are a great many. The coal-skuttle—the chimney ornaments—the—I don’t see any more.

Ion. I do. The snuffer-tray—the tea-cups that Jane is bringing in—why, here come plenty of objects with curved lines—the tea-pot, the milk-jug, the plates.

L. And look at papa’s face, it is full of curved lines—see! he is laughing—he is making a curved line with his mouth.

Ion. I know some curved lines,—beauties! real ones. I take them with me to school in the morning, and bring them home at night, and carry them to bed with me; real lines—thousands of them.

L. Where do you put them?

Ion. On my pillow generally—they are wavy lines.

W. Oh!—do you know what he means, Lucy?

L. No.

W. He means *his curly hair*,—that is an imposition! to call his hairs *lines*.

Ion. But you call clothes’ lines, “lines.”

W. Yes.

Ion. And so are my hairs *lines*.

P. You *face* pointed out to me

all the letters in the alphabet which are made with straight lines and angles.

W. Yes, papa, we noticed those with one angle, and others with two angles.

Ion. And those with acute angles, and those with right angles.

P. Now, think and tell me which letters are made with a single curved line.

L. The letter C, papa. See! **C.**

W. And the letter O, papa, **O.** No wonder people say oh! when they see it—it has no beginning.

Ion. And no end. I know a letter which is made of a *wave* line—look! **S.**

L. And I should think that we might call the letter J a *crooked* line—look! **J**—but there are no *spiral* lines in the alphabet.

W. Yes, there are, if you make your letters properly. See what

a beautiful spiral line I made in my copy-book at school.

P. And what did your teacher say?

W. He said it was not like the copy—and that I was not to make any more. I thought that he was going to punish me.

P. We have been talking so much that you cannot begin to draw from the objects until the next lesson. However, here are two or three curved lines for you to copy carefully.



PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

2nd Week.

MONDAY.

• Moral Lesson.

"Avoid the beginning of evil."

P. I am going to tell you another story, which will illustrate a proverb; and when I have come to the end, you must tell me what that proverb is.

L. Oh, papa, then we must think as we go on.

P. To be sure you must. It will be of very little use for me to tell you a story unless you do think. My object is to set you thinking—and to some purpose.

L. Well, papa, will you begin, if you please?

P. In a little village in Surrey, about nineteen or twenty miles from London, there lived a poor but honest couple named Gibson. John Gibson was a hedger and ditcher, at which business he earned a comfortable living for his family—bread for them to eat, sometimes a little meat, and even, now and then, new shoes and stockings, and other clothes. But, when his dame asked him to send the children to school—ah, how sad!—he could not afford to pay for them. So at last his wife got them into a national school in a town about two miles off. Some little boys and girls think it a disgrace to go to a school of this sort, because foolish children will sometimes call them ill names; but little John Gibson and his sister were too wise for that—they were very glad to learn. It was pleasant to see them going hand-in-hand across the fields—for there was a way across the fields which was half-a-mile nearer than along the high road—with

their little bags of books, and a basket, in which they carried their dinner.

Now, Johnny was a good boy; I call him very good, for two or three reasons:—1st, he would always carry the basket and the books too, that his sister might not be tired. 2ndly, he would hold the umbrella over her head whenever it rained, and would take care not to splash her, because he thought that her stockings and her little thin shoes might get wet;—for she had not any pattens—then, you know, she might catch cold, and die. 3rdly, he was *never late*, and that was quite proper: but I had forgotten something. Sometimes, on fine days, Johnny did not walk so orderly, but he skipped, or hopped on one leg, or ran on for a little way, and hid himself; then, when his sister was looking for him, he would leap out of his hiding-place, with a shout. That, I think, was rather rude, but Mary was not cross when he played her such tricks; she joined in the fun, for they loved each other dearly.

Johnny was good, too, because he always tried to do what was right. He never liked for any one to laugh at him, or call him foolish. But I found out once that he used to think too much of what people would say, and could not bear to be laughed at, even by wicked people, who wanted him to do wrong. He ought to have said, "I will do what is right, because it is right—not to please good people or bad people—but to please God."

It requires a great deal of courage to bear the taunting of wicked people; many grown up men and women cannot bear it; and they often fall into sin in consequence. This is, however, because they do not pray to God to help them. We cannot do anything that is good without God's help. But listen. One bright morning in autumn, as the brother and sister were tripping merrily to school, two or three of the worst boys in the village stopped them.

"Johnny, you silly fellow," said one, "you are not going to school, are you?"

"Yes, to be sure I am," said John; "and we want to be early, so let us pass."

"Ah! then you don't know nothing about it."

"About what?"

"About the HUNT—the GRAND STAG-HUNT! Why, there's Squire Freeman, and hundreds of gentlemen, all a-going off from the manor-farm on chesnut horses, and black horses, and grey horses, There'll be such fun! Come along!"

Now, Johnny had a great fancy to see a stag-hunt. He had read "Chevy Chase," and some other ballads of that sort, and he thought it must be a very fine sight; so he looked at Mary, and said, "Shall I go, Polly?"

"What! go and play truant?" she asked, in great surprise. "Oh, John!"

"Ha! ha!—hah! ha!—ha-ha-ha-a-ah!" sang loudly several voices at once. "Why, he asks his little sister! Ah, you *baby*! Come along—come along; you'll never get the chance again; and what if you are late just for once?"

Mary then began to cry; upon which John threw his arms round her, and told her he would not go;

but at last, unable to stand the jeers of his companions, he ran off with them.

Poor Mary was in dreadful distress. How could she go on to school without her brother! The master would perhaps come into her school-room, and ask her why he was not there. She could not bear the thought of confessing that he had played truant, yet she had been often told by her pious parents, as well as by her teachers, that it is a great offence in the sight of God to say what is *not* the truth.

L. Poor girl, she was to be pitied, was she not, papa?

P. Yes, very much. She went to school alone, but I am sorry to say she did not do as she ought to have done.

W. What did she do?

P. I am grieved to tell you. She happened to meet the master of the boys' school, just as she was coming home, and he asked her why her brother did not come that day? She stammered out something about her mother wanting him, for she was not able to tell a lie without blushing and stammering.

L. But it was a hard case, papa, to bring her dear brother into trouble.

P. Yes, my dear; still no circumstances can justify our saying what is untrue. It would take me a long time to tell you of all John did. He bounded away over the fields with the other boys, until he reached the manor-house, where there was a great crowd of people waiting, and a crowd of fine gentlemen on horses.

They did not start so soon as they were expected to do, and John, after waiting five minutes, thought he would return. But

then he said to himself, "I'll take just a minute or two longer; they'll be off directly." I dare say you can imagine how John was pleased with watching the horses as they pawed the ground, and pranced, and kicked; and how, when he had waited five minutes, he waited five minutes longer, and then five more, until the party were "off" which was not until half an hour had passed away. It was then too late to go back, and perhaps it was now very hard for John to do so. He was in the wrong way; and it was much easier to go forward than backward. So he soon persuaded himself to be off also, and away he went again with the bad boys over the hills, and after the horses and hounds, and he only returned in time to join his sister, on her way home in the afternoon.

W. I think he was just like *my hoop*—that went in the wrong way yesterday! I happened to strike it on one side, and instead of going straight on, it turned down Long Hill. Well! I called after it, but it seemed as though it could not stop; the farther it went, the faster it seemed to run, until, as I ran after it very hard, neither of us could stop, and we both fell down together.

P. Just so, Willie, do people travel in an evil course.

John's father and mother knew nothing of what had passed. They saw, however, that neither he nor

his sister was merry and happy as usual. The next morning, when they started for school, the sun shone brightly and cheerfully, but neither John nor Mary could enjoy it as they used to do—they walked along very quietly. At length, John said to his sister, "I really feel afraid to go to school this morning."

"*And—well—you—may—be—afraid!*" cried a hoarse voice from behind; and a man, who was the father of one of the bad boys, clapped his hand upon John's shoulder, with such force that he jumped with the pain and fright. "Your master knows all about it," he added, "and I can tell you, young sir, you will get something you won't like very well."

The man went on his way with a loud laugh, and the poor children stopped and looked at each other in terror.

"Oh, what shall we do!" cried Mary.

"I don't know, Polly, but I can't go on to school. No, I can't go on."

"But what will father and mother say if we go home?"

"Oh, I can't go home."

"Not go home, Johnny; why, what will you do, then?"

"Oh, I don't know."

How sad it was for a good boy like Johnny to say so! It was a pity that he ever began to do wrong, for there came worse troubles, but you shall hear more about him next week.

THE LESSONS TAUGHT BY NATURE.

'Twas thus to man the voice of nature spake:—

"Go, from the creatures thy instruction take;

Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;

Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;

The arts of building from the bee receive;

Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,

Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."

POPE.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 1. FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS.

(Quadrumanæ.)

M. Let us go up stairs again, to look at papa's *Chimpanzee*.

W. Here he is, mamma. Let him begin at once.

Chimp. I was telling you last week, that I went out with some other apes, to fight that elephant;—and that when we came back, I saw some negroes—

Ion. Yes, and found that your *facial angle* was nearly as large as theirs.

Chimp. But, I said that, as I grew up, this angle became smaller; for my "tearing teeth" were—but, have I said anything about my teeth?

L. No, not a word.

Chimp. Ah, then; that is another point—the *third point*—in which the animals of our order are like mankind. Did you ever notice your teeth? Please to open your mouth, and count those in your lower jaw.

You will find that in front you have four teeth with rather sharp edges. When you eat your bread and butter, you use them to cut it. They are called *cutting teeth*.

Then, at the back of your jaws you have some "double" teeth: how many?

Ion. I can't feel very well. Please, papa, to let me count yours. Papa has five double teeth on each side, so there are ten in each jaw—we use these for *grinding* our food.

Chimp. True, so they are called *Grinders*. And if you notice your own teeth again, you will see that on each side of your jaw, there is another kind of tooth—these two are between your cutting and grinding teeth. In other animals

these teeth are much larger than yours, and those who eat flesh use them for *tearing* their food. They are, therefore, called "Tearing" teeth. Now, how many teeth have you in your lower jaw?

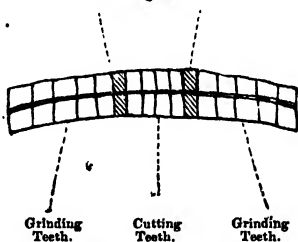
W. I will count them—

5 *grinding* teeth on each side are 10
The *cutting* teeth in front . . . 4
One *tearing* tooth on each side 2

Total 16

P. Let me help the Chimpanzee, by making a *cut* for him.

Tearing Teeth.



Now, as you have sixteen teeth in the upper jaw also, there are altogether—

W. Thirty-two.

Chimp. And most of the animals in our order have the same number; so, as I said, that is a third point on which we are like mankind, except that our teeth are not so regular—our tearing teeth are much larger than man's.

W. Now, will you please to tell us in what respect you are *different* from man?

Chimp. Yes, I will; although my "facial angle" is large, my teeth are *not vertical*, so that my nose and mouth—

W. Ah! you mean to say that you have a *muzzle* like the other lower animals. We learned about that in one of our old lessons.

Chimp. Very well; then I will speak of something else. As we were returning from hunting that elephant, I noticed that all of us, especially the *old apes*, began to feel tired of walking on two legs, and made the best of our way home on all fours. The truth is, we were not made to walk upright.

Ion. Yes, we know that too—we have heard that your heel bone is not so long as a man's; so that if anybody had given you a blow, you would have fallen backwards.

Chimp. We apes, when we are upright, do not walk like men, on the *sole* of the foot; but we walk on the outside edges, so that we are soon tired.

L. That shows, I think, that you were not intended to be upright.

Chimp. If you will look at my limbs, Miss, you can hardly say that I have *feet*. The *extremities* of my hind limbs are hands, with thumbs and fingers, but they are not so perfect as the hand of a man. My thumb is not so useful as his, so that I cannot hold any small thing very firmly.

W. I remember now, that once in the Zoological Gardens, a monkey snatched a piece of biscuit from me; and, when I knocked his *hand*, he was obliged to drop it!

Chimp. It would be more correct to call these parts *graspers*. Say, that we have four imperfect hands, called "*graspers*." If you had to live as we did, in the trees, you would see how much better they are than feet.

We used them to grasp the boughs as we jumped from one tree to another, and we would travel a long distance on the trees without any fear of falling. The apes in *Asia* are most remarkable climbers. I have heard that "they sweep along the forest branches

with arrow-like swiftmess." They aim at branches which are very distant with wonderful exactness. Only think, for a minute, of their leaping *forty feet* at one swing!

W. How long a distance is that?

Chimp. You remember your long dining-room down stairs?

W. Yes.

Chimp. Well then, forty feet is just *twice* the length. What do you think of that?

Ion. I think it is wonderful!

L. (whispering.) And I think it is an exaggeration.

Chimp. Indeed, Miss,—for I happened to hear that remark of yours,—it is quite true.

You must remember that our order were *made* for climbing and swinging on trees, and there is a tribe called monkeys, I believe—(but *we* of the ape tribe are not intimate with them—at least not very—we visit occasionally)—these animals actually have the improper habit of swinging by their tails; we don't.

W. For a very good reason. I see you hav'n't any.

Chimp. No; I don't wear such an "appendage." Really, I only mentioned the subject to show another difference between our order and *man*. *Some of us* have tails.

Ion. That makes three differences:—1st, Your teeth are not regular like man's (for see what large tearing teeth you have); and they are not vertical, so that you have a *muzzle*; 2ndly, You have not feet, but four imperfect hands, called *graspers*; and 3rdly, Some of you have *tails*.

Chimp. The last difference which I would refer to—

Ion. But let us examine you, and discover for ourselves. You must not tell us—that is not "*Pestalozzian*."

W. I see a difference. You are covered with *long hair*.

Chimp. And that is the very point I was going to speak of. We wear *natural clothing*—we have no *tailors* amongst our “body.” I have heard of “*Tailor birds*”—but I believe that mankind are the only order of *mammals* in which you find *tailors*—

L. Why, a monkey is a tail-er—, you said so.

Chimp. You are trying to make a *pun*, miss—such a practice amongst us is not thought to be good breeding—but, I was going to say, we do not make our own clothes—there is nothing artificial about us. No, our clothing grows from the skin without any expense, a beautiful hairy coat—finer than what you call bear's skin.

W. Now, let me see if there are any other differences.

Chimp. Thank you—I am rather tired. I believe it is your habit to make up what you call “*lessons*” from any information you may get.

L. That is true, sir—and then we commit them to memory. We are very much obliged to you for your information.

Ion. Yes, very much indeed.

Perhaps, sir, you would like to rest, and listen while we make our lesson. Get the slate, Lucy.

Chimp. Very good—proceed.

Lesson 15. MAMMALS. ORDER

2. FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS (*Quadrumanæ*).

1. *The animals in the second order resemble mankind, because—*

(a) *their FACIAL ANGLE is almost as large as his.*

(b) *most of them are OMNIVOROUS;*

(c) *most of them have the same number of TEETH.*

2. *They differ from Mankind, because—*

(d) *their teeth are not regular, or vertical, so that their nose and mouth form a MUZZLE.*

(e) *the extremities of their limbs are imperfect hands or graspers—(therefore they are called “four-handed”), while they have a short heel bone, so that they cannot long keep an upright position.*

(f) *most of them have TAILS.*

(g) *and all have a natural covering of LONG HAIR.*

The Animals of this order, are THE APE, the—

M. Ah, stop. We will find out their names next week.

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

THERE is an island where no peasants toil,
To drive the ploughshare in the fertile soil!
No seed is sown, no corn-fields deck the plain,
No ponderous millstones bruise the ripened grain;
Their mellow harvest ripens overhead,
Their groves supply them with abundant bread;
On stately trees, the sun and genial air,
Without man's aid, unceasing food prepare.
Still further benefits these trees bestow;
The stem is felled, behold! the light canoe;
From the tough fibres of the bark, proceeds
Such simple clothing as the climate needs;
Delightful clime! where flowers perpetual grow,
Unchecked by winter's frost, or showers of snow.

THE NORMAN KINGS.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

W. I know, papa, now, how the Parliament can keep the king in order, if he govern badly.

P. How?

W. They can cut off the supplies: which means that they will not let him have any money to spend. I read about that in the history of King Charles I.; he wanted to make bad laws, but the Parliament would not let him, and would not let him have any money to pay his soldiers with. The book says, too, that he shut up his Parliament for a long time, and made laws, and governed by himself like an absolute monarch; but not all of the people paid attention to his laws—they did not give him much money.

P. Yes; and if you had read further, you would have found that, because Charles tried to make the power of the king too great, the people would not have any king, so they took all his power from him, and formed a *republic*.

Ion. Now, I know how the Parliament can keep the king in order;—but, how can the people keep the Parliament in order? Suppose the Parliament were to make laws by themselves, which the people did not like?

L. I can tell you what they would do: they who send a member to represent them, would say to him, "We didn't want you to do that. You are not a wise man. We will choose some one else." Then they would have an election, as they call it.

W. I know that. They would stick bills all over the walls, and put them in shop windows.

P. But let us get back to our

history. I said that a government where the king has all the power is called—

L. An ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.

P. When the people have all the power—

W. It is called a REPUBLIC.

P. And when you find a government like that in England, where the king has power, but it is limited by the Parliament and the people, it is called a LIMITED MONARCHY.

W. Papa, before you go on with the history, please let me ask another question.

P. Well.

W. I was thinking, if these members of Parliament represent the people, what is the use of their making laws which the people do not like? Of course, if a law is good for the people, it is good for them too.

P. It is not always so, Willie; let us see why. In all countries there is a very large number of people who have very little money; and have to work hard every day, so that they may be able to get bread to eat. Many of them are very poor; if we were to count them up they would make a large class.

W. Yes, they are called the poorer classes—such as labourers in the fields, gardeners, servants, tailors, weavers, carpenters, &c. I should call them the poorer sub-kingdom, just as we do the animals.

P. Then there are others who have more money than the poor—they do not always work so much themselves, but they use the poorer classes to work for them. They are called the middle classes—such as tradesmen, merchants, doctors, lawyers.

W. And there are others who do not work at all—they only ride in carriages, such as lords, barons, dukes, and members of Parliament. I call them *the richer classes*.

P. You should think, Willie, before you say that they do not work at all. Many of the richer classes, especially the members of Parliament, work very hard. They work with their minds to make laws, and to look after public business. *Some* of the richer classes are not of much use, for there are some who do “only ride in carriages.”

Ion. And then there is one who is a class by himself—that is *the King*.

P. So you have made four classes. *The poorer classes* and the *middle classes* are generally called **THE PEOPLE**. The richer classes, those “who ride in carriages,” and some of the members of Parliament, are generally called **THE NOBLES**, and—

Above the People and the Nobles, is the ruler—**THE KING**.

Besides these, there is another class—men who sometimes govern all the others. Some of this class have done much harm to the nation, whilst others have brought messages from God, and have done much good.

L. What do you call that class, papa?

P. They are called **THE CLERGY**.

W. Then, there are four powers of government in a nation—**THE PEOPLE** — **THE NOBLES** — **THE CLERGY**—and **THE KING**.

P. And now that you have noticed these four classes, Willie, you may see one reason why the Parliament sometimes make laws which the people do not like. It is not easy to make rules which shall please everybody. When

the Parliament make a new law, some one may say to them, “Yes, it is a very good law for the nobles, but it is not a good law for the people.”

L. Or the law may be very pleasant to the *rich* people, but not pleasant to the *poor*.

P. Or, the law may please the people, but not please the king. A Parliament may be rather selfish—instead of making laws for the good of the whole nation, they may make laws which are only good for the nobles and themselves. Such laws have been made.

Ion. Yes, papa, the game-laws. I remember what uncle John said about his farm—and, in the *Family Friend*, I read that each hare on a farm wastes as much as 4s. 6d. at least, every year.

P. You need not, Ion, have an opinion on bad and good laws, or on any such matters until you are a man. I only wish you to know that there always have been disputes about the laws, and many changes. This is the way, then, that we shall try to make our history interesting. We will notice all the changes which the king, and the clergy, and the nobles, and the people have tried to make. We shall find that, at one time, the *Barons*, or nobles, had most power,—at another time, the *Clergy*,—at another time, the *King*,—at another time, the *People*. So that there have been a Republic, almost an absolute Monarchy, and a limited Monarchy.

L. Shall we have to notice anything else, papa?

P. Yes. We shall try and find out how a certain power, which is greater than all the others, has been working. It is a great power which sometimes punishes the bad, and sometimes leaves them to be

punished. Sometimes it rewards good people, and sometimes leaves them to be rewarded hereafter. We cannot always understand this Great Agent, or know why things happen; we only know that it "makes all things work together for good"—

L. What a curious power, papa! what is it called?

P. It is not curious, Lucy. It is wonderful, because it takes care of everybody—it provides for the good people and the bad. This power is from heaven—it is called the PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

L. I shall like, papa, to notice these powers; so please go on with our history.

P. Very well. When old *William the Conqueror* saw that death was coming to fetch him, and was very near, he made a *will*. You do not know what a will is. When a man is about to leave this world, he causes all his last wishes to be written on a piece of paper. This piece of paper, which contains his wishes, is called his Will. In ancient times, wills were not always written—sometimes they were only spoken.

William, as he lay at Rouen, sent for all the barons and great clergymen in that city, to assemble

round his bed. He then told them that his eldest son, *ROBERT*, who was a rather indolent man, should have the dukedom of Normandy; and that his second son, *WILLIAM*, who had always been his favourite, because he was a more active character, should be king of England. He also advised *William*, who was present, to hasten to England, and seize the crown before his brother could know it.

A few days after, *William*, leaving his father in the agonies of death, set out for England, taking with him a letter of recommendation from his father to his old tutor *Lanfranc*, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Just as he was entering the ship to cross the English Channel, he heard that his father was dead; but when he reached England, he kept the news secret until he had gained possession of some of the strong cities—*Dover*, *Hastings*, and others. He then made haste to *Winchester*, and seized the keys of the *Treasury*, where all the gold and silver belonging to the king was kept. After this he went to *Lanfranc*, the archbishop, and begged of him to help him, and persuade the people to make him king, instead of his brother *Robert*.

THE QUESTIONER.

I ask not for his lineage,

I ask not for his name—

If manliness be in his heart,

His noble birth may claim.

I care not though of world's wealth

But slender be his part;

If yes you answer, when I ask—

Hath he a true man's heart?

I ask not from what land he came,

Nor where his youth was nursed—

If pure the stream, it matters not

The spot from whence it burst;

The Palace or the hovel,

Where first his life began,

I seek not of; but answer this—

Is he an *honest* man?

Nay, blush not now—what matters it

Where first he drew his breath?

A manger was the cradle-bed

Of Him of Nazareth!

Be nought, be any, every thing—

I care not what you be—

If yes you answer, when I ask—

Art thou *pure*, *true*, and *free*?

ROBERT NICOLL.

THE METALS—GOLD.

L. We are waiting, mamma, to have some talk about the metals.

M. Then, first, let me tell you something that, you do not know. There are more than *seven* metals:—there are altogether *forty-two*, viz.: Zinc, Cobalt, Bismuth, Nickel, Manganese, Antimony, Arsenic, Platinum, Rhodium.

Ion. I don't think, mamma, that we can remember those hard names.

M. They would not do you much good if you did. I only wished you to see that they form a very large class. Those I have mentioned are not in common use;—they are used for *uncommon* purposes.

W. That is why they have *uncommon* names.

M. Their names, Willie, are *uncommon*, only because we do not often use them. *Cobalt*, is not a more curious name than *copper*, or *mercury*.

W. Ah, we are not accustomed to it. Will you begin to-day, mamma, with a lesson on *gold*? I should like to hear of that first, because it is the best.

M. Very well. Ask your papa to lend you a sovereign. Now, tell me before you begin, why you call it a metal?

W. Because it belongs to the mineral kingdom.

L. I do not think, Willie, that that is any reason for calling it a *metal*. You might as well say that you are a boy because you belong to the *animal* kingdom.

M. First—tell me, Willie, how you know that it is a *mineral*.

W. We learned it in our Natural History lessons a long while ago. It is a mineral because it is *in-*

organic, and *in-animate*. I'll tell you several minerals—a stone—a piece of brimstone—fuller's earth—zinc—chalk—marble—lead—spar—quartz—gold—and silver.

M. And now tell me why do you give the name *metal* to some of them, and not to the others?

W. Of course that is to show that they are different. They must have different qualities, to have a different name. I see what we must do. We must compare them with some other mineral. Let us put the gold on the table, and a piece of brimstone. You have some, mamma, in your medicine chest.

Ion. Now we must find out what are the qualities in the gold which make us call it a *metal*.

L. And of course there must be the same qualities in lead and iron—because they are called metals.

W. But they are not *yellow*.

L. You are making a mistake, Willie. The yellow colour is one of the qualities which make us call it *gold*. We are only to notice the qualities which make us call it a *metal*.

W. I understand now—to find out the qualities which belong to all the metals.

Ion. And do not belong to any of the other minerals. First, gold is *bright*, and so are the other metals.

L. And so are some minerals that are not metals—a diamond is, and that stone in mamma's brooch.

M. But there is a difference between them and the metals—if you hold a diamond up to the light, you know that the light shines through it—it is *transparent*. So also, if I were to cut a very thin slice of this stone in my brooch, it would be transparent—but if you

make a very thin plate of any metal,—a very thin one indeed, it will keep out the light as effectually as that door does now.

W. Then a metal is *opaque*, and bright, but a diamond is *transparent* and bright.

M. But, there is a difference in their brightness. If you hold the diamond up to the light, it *sparkles*.

W. Yes, there seem to be several little lights,—sparks of light.

M. But, see this broad piece of tin, which I am holding near the window—and look, too, at the bright sovereign.

L. They do not seem to sparkle exactly—they seem to be bright all over—they *glitter*,—that is the word.

Ion. I will hold the gold and the diamond up together. Now see,—the diamond *sparkles*, the gold *glitters*.

M. This brightness in metals is rather different from that in other objects—so you may call it a *peculiar* brightness.

W. Then we may say of the metals—"they are all *opaque*, and have a *peculiar brightness*."

Ion. Here is another difference. If you strike that brimstone, or a stone, or the other minerals with a hammer, they fly into little pieces. If, however, you strike the sovereign, you can only make a dent in it, it seems to bend, but it will not *break*. And you know that you may keep on striking the gold more and more, and all your hammering will not make it break, it will only make it spread out thinner. It would be so thin that it would cover the table, and we should call it *gilt*!

W. Yes. I once saw a man who was making a horse-shoe—he made it red hot, and hammered it

without any mercy. I saw a carpenter, too, with a nail that was bent. He hammered it, and made it straight again. And, I once saw a man hammering a large sheet of copper and bending it.

Ion. I know what to call the metals because they bend—they are *flexible*, but what must we call them because they may be "beaten out?"

M. The Latin word for a hammer is *malleus*. So, the metals, because they may be thus hammered, are called *malleable*.

L. Thank you, mamma. That will make four qualities belonging to the metals. Here is another quality. You may not only beat this sovereign into a thin leaf, but you may draw it into a long wire. You may also make wires of copper, silver, and iron;—so that these metals are called *ductile*.

M. That is the proper word. Do you know anything else that is *ductile*?

Ada. A worm is, mamma!

W. But a worm is not *wiry*, *Ada*—a worm is elastic, I should say. Don't you think so, *Ion*?

Ion. I don't know, I'm sure. You had better ask the worm. I'm certain that it is not *ductile*—you might as well say that treacle is, or sealing wax, or barley sugar, or putty, or dough, or glass when it is hot—the little threads of glass which men make are not wires. No! *ductile* means, *may be drawn into a wire*, and nothing else.

L. But let me tell you of another quality in the metals which I have been thinking about all this time. You may put them in the fire, and they will melt. They will first become soft; and then they will be liquid. You may make even this sovereign liquid.

Ion. But if you put the brim-

stone in the fire it will not be liquid, it will make a *flame* arise. If you put in a piece of chalk it will burn to a powder. A stone will crack, and fly to pieces, and then form a powder.

M. The Latin word for poured out is *fusus*;—and these metals, because they may be melted in the fire, and poured out, are called *fusible*.

Ion. You may say something else of the sovereign, and of the other metals—they are all *heavy*. You cannot say this of the sulphur, or of chalk, or fuller's earth. Now, I will tell you the qualities in the gold which make us call it a metal.

It is opaque;
It has a peculiar brightness;
It is flexible;
malleable;
ductile;
fusible; and
heavy.

M. You have worked very well yourselves to discover the metals' qualities;—now, I will point out two or three more. I dare say that you have often seen a long rod of iron fastened to the steeple of a church. This is placed there to protect the church from lightning. If the lightning were near the church it would run down outside it, but it would pass ~~through~~ the rod to the earth. The lightning would pass very rapidly from one end of the rod to the other, so that the rod would be said "to conduct" it to the earth.

W. Not only will lightning pass through iron, mamma, but heat will pass through iron, and any other metal. I once touched a shilling which had been placed

on the hob; it seemed to be full of heat.

M. Metals are, therefore, said to be *conductors* of electricity, and *conductors* of heat. But they will not only *conduct* heat: I once saw a mutton chop placed in a Dutch oven, and put before the fire to be cooked; the heat spread out, and entered the side of the mutton chop which faced the fire; but, when the heat reached the back of the Dutch oven, instead of going through it, it seemed to strike against it, and then to strike back again, just as a ball would, if you threw it against a wall. The rays of heat bent back again from the Dutch oven to the side of the mutton chop which was facing the oven.

L. Yes; and so both sides of the chop were cooked. I once saw that in the kitchen. The cook explained it to me, and said that the tin *reflected* the heat. Tin, and all metals, reflect heat, but only when they are bright.

W. And they reflect the *light*, too. I have seen the light from tin in carriage lamps, and the light reflected on a weathercock!

M. Then, to-day, we will make a lesson on the qualities of metals in general.

Lesson 13. ON METALS.

1. Gold and the other metals are a class of minerals.

2. They are called MINERALS because they are inanimate, and inorganic.

3. They are called METALS because they are opaque, and have a peculiar brightness; they are flexible, malleable, ductile, fusible, and heavy; they are good conductors of electricity, good conductors of heat, and good reflectors of light and heat.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

MANCHESTER.

L. Papa is waiting for the post; but he will be here soon.

P. I expected that the postman would have brought you a letter from a new friend. Another gentleman has promised to write to you. He is a traveller like Mr. Young, but he has travelled much farther; for he has climbed up the Pyramids of Egypt! He has travelled over hot deserts, and many other strange places, with Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, and many strange people. The other day, when I saw him, he said that he liked teaching children, and promised to send you an account of all the cities he has seen. So, while Mr. Young teaches you about "old England," he will teach you some *foreign* geography.

W. Oh, I shall like that, papa! but why has not his letter arrived?

P. I really cannot say. We must wait, now, until next Friday, and this morning you shall have one of Mr. Young's letters instead.

Ion. I dare say we shall like that quite as well. I like *old* friends. Please let me read the letter to-day:

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

I have copied the sign boards. In Manchester, there are not only manufacturers of the articles we spoke of last week—but manufacturers of—

Artificial Flowers, Bed-Ticks, Bombazines, Bed-Quilts, Buttons, Baize, Cords, Canvass, Cambrics, Calicoes, Checks, Crape, Counterpanes, Cloakings, Carpets, Couch Lace, Cassimeres, Cotton Sheets, Cord, Sewing Cotton, Druggetts, Dimity, Diaper, Damask, Domestic, Fustians, Fancy Stripes, Flannels, Fancy Waistcoatings, Fancy Woollens, Flushings, Float Lace, Gam-

broons, Gingham, Gold Thread, Handkerchiefs, Hat Lining and Trimmings, Hats, Hosiery, Jaconets, India Dimities, Kerseys, Lace, Linen, Lastings, Moleskins, Musline, Mouseline de Laines, Merinos, Nankeens, Orleans Cloth, Printing Cloth, Power Loo. Shirtings, Paddings, Pilots, Pillows, Parasols, Quiltings, Ribbons, Rugs, Satin-tops, Stuffs, Stockings, Saxony Cloth, Shirtings, Silk, Sheetings, Swandowns, Sateens, Striped Cottons, Serges, Sacking, Shalloons, Silk Handkerchiefs, Stocks, Smallwares, Shawls, Twist, Twills, Toilette and Table Covers, Trouserings, Ticks, Union Dowles, Vitriol, Upholsterers' Trimmings, Velvet Cord, Velveteens, Umbrellas, Waterproof, Worsted, Whips, Woollen Cord, &c., &c.

Imagine, dear children, what a long time it must have taken me to copy such a number of boards!—and yet there are other factories besides these—large places where steam-engines and heavy machinery are made. But the chief manufacture of this town is that of goods made from cotton. I am going to look in a book before I write to you again, so that I may tell you of the wonderful amount of cotton that is made into goods every year.

When I had finished copying the list from the sign boards, I went to see one of the cotton factories. After travelling through a few streets, I reached the corner of the building, and began to count the rows of windows. There were the windows of the 1st story, 2nd story, 3rd story—then there was a 4th row above; a 5th, 6th, and 7th row; and at last, just as high as the roof, I saw by looking up, that there was an *eighth* row! Think of there being *eight* sets of rooms, one above another;—but, when I came nearer to the building, and

saw how many windows there were in each row—that each row was really too long for me to count,—then I was very much surprised, indeed—I could only say to myself, “what an *immense* place!” Perhaps there were altogether *six hundred windows* with those on the other side, but I did not like to count them—there were too many. Then, when I heard the noise of the machinery inside, and saw the smoke which came from the tall chimneys, and thought of the hundreds of people employed there—“how wonderful,” I thought again—“how enormous must be the riches of the owners of this building!” After a little time I noticed that this was not the only building, but that there were really several other large ones around it, all of which belonged to the same owners. I had heard before I came, that the factories of these owners cost more than a hundred thousand pounds—more than two hundred thousand—ah! even more than *three hundred thousand pounds*! how much money I cannot tell you exactly—perhaps nobody knows. There are more than *sixteen hundred* people employed here, and their wages every year, amount to about £40,000.

Perhaps you know what a ton of coal is; and you may have noticed how many sacks are brought in, in order to make up a ton; yet, in this factory, the coal required for the engine fires every year, is 8,000 tons. The machinery too, requires attending to; all machines require oil—

W. Yes, that is to keep them from rusting, and wearing out.

“The yearly amount of oil used in this factory, is no less than 5,000 gallons.”

Ion. I wonder how much that is!

P. You cannot easily think of so large a quantity; but, suppose that you were to fasten the doors and windows of our front parlour—

Ion. Yes, papa.

P. And then were to fill the parlour with oil from the floor to the ceiling—then you would not have so much as 5,000 gallons.

L. That is indeed a great quantity.

Besides all this oil, these machines consume 5,560lb. of tallow.

Ion. And, I wonder how much it costs the people for candles!

P. They do not use candles. Read on, and you will see.

—“While the cost of the *gas* is no less than £600 per annum. I had learned all these things before I came to see the place; and now, when I looked at the large buildings again,—when I saw the beams of the engines moving up and down,—and the wheels, which never seemed to be still,—then I thought, ‘I will go inside to see what they are all doing, and will write the children an account of the spinning and weaving of cotton.’”

But alas, dear children, I was quite disappointed. After going through the gateway, across the yard to the counting-house, I saw two gentlemen, to whom I gave my card. I told them that I was a Scotchman travelling through England, and that I was desirous of inspecting their establishment for the purpose of seeing the manufacture of cotton, when they asked me if I had brought any *letter of introduction*—and when I told them that I had not any, they were very polite, but they would not admit me!

L. I do not know what he means, papa, by “a letter of introduction.”

CURVED LINES.

P. We will not, Ion, begin a new drawing lesson to-day, for I should like to see how you would copy these drawings without any instruction.

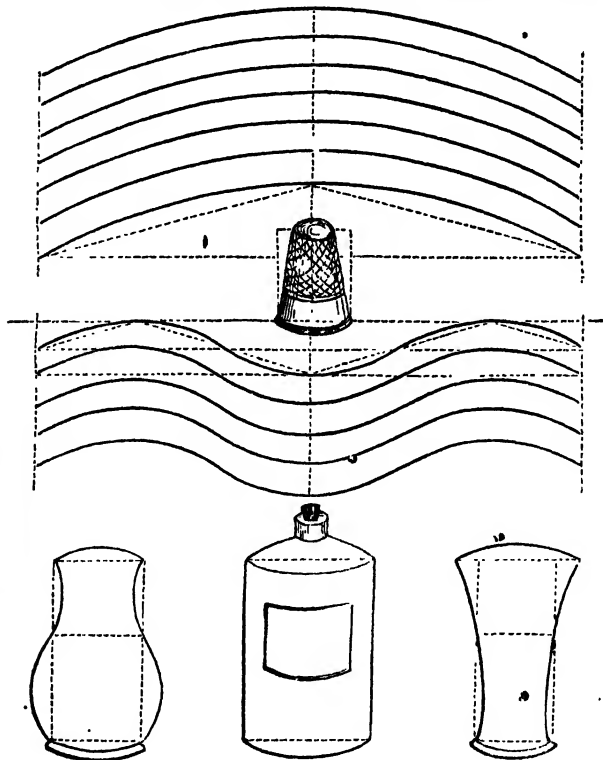
You can draw the square and the rectangle very nicely. Most of the objects which you have to copy are drawn on a square or on a rectangle, with dotted lines.

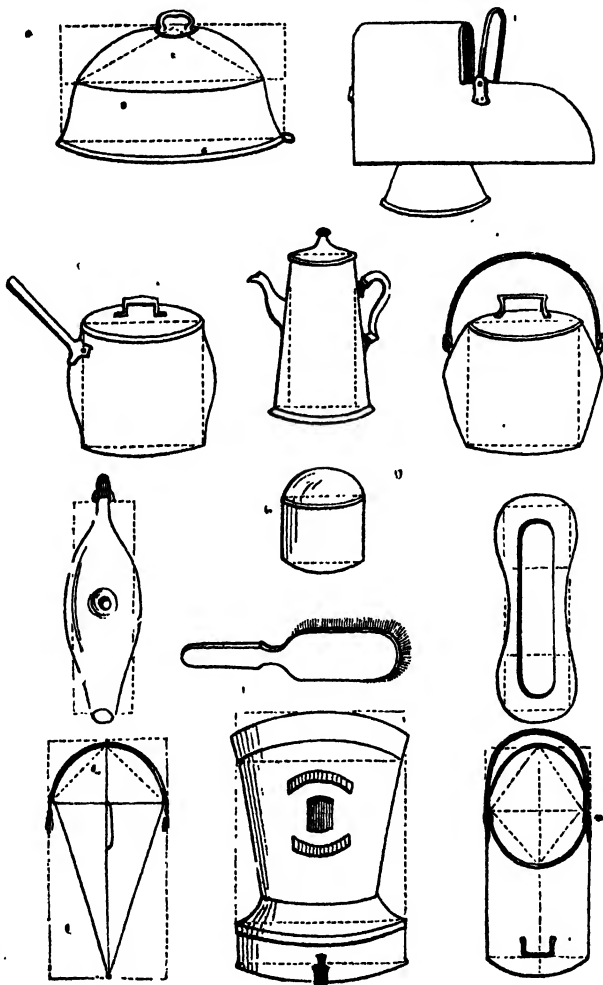
W. Then we will first draw them

with light pencil lines, and will draw the curved lines on them,

L. I see how we are to draw the large curved lines. We are first to make angles, and draw the lines on them. When we draw the waved lines, we must first make three angles, and then, three curves.

P. Yes. You may make drawings to-day without my assistance, and bring them to me next week.





PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

3rd Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

"Avoid the beginning of evil."

W. If I had been in that boy's place, I know what I would have done.

Ion. What?

W. I would have gone home to my father, and would have asked him to write a note to the school-master; or, I would have asked him to go with me, and beg me off.

I. Ah! you have never read about the *Spartans*. If you were a Spartan boy, you would have gone to the schoolmaster,—and you would have said, "Please to punish me, I have been playing the truant!" This boy "Johnny" seemed not to know what to do.

Ion. I wonder what he did. Here comes papa, I will ask him. Good morning, papa. What did Johnny do when he did not want to go home, or go to school?

P. He went to LONDON. You shall have the rest of his history in his own words—just as, when he was a man, I heard him tell it to a large class of children—for it is a true tale.

"Ah, dear children," he said, "ah, I was very much frightened indeed, when I did not know whither to go.

"At last my little sister Mary said to me that she would go home to our mother, and tell her all about it, before father came in to dinner. But she had not been gone many minutes, when the gruff man, who had so frightened us, returned.

"Weel," he said to me, 'so yare gwine to play the trant agen air

yer? Ah! the measter 'll be arter yew; vor, oy'll tell un as oy goes past the schewl,'—and then, like a rude man, he looked back and laughed, and shook his fist at me, and cried out, 'Oy'll tell the measter, oy oool.'

"When I heard him say that, I was so terrified that I would not stop for my sister to return; but made up mind to go to London.

"I had never been in London, but I had heard that it was a great place, and a famous place for people who did not want to be found out. Just at that moment, I heard a noise behind a hedge (there was only an old cow there), and I was so frightened, that, forgetting father, mother, and sister, I turned down the lane into the high road, and ran towards London as fast as I could.

"That is a true text, dear children, 'The sinner fleeth when no man pursueth!' for I ran very hard behind a stage coach, and then walked quickly beside a carrier's cart. As soon as I began to walk slowly, to rest myself, I thought I heard the sound of distant feet. I forgot that it was very unlikely that my master would be away from school at that time of day; and, seeing an opening in the hedge a little way on, I crept through and ran across the field on the other side of the hedge until I was quite out of breath.

"At last, when I could neither hear nor see any one, I stopped to rest; and then, away I went once more, across many a field; down muddy lanes; along the high road again;

passing a village where there was a large public-house, with several horses and carts outside, and a drinking-trough; past a large pond, and a common, where donkies and horses were feeding—past an old churchyard, and grey church—through a long avenue of trees—past two turnpikes—past a finger-post—over a bridge—through a gentleman's park, which was a short cut—past two windmills on a hill, which I had seen before me for a long time—down hill again, and through some large town—out of the town again—past a large blacksmith's, and an iron foundry, and gunpowder mills, and another bridge, and a canal—past a fine mansion, where there were two great gates with stone lions on the top—and on again, past many more strange places, until I reached a mile-stone, on which I read 'XI. MILES TO LONDON;' when, hearing a stage coach coming, I crept behind the stone to hide myself.

"It was now getting rather dark, and when the stage coach had passed, I began to eat the slices of bread and meat which mother had given to Mary and me for our dinner; then, as I sat thinking about all my good friends at home, and fancying how unhappy they must be, I began to cry, and soon after fell asleep.

"When I awoke the next morning my limbs were stiff with the cold, and my clothes and face very damp with the dew. I saw just before me some smoke from a chimney behind some trees, and, creeping up to the place, I saw a cottage window, which I peeped through.

"How comfortable the inside was! There were four children and a baby, with their father and mo-

ther, enjoying their breakfast before a warm fire. I then ventured to tap at the glass, meaning to ask them how far it was to my own village; for although I felt very much ashamed, I resolved to tell these people the truth, and to return home.

"It would take me a long time, dear children, to tell you how kind these good people were to me—how they rubbed my limbs by the fire—how the old dog came and looked and sniffed at me—how the children all came round me with their spoons and basins of bread and milk, and how they all wanted to feed me at once. The mother, who liked to see her children kind, allowed each of them to give me some food, and then made me a large bowlful herself. I have often thanked God for sending me to such kind people who directed me in the right way again. The father, who was a shepherd, talked to me very much about my foolishness, and of the distress I must have given my father and mother; and after breakfast, when he had read the Bible and prayed, as he always did, he said, that as he was going half way to my village for some sheep, he would take me with him. But now, my limbs were so stiff that I could not walk, he therefore waited for the first market cart which passed, in which he laid me, on some clean straw. He was then so kind as to go all the way home with me, and, before the middle of the day, I found myself in the arms of my mother, who was crying, and heard her tell the shepherd that my father and the neighbours, and even my little sister Mary, were out searching for me.

"The punishment I brought upon myself was a very sad one. After

lying in bed for some weeks with what the doctor called a rheumatic fever, I was allowed to get up; but I have never since been able to walk properly. For a long time I quite lost the use of my limbs, and little Mary used to drag me about in a chaise; and you see, dear children, that now I can only walk by the help of these crutches."

P. This, Ion, is the end of his story. Do you think you can tell me what proverb it illustrates?

Ion. We may learn several things from it, papa—first, that wicked actions bring their own punishment.

W. Or we may learn—to avoid the beginning of evil. I think that that is the proverb which you meant to teach us, papa. We may learn that it is very easy to begin evil, and very hard to stop.

We should avoid the beginning of evil, because we cannot see what will be the ending. If John had only had courage, and had said, "No, I will not go to the stag-hunt," he would not have fallen into such troubles, and perhaps he would never have been lame.

P. That is true. I wished to teach you the proverb, "Avoid the beginning of evil." Learn, Willie, Lucy, Ion, and Ada, learn to have the courage to say *no*!

Learn from God's word—"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

W. But it is not always easy to have courage, papa. I cannot always say *no* to people.

P. There is, Willie, a right way to get it. *Courage to do right*, like all other good things, comes from God. If Johnny had remembered this text—"Thou God seest me," he would have had courage.

Ion. The wicked boys had power to make him play the truant, because he was in their presence.

P. And that text, *Ion*, would have taught him that he was in God's presence also. Then, God would have given him *courage to do right*; and he would have had more power than the boys. Shall I tell you why I have taught you this proverb?

L. Yes, dear papa, please.

P. Because we are at the beginning of a new year. I want you to see how important *beginnings* are. Remember that, as Willie said, the beginning of evil is often very easy.

You are, very, very often, beginning some new thing—so, learn all this year to stop sometimes and ask yourself, "What am I beginning?"

Learn, too, the text, "Thou God seest me," so that you may in His presence have courage to do right, and to AVOID THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

MORNING.

RAIS'D by thy protecting hand,
Now before thee, Lord, we stand;
Here renew our humble praise,
Here devote our future days.

Numbers since the setting sun
Have with earthly duties done.
May our lengthen'd lives proclaim
Gratitude to thy great name.

Though we cannot think nor say
What may happen through the day,

What new dangers may affright,
What new favours may delight;

Yet on Thee we cast our care,
For thy will our souls prepare—
May our joys and sorrows prove
Pledges of thy constant love.

While temptations throng around,
Watchful may we e'er be found;
And when time with us is o'er,
Reign with thee for evermore.—R. G.

MAMMALS.—ORDER 2. FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS.



MAMMALS.

ORDER 2. FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS.

(Quadrumania.)

W. Ah, mamma! here is a very remarkable picture! We have been looking at it for these ten minutes.

M. And making remarks too, I dare say.

Ion. Is the Chimpanzee going to give us the lesson?

M. No, I will do it myself. I have noticed that when we hold any conversation with these lower animals, they try to say everything in a sharp funny way, as though they were very clever.

W. Yes, I like to hear that, mamma.

M. It may be pleasant occasionally, but not too often. People who are always trying to say things differently from anybody else, become very tiresome. No; to-day we will have some sober talk.

Each of these animals has a particular name—why do they require different names?

Ion. Because they are different, I suppose. The name of an animal is worth something to him. It shows that he has certain parts which only belong him, and other folks who have the same title.

M. Yes, just as the title M.A. shows that a man has so much Greek and Latin and mathematics in him.—M.A. stands for all that.

Ion. And just as the name *Pig* stands for an animal with a long snout and dirty habits, but without the habit of chewing the cud.

L. Now let us see why these animals in the picture have different names. What does each one's name "stand for?"

W. I know why they all have the same name. They all have the

name "Four-handed Animals," and that name stands for an animal with

four graspers,
a covering of hair, and
a muzzle.

M. Let us begin by noticing the animal sitting above the others, on the left hand side, and let us point out why it differs from them.

L. Then we are to compare it with the others. Come, Ada, let us look at all of them.

Ada. I see one difference—he has longer arms.

W. Yes; and the second difference is that it has no tail. I do not see any other difference.

M. There are others which I will point out for you. Thirdly, most of the animals in the picture have in their cheeks certain bags, or pouches, where, if they find more food than they can eat, they store it up. These *cheek-pouches*, as they are called, are not found in this animal.

W. Poor fellow; I should think that cheek-pouches must be very convenient places.

M. Again, fourthly, it not only differs from the others in the parts of its body, but in its disposition. It is generally grave, slow, and thoughtful in its actions, and seldom angry, or in a passion. This animal is called an *Ape*.

W. Then the word *Ape* stands for a four-handed animal with

- (1) long arms,
- (2) no tail,
- (3) no cheek-pouches, and
- (4) a grave, thoughtful, disposition.

I remember the names of some apes—the Chimpanzee—the Orang Outang.

M. Yes; both these names are the names of apes. There is another

ape in the picture, which is an Ourang Outang.

Ion. Here he is, the sober fellow, sitting down at the bottom of the tree. I wonder why he has such a long name. •

M. The word Ourang is a Malay word, meaning *rational being*—a man; and Outang means *wild, or of the woods*.

L. So that the words "ourang outang" mean *wild man of the woods*.

M. This ape at the top of the tree is called a *Gibbon*, "The Long-armed Gibbon." There are other apes besides these, but you need not learn their names now. Willie, love, run and fetch the map, that we may point to the places where the apes are found.

W. Here it is, mamma.

M. Place your finger on Africa—the western side—a little higher up, towards the north; then move it on in a horizontal line towards the east. Whenever I stop your finger, say the name of the place you stop at.

W. I am ready, mamma. Begin, please. *Western Africa*.

What a long way you are moving my hand! Now we are in *ASIA*.

India,

Malacca,

Borneo and Sumatra, •

and other Eastern islands.

These are the principal places where apes are found.

Ion. We can easily remember those places; let us mark the line again. Now, are we to observe another animal, mamma?

M. Yes. Look at the animal that is nursing its young one. Is it different from the others?

W. Yes. I notice that *its arms are rather shorter* than its legs.

M. That is true, so that it is very difficult for it to walk on all fours. It is not made for walking, but for

climbing; so it lives up in the trees, and delights to spend its time up there, instead of on ground.

Ada. And it has a long tail.

Ion. And, 3rdly, you said before, mamma, that it has *cheek-pouches*. What is its disposition?

M. It is very mischievous, and cunning also. And again, it has great curiosity.

L. Is it not also fond of imitation, mamma?

M. Yes, and given to stealing sometimes.

W. Ah, I have read an anecdote—

M. No, not now, Willie; let us first put down the points by which we know it. It is a four-handed animal, with

(1) short arms,

(2) a long tail,

(3) cheek-pouches, and

(4) a mischievous, cunning disposition, with habits of curiosity and imitation.

It is called a *MONKEY*.

W. Now I will tell you something about monkeys. I once read an anecdote—

M. I think there will not be time for an anecdote to-day. We will have the *history* of the monkeys, apes, and baboons next week.

Ada. What are baboons?

W. I suppose that the other animals in the picture are called baboons. Let us see how many monkeys there are. The old and young one make two; the one swinging on that thin branch makes three; and this gentleman with whiskers, holding out his hand—he makes four.

Ion. And here is another monkey behind this piece of ground. Do you see that he has curled his long tail round a branch?

M. This one is called a *Spider Monkey*.

Ion. I wonder what this great black fellow is. See how bad-tempered he looks! he is standing on all four of his legs. Is he a monkey, mamma?

M. No; that is a baboon, and so are the others which we have not noticed. Let us look at them.

L. Look at the gentleman with the stick. I think he is looking up to that little monkey on the top branch, to say that if he does not come down, he'll—he'll—

M. He will hear of something to his advantage—some kind of correction which may do him good.

W. And feel it, too, if he gets the stick. I see one difference in that baboon, mamma—his tail is short. There are three baboons, I think, for they all have short tails.

M. That is one difference. The second difference is one which I must show you. You may know a baboon from an ape, because it has cheek-pouches, as the monkey has. The third difference is, that it does not attempt to walk on two limbs, as the Chimpanzee and other apes do, but it walks generally on all fours.

W. Then I suppose that this one in the picture is standing upright because he is angry.

M. Yes. Baboons do not live so much in the woods, as the apes and monkeys do, nor can they climb so

well. They live principally on the ground—inhabiting the rocks and mountains. When you read in your *Uncle Richard's* letter about Gibraltar, I dare say you will hear of the *sugar loaf rock* there; and of the tribe of baboons (which by mistake have been called apes) living on the summit of the rock.

Ion. Is there anything else by which we may know a baboon, mamma?

M. Yes—by his bad disposition. Baboons are much less amiable than the other tribes—so you may say of them, 4thly, they are surly, vicious, and not very intelligent, so that they cannot easily be tamed. I shall have to tell you sad tales about them next week. Now make out the baboon's description.

L. I will do it, mamma.

A BABOON is an animal with

- (1) a short tail;
- (2) cheek-pouches;
- (3) a habit of walking on all fours, rather than climbing; and
- (4) a surly, snarly disposition, which shows that he has not so much intellect as the others, for he cannot be easily tamed.

M. I will finish the lesson. There are three kinds of four-handed animals—APES, MONKEYS, and BABOONS.

THE GLAD SONG OF PEACE.

THE war-note no more
Let the clarion sound,
Nor the thundering drum
Wake battle around.
For conquest no more
Let a pean be sung,
Nor the war-shout be heard
Loud death-shrieks among.
But the glad song of peace
Let us joyfully sing;
Reigate, July, 1844.

With the glad notes of peace
Let our island home ring.
The glad song of peace
Let the loud timbrel sound,
And an echo of peace
In each bosom be found.
May the peace song be heard
Upon every shore,
And the children of earth
Learn the war-song no more
“ ”

THE NORMAN KINGS.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

OLD LANFRANC, the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, was a careful old man. He had taught William when he was a boy, and had tried to make him a good prince. But he knew that he was of a covetous and self-willed disposition; so, when William asked for his help, he first made him take a solemn oath that he would govern well, and according to his advice. When William did this, Lanfranc called a council of the clergy and barons, proposed to them that he should be declared king instead of his brother Robert; and, when no one opposed him, he caused William to be crowned in WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The barons appeared to agree to this, but really, in their hearts, many of them would rather have had Robert for a master, on account of his easy disposition. The stern William the Conqueror had acted like an absolute monarch, and had made them obey him, but they had always said that they were independent, and were not obliged to do so. So now, they thought to themselves, "This William Rufus will try to govern us as his father did; we would rather have for our king the generous, open-hearted, and brave prince Robert."

L. Why was William called Rufus, papa?

P. He was so called on account of his red hair. Rufus did not long keep his crown in peace. You may remember Odo, the brother of William the Conqueror, who had been kept in prison until William's death. He, with a party of barons, declared that Robert was

the eldest son, and should be king; and that Rufus had no right to the English crown, even if his father had given it to him. These barons, therefore, shut themselves up in their castles, called in their knights and vassals, and prepared for war. The castles of Pevensey and Rochester were seized by Odo and another nobleman, who, with the barons, waited for Robert to put himself at their head. Robert, however, was a long while coming from Normandy; his indolent disposition led him to make many delays, and to squander his money away in idle expenses. During this time the active William did all in his power to gain the good will of the Saxons. He promised that they should have permission to hunt in the royal forests; he raised many Saxon people to places of honour; and, with crafty words, he told them to stand by him against their hated *Norman lords*.

So active was William, that he found himself at the head of a large army before his brother arrived. He caused Odo, and most of the barons to surrender, banished many of them from the kingdom, and thus put an end to the conspiracy.

I do not think that the dark picture I shall give you of William's character will teach you much good. As soon as he was free from danger, he began to follow the example of his father, and give way to his bad passions. His great fault was *covetousness*, and as soon as his good tutor Lanfranc was dead, he began all kinds of wickedness.

On the death of Lanfranc, the archbishopric of Canterbury was vacant. William not only seized on the money which belonged to

that office, but on the revenue of many other bishoprics. When an abbot died, he openly put to sale the abbey lands, and the vacant office. These proceedings of course caused great murmurs and indignation amongst the clergy.

William next thought that he would like to have the dukedom of Normandy, as well as the kingdom of England. He therefore began a war with his brother Robert, but was compelled to make peace, by the King of France.

On returning to England, William continued his covetous and cruel course. He increased the taxes of the people so much, that, as one of the history books says, he not only fleeced them, which means taking off their *wool*, but he flayed them, which means taking off their *skins*. He then made another attempt to seize his brother's dukedom of Normandy;—for Robert, I have read, was so idle, that he would lie in bed for two or three days, while his servants plundered him of his money, and even of his clothes. William was however stopped in this enterprise—and soon after his brother Robert, wishing to set out to the Holy Land on the Crusades, sold him his dukedom for 10,000 merks.

W. What is a *merk*, papa?

P. A merk was a piece of money worth about as much as 13s. 4d.

L. But where could William get so much money from?

P. From the people. He robbed them in the most violent manner. He even shocked them by robbing the convents, forcing the nuns to melt their gold, and silver, and plate, to pay what he called their *share*. And William did all this cruelty and wickedness, only that he might be able to say before he

died, that he governed both England and Normandy.

A short time after, the *Earl of Poitiers* offered to sell him all his dominions, without once considering whether his unhappy people would like to be thus disposed of. This offer also William accepted, and was preparing a fleet of ships with troops to take possession,—when God, whose *providence* we spoke of in the last lesson, stopped him. His power said, “Thou shalt go no farther.” William happened to be hunting in the new forest, when a gentleman, named *Sir Walter Tyrrel*, who was with him, shot at a stag. The arrow struck one of the trees instead, and bounding in an opposite direction, entered the body of the king, and killed him. *Sir Walter* being frightened at the accident, put spurs to his horse, and set out with the other warriors to the Holy Land. This happened in the year 1100.

So did God send his mighty messenger, Death, to end the wickedness of William. *His providence* visited the sins of the father upon the son who had followed his steps. Perhaps this tree was one of the very first trees which William the Conqueror had planted with so much cruelty. He did not think, when he planted it, that from thence God would send the arrow to kill his favourite son.

Now that you have heard of the king, let us look back at the *people*. There are a few points worth noticing in this reign. 1st, The people gained power, and some relief from the oppressions of the nobles. Did you notice how this happened?

L. I did, papa. The king and the nobles quarrelled, so the people—the Saxons—gained the advantage, for the king was obliged

to help them, so as to get their kelp.

P. Yes. And you will soon see that they gained more power in this way. The parties who quarrel are generally the losers.

I'll tell you something of the customs of the people. They had taken into their heads the idea that long toes to their shoes were very ornamental—very. So they used to wear toes of enormous length, ending in a point. On this point they would fix a silver ornament, like the beak of a bird, and then would fasten it by gold or silver chains to their knees.

Ion. How ridiculous they must have looked!

P. They did not think so—it was the fashion. They did not look so ridiculous as we should appear to them if they saw us. If one of our ancestors saw me, how he would stare at my hat! He would say, "What do you wear a drum on your head for? Why do you wear a collar on your coat, like a horse's? Why, you are wearing two tails, and look like a water wag-tail. What very ridiculous fashions!"

The clergy in William's time disliked these long toes. They declared that it was contradictory to the Scripture, which says that no man can add a cubit to his stature; and they held meetings about it, trying to put down the fashion; but it was all to no purpose. The clergy had influence enough to send thousands upon thousands of men to give up their fortunes and lives in the Holy Land, but they could not make people give up the fashions! The Norman courtiers, also, thought it was good to wear long hair and curly locks; but the archbishop, with his sermons, persuaded them to crop their hair again.

The people in this reign were still very superstitious. When two men quarrelled, instead of sitting down to decide who was right by using their judgments, they made use of their *swords*! The two men would fight, and the one who was conquered was declared to be in the wrong. Once, a knight called Bainard accused a certain count of conspiracy: the count denied the charge, and, therefore, in the presence of the king, the two men mounted on horses and fought until Bainard was conquered; he was then said to have told a lie, and was punished by having his eyes put out.

Another event in this reign was the building of London Bridge—the river Thames had swelled very much, and was so full of water that it made a great flood which swept away the old bridge. William therefore built a new one of wood, and paid for it by making a new tax.

He also built a wall round the tower of London, and built Westminster Hall, a large and beautiful building, not far from Westminster Bridge. The next year, William held his Christmas feast in it. You have read in Mr. Young's letters of the ancient city, "Bonny Carlisle." This city, which had been laid in ruins 200 years before by the Danes, was at last re-built by William.

So, dear children, you see that even a bad man may do some good. Perhaps there has never been any man in this world who has not done a little good. Even the covetous William was celebrated for his taste and skill in architecture.

W. Shall we make a lesson about him, papa?

P. No, not until next week; when we shall have some talk about the *Crusades*—the greatest event of William Rufus's time.

GOLD (Continued).

W. Please, mamma, do not begin the lesson on gold with its qualities, but let us have its *history* first.

M. Very well: listen. When I was much younger than I am now, I used to read in Mungo Park's *Travels* the history of the gold-washing in Africa, and this is what I remember:—

In the hot tropical countries, there sometimes come dark and rainy days. Yes, black and heavy clouds come rolling on; and bursting, they pour down incessant rain. The rain continues for a long time, until it forms heavy streams and torrents of water, which rush down the mountains and swell the rivers. This long time of rain is called "the rainy season."

When the rainy season is over, and the swelling rivers are calm, and the bright clear days have come again, then do the negroes go out to collect the gold which is supposed to have been washed down from the mountains.

About the beginning of December they start,—a large party of black men and women, under the command of a chief. Each person takes with him several hollow shells of a plant resembling a gourd; these he calls his *calabashes* (they are much used in hot countries for holding liquids); they also take a hoe, or a spade, for digging in the sands; and a few quills, in which to put the grains of gold.

When they reach the foot of a mountain, some of the negroes, standing on the shores of the river, begin to wash the fine sand which has been swept on by the force of the current to a great distance

from the mountain: this sand only contains small grains. But those who want to gain greater prizes proceed higher up the mountain, where only large stones have been left by the force of the current, and amongst these they often find large pieces of metal.

In the dry season, when the natives do not search near the rivers, they dig a pit in the ground, and then wash two or three calabashfuls of earth on the spot, by way of experiment, to see whether it contains any metal.* If they do not see any, they dig again until they reach a stratum of earth which does contain it. The soil that generally contains gold is a fine reddish sand with small black specks.

Ion. But, mamma, I do not understand how they *wash* the gold.

M. I will tell you.

The women hold the calabashes, in which the men put sand or clay. They are then filled up with water, and the women, shaking the calabashes, manage very dexterously to shake out only the earth and clay. Fresh water is continually added, and shaken out again with the clay, until nothing is left but the sand and gold. This sand is then mixed with fresh water, while the natives carefully examine it, and pick out the golden grains.

As they collect this gold it is put into the quills, which are stopped up with pieces of cotton. The party of natives must, I think, have a singular appearance as they return home with their quills of gold hanging round their necks. Some of the very rich negroes keep these quills, and wear them as ornaments in their hair. When full dressed, many of them have upon their persons earrings and brace-

lets of massive gold, worth altogether from fifty to eighty pounds!

L. What do the poor negroes do with their gold, mamma?

M. They sell it. I told you once how valuable *gold* is in hot countries; there are merchants who travel through those parts, and make exchanges of *gold* and other commodities for the gold.

W. Is gold found in *EUROPE*, mamma?

M. Yes, I have read somewhere of the miserable half-naked gipsies of *HUNGARY* (you may look for that country on your map). These gipsies wander over the mountains, where they find gold, sometimes in grains and sometimes in lumps. The principal gold of Europe is, however, found in the *mines* of Hungary. In these mines there have been "veins" of gold 120 feet thick—there are altogether about forty mines in that country, producing annually 50,000 ounces.

Gold has also been found in Great Britain. It has been found in the hills of Scotland, and in Cornwall; and, in the book from which I learned this, I read that not many years ago, a thousand ounces were found in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland.

L. Is gold procured from *ASIA*, mamma?

M. Yes, from Asia, also in India, and other parts, particularly in the north of Russia.

Jon. And in *AMERICA*, too?

M. Yes. By far the greater portion is found in America. In the countries of Brazil and Mexico—but lately a very large quantity has been brought from another part.

W. You mean *CALIFORNIA*. Papa read about that country in the newspapers.

M. In America, gold is found in different states—sometimes in

grains, sometimes in lumps, and again in large veins, in the *mines*—veins which are even larger than the veins in Hungary. Sometimes it is found embedded in quartz.

W. But, mamma, if men go on procuring gold every year from all parts of the world, what a quantity there will be in time. Why, there will be so much gold that there will be too many sovereigns—sovereigns will be as plentiful as farthings.

M. It is true, Willie, that the quantity in use is always increasing, for, gold does not rust, or perish. Yet the supply does not seem to be too great. When there are wars, and countries are invaded by enemies, money and articles of gold are often concealed under ground—perhaps the owner sometimes dies without informing any one of what he has done, and thus the hidden articles are lost. Often, too, ships which convey gold—merchant ships and others—are wrecked, and in this way many very large sums of money are lost. Again: a quantity of gold is always being employed in *gilding* and in plating goods; this is in time destroyed.

L. Gold, mamma, is used for many purposes besides money?

M. Yes. Let us now talk of the uses of gold.

W. I know one of the uses—it is used to make gilt. I once bought a book of leaf gold.

Jon. And I once went with papa to a gold-beater's, where I saw some men making gilt. A man showed me a little grain, about as large as a pin's head. "There, master," he said, "that will make a piece of gilt as broad as these three books—fifty square inches!"

Then I saw how it was done. First, I saw a piece of gold put into a mill, and rolled very hard be-

tween two steel rollers until it made a long strip, like a piece of broad tape. It was then cut into square pieces, which were placed between pieces of fine calf-skin, and beaten. The gold was beaten thinner and thinner in several skins, until at last it was placed between square pieces of a fine skin called gold-beaters' skin.

I cannot tell you how many times the gold was beaten out to the full size of the skin, and cut into smaller pieces, which were beaten to the full size again, and thus made thinner. At last, when it was of the proper thinness, it was placed in books of *paper*, the leaves of which were covered with red ochre, to prevent the gilt from sticking to them.

W. And I have seen the painters use those books. Once a man was painting a sign-board; he painted large letters with sticky stuff called gold size; then he opened the book, and pressed the gilt on the letters.

But, mamma, I have seen gilt buttons; I should think that the gold leaf would hardly stick to the metal.

M. No. Buttons are gilded in a very different way. The gold is first dissolved in mercury; the

metal buttons are rendered very bright, and are then washed over with the liquid gold.

L. Then, mamma, gilt buttons are not covered with real gold, but with gold and mercury.

M. No, there is only the pure gold on them. The mercury is separated from it in this way:—the newly gilt buttons are placed in an oven, the heat of which causes the mercury to leave the buttons, and to rise in the form of vapour.

This process is very economical—not a particle of gold is lost. I have read that five grains of gold will gild one hundred and forty-four buttons of an inch diameter.

L. Is the gilt put on our cups and saucers in the same way, mamma?

M. Yes, very nearly. The gilt is prepared in another way: the gold leaf is grounded into a fine powder and mixed with gum water—the dried cakes of gold thus made are preserved in shells, and called *shell gold*. This shell gold is used with a brush and with water, and the pattern is painted on the cup, just as you would paint upon paper. It is then fixed on the cup by heat, being baked in a kiln.

We will finish our lesson on gold next week.

DAYBREAK.

SEE the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols in the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

STARTING.

P. I have brought you the letter of the friend whom I spoke of last week. Lucy may read it.

L. Thank you, papa—I will.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

You would like to go to foreign countries. It is very delightful to see new places every day, and to think to yourself, "What shall I see next?" Now, I learned Geography at school—the geography of Europe—the names of all the kingdoms, and of the capital towns, with the names of the principal rivers and mountains; these I said out of book to my master perfectly; but after a year or two I forgot nearly all of them. Since then I have found a better way to remember them—a famous plan: *I have been to see the places*, and that is a very different way from "learning out of book," for I remember all the names perfectly.

W. Yes, of course; so could I if I had been there.

The reason of my remembering the names so easily, is this: I have seen many things in each of the towns, so that I cannot easily forget them; and when I begin to think of a place, I am sure to remember the name along with it.

W. So can I do that. When we were at boarding-school, and came home on a stage coach, I remembered the name of every town that we passed through.

So, dear children, as your papa has been telling me that he wishes you to learn the geography of foreign lands, I have been thinking that I will go over my journeys again, and will take you with me. I cannot take you to the real

places, but I will try and describe them to you, so that you may see them in your imagination as clearly as if you had been there with me.

My first travels were in the south of Europe, across the Mediterranean Sea, to EGYPT, and the river NILE. Suppose that you get your maps, and point with your fingers to the following places:—

LISBON.	ATHENS.
CADIZ.	CORINTH.
SEVILLE.	SMYRNA.
CORDOVA.	CONSTANTINOPLE.
MADRID.	ALEXANDRIA.
GIPRALTA.	CAIRO.
MALTA.	THE PYRAMIDS.

Make a line from one place to another, and you will then mark pretty nearly the line of my journey.

These are the places I visited when going to Egypt; after we have seen them, you shall learn of the countries in EUROPE through which I returned—of Syracuse in Sicily, Mount Etna, Mount Vesuvius and Naples, Rome, the Alps, and the river Rhine.

To-morrow morning I am going on board ship to BRAZIL, which is on the western side of the world; and, when you have read all my letters on EUROPE (for I have left them with your papa), I mean to give you the full particulars of my voyage to the western side of the world. I shall travel over the principal parts of America and the West Indies.

Your papa has, I know, a brother who has been for two or three years in AUSTRALIA; and if you can persuade him to write you an account of that part of the world, and then can find some gentleman

who has travelled in India and Persia, and the sunny countries and islands of ASIA, I think that we shall make you a complete account of the principal countries in the world—a long account which shall last you three or four years.

W. I quite agree to that, and we will undertake to read it; so begin, Lucy.

L. "*Autumn comes jovial on.*"

A man of the name of Thomson, a poet, wrote those words; and a year or two ago, dear children, relying upon his words as being quite true, I jumped out of bed at the peep of day, expecting to behold the neighbouring chimneys-pots looking red and jovial with the rosy light of the sun. But let me advise you not always to depend upon a poet, or any other man—for, there was nothing at all jovial in the aspect of things. The chimney-pots were blacking each others' faces with the smoke from the kitchen fires—and the sun, as though he were ashamed to look at such dirty work, hid his sad face behind a dark and thundery cloud.

"Not a very pleasant morning for the beginning of one's travels," I thought; but a traveller's soul must be above such trifling things. So I dressed myself quickly, rang the bell for breakfast, and then completed my knapsack.

You should have seen me with my Macintosh, carpet-bag, and portmanteau, as I stepped out of a cab into the station of the South Western Railway at Vauxhall. You should have seen how we rattled along to Southampton. You should have heard the shriek

of delight which the engine gave when the sun burst forth and brightened the day. You should have heard the poor engine's shriek when he found he had to go through a dark tunnel. What a self-important noise that engine made at the last, when he let off the steam and left the carriages to run alone to the end of their journey.

You should have seen me, too, with my merry face as, an hour afterwards, I walked the deck of the good ship *Montrose*—and as we floated over the placid Southampton Water. You should have seen the faces of my fellow-passengers "as merry as a marriage bell." But, ah, when we reached the English Channel, and rode over the rough sea!—ah, at the sight of that dreary prospect, you should have seen their grave and anxious looks, and faces "sicklied o'er with care!" Then, one by one they dived to their cabins below to give vent to the feelings they found it impossible to smother.

Very soon, I too went down to join the amusements of my companions,—but I do not like to tell you what they were; I only know that I lay—somewhere—for a day or two, and on a couch for a day or two longer—when I happened to find in a book a song and some music, which I have copied. It will make a day's lesson for you if you will learn the words carefully, and sing them nicely. You shall hear how I got better in my next letter.

I am, dear children,
Your affectionate friend,
UNCLE RICHARD.

a

• THE TRAVELLER.

V. 1. I've been roaming, I've been roaming In the plea-sant land of France, List'ning to her

V. 2. I've been roaming, I've been roaming Pleas'd, thro' many a Bel-gic town, Gazing on the

minstrel ditties, Standing by her merry dance; And I've turn'd away with sadness, From her light &

stately churches, Marking each old fortress frown. Then we reach'd the famous river Of the castle

thoughtless lays, Longing for my own dear coun-try, And the voices of prayer and praise.

and the vine, And we bound-ed o'er the waters Of the ra-pid king-ly Rhine

Onward! onward! Alpine summits
Lift their heads towards the sky;
We must pierce the clouds above them,
Commune with the Lord on high.
Snows and glaciers stretch around us;
Caution! for the path is steep:
One false step might hurl you downwards,
Far into the fearful deep.

Past the Alps, the air is balmy,
Trellised vines and fig-trees grow;
Deep blue skies—Italian sunshine—
Oh, we feel its kindling glow!
And I pluck the ancient olive,
Ereble old of love and peace;
But a sorrow gathers o'er me,
When will Popish thralldom cease?

Statues of the Virgin Mary.
Rise around us everywhere;
Te dead bones are people kneeling,
Unto stones they lift their prayer.
Then I thought of mine own country,
And I only blessed the Lord
I was born in land of Bibles,
'Mid the teaching of His word.

Thus, dear children; I've been roaming,
Travellers' tales well pleased I tell;
But, to good Old England coming,
Thankful thoughts within me swell;
Sing we then a song of gladness,
Unto God, who placed our birth
In our highly-favoured island—
Happiest land of all the earth.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

4th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

"Hold fast that which is good."

POOR JESSY! She clung to the arm of her elder sister; and, turning her face from the window, she hid her trembling head in her sister's bosom, while the flood of tears which had gushed from her swollen eyes since the morning, now broke out afresh.

Poor Mary! Her pale face wore a calm, submissive look; but she had been talking to God, the Father of the afflicted, and the thought that He was with them in their lonely room, was her stronghold and hope. Still there came now and then a tear, and many a deep sigh, as she tried to comfort her sister.

Listen to the tale of Jessy and Mary Grey.

Their mother had died when they were both infants; and their kind, loving father, the school-master of the town, after years of trouble, illness, and debt, had left this world for a better one a few days ago, having just given his two girls in charge to their only relation, an old bachelor uncle.

Both had just seen a sad and mournful sight. Between the drawn-down blind and the panes of a window, they had been looking for some time, with eager eyes, at the coffin of their dead father, which had just left the house.

Jessy, who had been her father's pet child, felt that the world was empty now, and sobbed more at the hopeless thought; but Mary, remembering that her father had

always loved God, felt that earth was now made nearer to heaven. She felt that he and their mother were dwelling there; and they made heaven dearer to her. She thought of them very often now. They had taught her the spirit of love and kindness. They had taught her to do what was good and right. So now she forgot her father's corpse, she only seemed to see his spirit; and it seemed to say to her, "Go to God! go very often! keep close to Him; then will He teach you more of His love, which will make you strong and able to *hold fast that which is good.*"

Here were two more orphans alone in the world—alone, to struggle without help. They had not much wealth; all they had was *three sovereigns*. No, I had forgotten—that was not all; they had something which you could not handle or touch like the gold: it was only a *desire*. Both of them had a desire within them which their father had planted, and which had grown up very strong. It was the desire to **HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD**. You could not see such a thing, or handle it; but ah, it was worth more than the sovereigns!

"Come, Jessy, love!" said her sister, "let me comfort you. Did not our father say that I was to try and comfort you, and take care of you?"

"But how can you, Mary?" said Jessy; "you are only fourteen years old!"

"I can, my dear Jessy; you

are nearly twelve years old now, and we are both strong—we will help each other.”

“But we shall have to work and earn our own bread. How shall we do that?”

“God will find a way for us, Jessy; but we shall have to do more than that. Why should we live only for the sake of getting bread? What do we get bread for?”

“That we may eat and live, of course,” said Jessy.

“Then you want to live on purpose that you may live?”

“Yes, live and be happy; that is something; and then, die.”

“Is that all, Jessy? Let me tell you something else. If you live on purpose to be happy, you will never get happiness.”

“That is very strange.”

“I will explain it to you, Jessy. Do you not remember our dear father’s school? I remember when he said that I might help him to teach for a few days. He showed me, written on a board, a list of the boys’ studies. There was so much Latin, so much* spelling, geography, history, and grammar; ‘but,’ he said, ‘there is something else which is not written on the board: it is much harder to teach than these things—it is called the *spirit of LOVE*.’”

“When these great boys came into my school, they were often very rude; they would laugh at each other’s troubles—they would call each other ill names—they would make rude noises in the streets, without minding whether they pleased other people or not—they did not care to be early at school, or to try and do all things well, and to please me. But now

look at them, Mary!—they are quiet, good boys, who try always to do these things. They learned to do so by learning the *spirit of LOVE*. Love, Mary,’ our father said, ‘teaches selfish boys to be generous—rude boys to be gentle—unfeeling boys to be kind—proud boys to be humble—deceitful boys to be honest; it makes unhappy ill-tempered boys to feel very joyful. Love makes happiness all through the world.’

“Then, Jessy, our dear father told me that this *spirit of LOVE* was only another name for the Spirit of God. ‘For,’ he said, ‘God is love; and God has said, By this shall men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another.’”

“Think, dear Jessy, what a good thing it will be if we can teach this *spirit of love* as our father did. That will be something to live for! We will learn this *spirit* from God, and teach it to those who will become men.”

“I think,” Jessy said, “that I should be very happy if I could always do that—more happy than if I lived for the sake of”—but just at this moment their uncle returned from the funeral, and entered the room with the undertaker.

Not a tear or sign of sorrow was seen in their uncle’s hard features. “What a damp, drizzly day it is!” he said, going up to the fire, and stirring it. “Come, girls, don’t stand still. Run, Jess, and fetch me a jug of hot water, two tumblers, and a spoon;” and, as he laid upon the table a box of cigars and a bottle containing brandy, he turned to Mary, and told her to bring up the tea in less than half an hour.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 2. FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS.
(*Quadrupana*.)

M. How many kinds of four-handed animals did I mention last week?

W. Three kinds, mamma:—the Apes, the Monkeys, and the Baboons.

M. These are the four-handed animals living in the old world.

W. What is the old world, mamma?

Ion. Don't you know that, Willie? The old world is that part of the world which was known before America was discovered.

L. Yes. Europe, Asia, and Africa, are the old world.

M. Besides the four-handed animals we spoke of last Tuesday, there is another and different race of monkeys in the new world.

There is also a third race of these animals, differing from the other two races, and found in the island of Madagascar. These are called *Lemurs*.

The Lemurs I cannot stop to describe to you, but we may talk a little of the monkeys of the new world. If you look at your map, you may easily find the group of islands between North and South America, which you know are called the West Indies. The monkeys live not only in these islands, but in the northern part of South America.

I know a gentleman who has been to that part of America. He has seen the great forests there, where the towering trees grow thickly together, covering vast plains. These forests have only a few openings, caused by some stream flowing between. Here the monkeys, who live entirely on the trees, might pass along the tops

for several hundred miles together without touching the earth!

They dance along these forests, not only climbing and swinging with their hands, but also with their tails. These monkeys even use their tails as hands: the end of the tail is not covered with hair, but with a thin skin; and it has great power of feeling. They are said to introduce the end of the tail into the cracks and the hollow places in the trees, for the purpose of hooking out eggs or other substances.

In the drawing of last week, the monkey who has curled his tail round the branch of a tree is called a *Spider Monkey*. There are also what are called the *Howling Monkeys*, who live together in troops. They wait until the darkness of the night comes, or the blackness of the heavy clouds which precede the hurricane, and then, from some dark place, the whole troop of them, without minding their "sharps" or "flats," or anything else whatever, send forth an endless variety of horribly discordant sounds.

W. Just as the Tom cats do in the night, I suppose?

M. Perhaps in the same style, only much louder. Travellers who have heard them in the distance have described their howling as having an astounding effect.

L. What do they eat, mamma?

M. The fruits of the trees, grain, eggs, and insects. I have heard that they catch the scorpions, and are particularly clever in nipping out their stings before eating them. Another tribe of these monkeys are called *Weeping Monkeys*. There are also the Fox-tailed Monkey, the Squirrel Monkey, and others.

W. And now, mamma, please

tell us something about those of the old world.

M. We will not stop, Willie, to describe the habits of the dangerous and surly Baboons. You can read about them in one of your other books. The Chimpanzee has told you something about the Apes. Let us talk a little about the Monkeys.

The head-quarters of the Monkeys are in the forests of Africa. There are found swarms of beautiful silky-haired Monkeys, some of them marked by rings of different shades. I might give a rather disgraceful account of some of their proceedings. Not only these monkeys, and the apes, but all monkeys, are apt to steal the sugar-cane, to help themselves out of the rice-fields, and to take many other things which do not belong to them. At the same time, they keep a sharp look-out for tigers, leopards, or boa constrictors, who are apt to steal rather suddenly upon them. I have found an account in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, written by a gentleman from India, which I think will amuse you very much. You may read it:

HOW WE SERVED OUT THE MONKEYS.

"The monkeys and I soon began to wage bitter war on each other. The cause of war was a field of sugar-cane I had planted in the newly-cleared jungle. 'Every beast of the field' seemed leagued against this devoted patch of sugar-cane. The wild elephant came and browsed in it—the jungle hogs rooted it up and munched it at their leisure—the jackals gnawed the stalks into squash—and the wild deer ate the tops of the young plants. Against all these marauders there was an obvious remedy—to build a stout fence round the cane-field. This was done accordingly, and a deep trench dug outside, that even the wild elephant did not deem it prudent to cross.

"The wild hogs came and inspected the trench and the palisades beyond. A bristly old tusker was observed taking a survey of the defences, but after mature deliberation, he gave two short grunts, the porcine, I imagined, for 'no go,' and took himself off at a round trot, to pay a visit to my neighbour, Ram Chunder, and inquire how his little plot of sweet yams was coming on. The jackals sniffed at every crevice, and determined to wait a bit; but the monkeys laughed the whole entrenchment to scorn. Day after day was I doomed to behold my canes devoured as fast as they ripened by troops of jubilant monkeys. Flesh and blood could stand this no longer, and so 'the war hatchet was dug up.' It was of no use attempting to drive them away. When disturbed, they merely retreated to the nearest tree, dragging whole stalks of sugar-cane along with them; and then spurted the chewed fragments in my face, as I looked up at them. This was adding insult to injury, and I positively began to grow bloodthirsty at the idea of being outwitted by monkeys. The case between us might have been stated in this wise—'I have, at much trouble and expense, cleared and cultivated this jungle land,' said I. 'More fool you!' said the monkeys. 'I have planted and watched over this sugar-cane.' 'Watched! ah-ha! so have we, for the matter of that.' 'But surely I have a right to reap what I sowed?' 'Don't see it,' said the monkeys; 'the jungle, by rights prescriptive, is ours, and has been so ever since the days of Ram Hanuman of the long tail. If you cultivate the jungle without our consent, you must look to the consequences. If you don't like our customs, you may get about your business: we don't want you!'

"I kept brooding over this mortifying view of the matter, until one morning I hatched revenge in a practicable shape. A tree, with about a score of monkeys on it, was cut down, and half-a-dozen of the youngest were caught, as they attempted to escape. A large pot of treacle was then mixed

with as much tartar-emetic as could be spared from the medicine chest, and the young hopefuls, after being carefully painted over with the compound, were allowed to return to their distressed relatives, who, as soon as they arrived, gathered round them, and commenced licking them with the greatest assiduity. The results I had anticipated were not long in making their appearance. A cargo of sea-sick Cockneys in a storm is very disgusting, but this was even worse; a more melancholy sight it was impossible to behold. The poor wretches were groaning in attitudes of distress upon almost every tree, retching and — But I spare the reader. I felt *very* much concerned; and if I thought it would have been accepted, I was quite willing to stand a pint (of hot water) all round! So efficacious was this treatment that for more than two years I hardly ever saw a monkey in the neighbourhood."

There are monkeys in some parts of India which are worshipped by the natives. Splendid and costly temples are dedicated to these animals; hospitals are built for their reception when sick or wounded, and large fortunes are bequeathed for their support, while, if a man kill one of them, he is punished with death.

They live in the groves and banyan trees around the villages; or else perch themselves on the roofs of the houses, sometimes con-

descending to come down and play with the children.

The same gentleman says:—

"I shall never forget my surprise when, for the first time, I saw monkeys 'at home.' Sometimes my route lay through the centre of a village, and here again the monkeys seemed as much at home as in the forest, wandering about from one house-top to another, and crossing the streets with the easy familiarity of inhabitants. Curious it was, too, to behold a crowd of naked children running about under the shadow of a mango-grove, and, almost jostling them, a party of young monkeys chasing each other through the chequered shade; or at the root of some big tree, to come upon three or four native women, seated the one behind the other, each engaged in examining her neighbour's head; and, a little farther on, an old monkey lying on his back, with his legs stretched out in the sun, and another overhauling him with that look of serious responsibility which only a monkey can express when engaged in such a pursuit."

L. Now let us finish our lesson.

Lesson 15. FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS (continued).

3. *This order includes the APES, MONKEYS, and BABOONS, of the old world; the LEMURS, found in the island of Madagascar; and*

The Monkeys of the new world—such as the Howling, Weeping, Spider, and Squirrel Monkeys.

THE SANDAL-TREE.

THE best revenge is love :—disarm
Anger with smiles; heal wounds with
balm;
Give water to thy thirsting foe;
The sandal-tree, as if to prove
How sweet to conquer hate by love,
Perfumes the axe that lays it low.

S. C. WILKES.

THE NORMAN KINGS.

WILLIAM RUFUS. THE CRUSADES.

W. Shall we hear about the *Crusades* to-day, papa?

P. Yes. I mentioned last week that the *crusades* began in the reign of William Rufus. Let us talk about them before we begin the history of another king.

I once told you of a bad power called superstition; we learned that this power not only made men do wicked things, but foolish things.

L. But what is superstition, papa? What is it like?

P. You have heard, in your lesson on man, of the part of your mind called *the imagination*.

W. That is, the power with which we make *images* in our minds—images of things which are not real.

P. This imagination, then, Willie, is the power that causes superstition. In the days of William Rufus, the Bible, which contains the truth, and teaches us real religion, was locked up; the people were not allowed to read it; but men called priests made a sort of religion for them out of their imaginations.

Ion. Or, "out of their own heads," as we say. And did they persuade people to believe in it?

P. Yes; although these imaginations of the priests were not true, yet the people believed in them; and when people believe in the imaginations of men instead of the Bible, we say that they have superstition.

L. I remember, papa, that you told us of the cruel things which the superstitious people did in the time of Dunstan.

P. We shall meet with this

power often in our history—let us see what it led the people to do in William's reign. Their superstition made them think that they might *fight* for God: this was a very foolish imagination. Men did not think much, then, of the wickedness of killing each other; indeed, nearly all rich people wore swords.

When a feudal lord, living in his castle, had four or five sons, they would sometimes think together, "When our father dies, we cannot all take his place, and have the castle."

W. No; for, even if they did manage to live together, if each of them had a great many children, what a number of feudal lords they would make!

P. One consequence of this was, that not only in England, but in other parts of Europe, the sons of the barons and nobles, instead of stopping at home, would go out and get their livings with their swords. These young noblemen not only fought for princes and barons who were at war, but they wandered about from place to place in search of adventures; and, whenever they found any quarrels, they would take the part of those who, they thought, were in the right. They called themselves the champions of the oppressed and injured—the champions of the weak;—of all fair ladies, women, and children. This was called *chivalry*; and these young men who took up the profession of chivalry were called *knights*.

W. I should not have liked the profession of chivalry; I should have been afraid of being killed. I would rather have been a doctor or a lawyer.

P. Such a profession would only

have been followed in the days of superstition. I have read that "war was their favourite scene. If they could not find it at home, they would seek it to the ends of the earth. When they entered the field of battle, their hearts were particularly alive, and their pulses beat with joy." Because they thus wandered about, they were called knights *errant*; and wherever they went they were made welcome, and treated with hospitality; for although, in the battle, the knight was "courageous and cruel as a lion;" yet, when in the castle hall, and at peace, it was impossible to imagine any one more gentle, kind, and humane.

L. What strange characters, papa!

P. Yes. We shall hear more about them soon. The superstitious people of these days were still fond of pilgrimages, perhaps even more than in Dunstan's time. When they had done any wicked actions, they would travel very far, through many countries, and keep on walking for weeks, until they reached some place where a holy man was buried; here they would stop and pray, and offer up money, thinking that by punishing themselves, and giving up the money, they would get pardon, or *absolution*, for the wicked actions they had done.

Ion. Ah, I have heard talk about "poor weary pilgrims."

P. There were plenty of them, Ion; they were found all over Europe. Some of them must have been very weary; for they travelled even beyond Europe, into another quarter of the world.

W. Where to, papa?

P. Get your map, and I will show you. You might have found pilgrims here, in *France*—here, in

Spain—a few here, in *Germany*—here, in *Switzerland*—here, in *Italy*—and even from the north, from *Sweden*, *Norway*, and *Denmark*;—down they came, all southward, over many a hundred miles towards *Greece*, or *Constantinople*. They crossed these narrow straits and seas, then away they went again, over *Asia Minor*, until they reached this country, called **THE HOLY LAND**.

It was a very far place for them to travel to, but they thought it quite worth while to go so far. Any pilgrim would have told you so, had you asked him. "Yes," he would have said, as the blood mounted in his dry brown cheeks, and his heavy leaden eye glittered—"yes; in that country is the ancient and holy city **JERUSALEM**! There is the mount where Jesus Christ, our Saviour, died—the sepulchre in which He was buried—the streets in which He walked and taught—the garden of Gethsemane where He prayed—ah! I am going to pray there. There will God pardon all my sins."

But oh, when the poor pilgrim reached his journey's end, there he found the city filled with cruel people called *Turks*. These *Turks*, who were followers of the false prophet **MAHOMET**, had lately seized Jerusalem, and nearly destroyed it. They robbed and beat the Christians, as soon as they entered the Holy Land; and the pilgrims having before spent nearly all their money—being worn out with hunger, and miseries of all sorts, and unable to pay for admission to Jerusalem, many of them perished outside its gates, without the consolation of seeing, before they died, the Holy Sepulchre—the great object of their long pilgrimage.

These cruelties of the Turks grew worse and worse, and at last they were found out. There came a strange man, travelling through all the villages and towns of Europe, and preaching to the people. In he would come, through the gate of the city, riding on his mule. He would get off his mule, and, standing in the streets, or on the steps of the church door, would preach, while all the people would run together and say to each other, "Come and hear him." If you had been there with the crowd, you would have seen how lean he was, for he lived on fish and wine; —and you would have noticed his bare feet and arms, and his woollen tunic, and his brown mantle reaching down to his heels. And, when he drew forth his bare arms from underneath his tunic, and put them forth to preach, then would you have noticed his shrill unearthly voice, and his wonderful eloquence, which made the people tremble as he told them about JERUSALEM. Ah! how loud was his full voice, as he described to them with raptures the beautiful, the holy city! But, oh! Hush! Hold your breath each one in the crowd! How the crowd stand still now, and look at his sparkling eye, until their own eyes glare again with anger! Listen, for there are no sounds but his voice, which is low, deep, and sorrowful,—it is describing to them the horrid tortures, the groans, the struggles, and death of the pilgrims he had seen at Jerusalem, and the people who listen,

grind their teeth, and stamp on the ground, and clench their fists; whilst others put their hands to their swords, and talk of horrible revenge!

Then, as he goes away, the people flock around him, load him with gifts, and praise his sanctity with high words, giving him honours such as were never paid to any other man. If you had gone home with one of the crowd, and had asked him, "Who is that man?" "He!" would have been the answer—"He is PETER THE HERMIT. Have you never heard of Peter the Hermit? He is one of the old pilgrims who has been with the fierce Turks. He has engaged, as a penance for his sins, to travel over Europe, to describe to the people the Holy City, and to persuade them to go there and fight for the injured and badly treated pilgrims, and to take the city by force from its cruel possessors."

Do you know who would attend at once to his preaching, and would promise to go?

L. Yes, papa. Those *knights* would — the "knights errant." They would want directly to fight for the oppressed pilgrims, and would make haste.

P. They did make haste, too; and so did Peter, going on from town to town and village to village: it is said that he traversed the whole of Europe in less than a year's time!

You shall hear next week what the *people* did.

TIME.

Time that is past, thou never canst recall;
Of time to come, thou art not sure at all;
Time present, only, is within thy power,
And therefore NOW improve the present hour.

BYRON.

GOLD (*Concluded*).

W. We only noticed one of the uses of gold last week—its use for gilding. I wonder what else it is used for.

Ion. It is used for money, we know; but I think I have heard mamma say that it is not *pure* gold which is used for that purpose.

M. Pure gold is too soft. In order to render it harder, a little copper is mixed with it.

W. I should think that the people ought to put a *very little*—if they were to put too much in a sovereign, it would not be worth many pennies. Suppose that they were to mix half the quantity of brass, how could people tell the difference?

Ion. Why, the sovereign would be too light, to be sure. Nearly all the other metals are lighter than gold, so that men would find it out by weighing the sovereigns.

W. Unless they put enough brass to make them of the proper weight,—but then, they would be too large. Ah, I see. I remember, too, that papa has in his office something for weighing sovereigns; and at the *bank*, I once saw the clerks weighing the money.

Ion. Gold, mamma, is also useful for making *wires*—the wires in gold lace are very fine.

M. Yes, it may be drawn out into a wire almost as fine as a spider's web. Think! a single guinea may be drawn into a wire nearly ten miles long.

L. I should think that that wire would break very easily.

M. It will *bend*, but even when so thin, it is not very easy to break. A gold wire only a tenth part of an inch in thickness, will support a weight of nearly 200 lbs.

W. How the particles of the wire must hold together! They stick fast to one another, as much as to say, "We are brother particles, we will not separate."

M. Yes. This quality we ought to have mentioned in our lesson on *metals*—for it is peculiar to them all. There is a proper name for the quality, derived from the Latin word *tenēre*, to hold. Because the particles of metals will not easily separate, they are said to be *tenacious*. Gold has other uses which we have not yet mentioned.

L. I have been thinking of some, mamma. It is used for watches, chains, rings, brooches, and other jewellery.

W. And I know that the dentists use it in fastening a set of artificial teeth; and there is a boy in our school who has a plate of gold on the roof of his mouth. I wonder why gold is used.

M. We will soon find out, for we are going now to talk about its qualities. You may have noticed some of the qualities of gold already, when talking about its uses.

L. I noticed, mamma, when we talked about the gilding, that gold is *very malleable*;—and, when we talked about the gold wire, that it is *very ductile*—but are we to notice *all* the qualities in gold?

M. No. Only the qualities which render it different from the other metals—the qualities which, as I said before, make us give it another name.

You know the qualities which constitute a metal, the qualities *malleable—ductile—flexible—fusible—heavy—tenacious*, and so on. Now, gold may differ from the other metals by having more of these qualities than they have—or by

having these qualities in a less degree.

W. Or it may have qualities which we do not find in any of the others—for instance, the quality *bright yellow*.

M. True. Now, let us count up the qualities of *GOLD*—the qualities which make us call it gold. You may say, first, it is more *malleable* than the others. I might have told you before, that gold may be beaten so thin, that it will admit of the *grain rays* of light passing through it.

Secondly, it is more *ductile*.

W. It is *more heavy*. I noticed that, when we talked about the sovereigns.

M. There is one heavier metal, called *platinum*, so do not say it is more heavy than the others; say it is *one of the heaviest*.

W. Then, thirdly, it is one of the heaviest metals.

Fourthly, it has a *bright yellow* colour. Is it more tenacious than the others, mamma?

M. No; iron, copper, platinum, and silver, are all more tenacious than gold.

W. Then we will say, fifthly, it is *less* tenacious than the others.

Ion. And, sixthly, *less fusible*. I know that, because I have heard that you cannot melt a guinea in a common fire.

M. That is true; and there is another quality to be noticed. When lead is being melted, you may notice on its surface a whitish film.

Ion. I have seen it, mamma.

M. This film is caused by the melted lead combining with a gas in the air called *oxygen*.

W. I have heard of that gas.

M. The film is called an *oxide*. In time, all the lead which is being melted would change into

an *oxide*. Iron will also form an oxide when it is heated. When a poker has been made red hot, little scales of iron dross will separate from it. These scales are "*oxide of iron*."

Ion. I have seen them on our old poker—the thin one.

M. But it is not so with gold—the fire cannot cause it to change. I have heard of its being kept, melted, in a furnace for eight months without any loss of weight. Gold and silver and platinum are the metals which do not change in fire. They are, therefore, called *perfect metals*.

These perfect metals do not *rust*; so now, Willie, you may discover why the boy in your school has a *gold plate* in his mouth.

Ion. I noticed a quality when we talked about the sovereign. Gold is *softer* than the other metals, except *lead*, I suppose.

M. Yes; it is next in softness to lead, and, like lead, it is *inelastic*. You have heard that word before.

L. So we may say, seventhly, it is a perfect metal; but, eighthly, it is soft; and, ninthly, *inelastic*, like lead.

W. And I will tell you a tenth quality—it is used for money, because it is *valuable*. It is valuable, because it is so *scarce*.

Ion. But I do not think that it has any *real value* because it is scarce; because, suppose that you lived in an island all by yourself, and you had some gold—you would not think it of great value; you would sooner have a few grains of corn, which would grow. You would say, "Men make it valuable, but it has not any *real value*."

M. The great value of gold is

the value set upon it by men—such a value you would call—

W. An artificial value. So we will mend the quality "tenthly."

Tenthly, gold has a great artificial value, because it is scarce.

M. Now, one of you may point out the gold's qualities—or its "distinctive" qualities, as we said.

Ion. I will repeat them, mamma. Gold is (1) more malleable, and (2) more ductile than the other metals; it is (3) one of the heaviest metals, and (4) it has a bright yellow colour; it is (5) less tenacious, and (6) less fusible than the others; (7) it will not form an oxide, and is a perfect metal, but (8) it is soft, and (9) in-elastic, like lead; then (10 and lastly), it has a great artificial value, because it is scarce.

I think that that will finish the lesson.

M. Yes, we will make up the lesson.

Lesson 14. GOLD.

1. Gold is procured from all parts of the world—from the sands of AFRICA—the mountains and mines

of EUROPE—the mines of ASIA—and, above all, from the very large mines and "the diggings" of AMERICA.

The principal countries in these parts are Guinea, and the Gold Coast, Hungary, Russia, India, Brazil, Mexico, Peru, and California.

2. Gold is useful for gilding, because it is very malleable.

It is used for plating, because it is soluble in mercury.

Ion. We forgot to put down that quality; and you may add another quality—it is made into shell gold, and used for painting china, because it is pulverable.

L. It is used for making fine wires, because it is very ductile.

It is used for money, because it has an artificial value.

It is used for watches and jewellery, because it is valuable.

M. Yes; and because it is a perfect metal, and will not rust.

L. And it is used for ornaments, because—because—

Ion. Because it is beautiful. We forgot that quality also.

THE CAMEL.

CAMEL, thou art good and mild,
Docile as a little child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless:
Thou dost clothe him; thou dost feed;
Thou dost lend to him thy speed;
And through wilds of trackless sand,
In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws;
Where no cooling water flows;
Where the hot air is not stirred
By the wing of singing bird,
There thou goest, untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week,
With thy load of precious things—
Silks for merchants, gold for kings,
Pearls of Ormus, riches rare,
Damascene and Indian ware—
Bale on bale, and heap on heap—
Freighted like a costly ship!

And when week by week is gone,
And the traveller journeys on
Feebly; when his strength is fled,
And his hope and heart seem dead,
Camel, thou dost turn thine eye
On him kindly, soothingly,
As if thou wouldst, cheering, say,
"Journey on for this one day—
Do not let thy heart despond!
There is water yet beyond!
I can scent it in the air—
Do not let thy heart despair!"
And thou guid'st the traveller there.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Docile as a little child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless;
And the desert wastes must be
Untracked regions but for thee!

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

LISBON.

DEAR CHILDREN,

I need not describe to you the feeling of sea-sickness; perhaps you may one day be unfortunate enough to experience it. I only remember that, after lying for many days and nights with headache, sickness, and suffocation, I managed to crawl on deck, to have a look at the sea.

I had hoped that we should not meet with a storm, but when one of the sailors pointed out to me the shoals of porpoises playing and tumbling about amongst the white waves, sometimes showing their black backs above the water, and leaping up as though in pursuit of their prey, he told me that it was a sign of bad weather. He said that the more the state of the ocean was disturbed, the more they seemed to enjoy themselves.

So, after looking for some time at the thousands of restless and busy waves, and the thousands of distant waves beyond, which all the while roared to each other, I went down again to my cabin. As the evening came on, I felt the vessel reeling and shivering with the force of the water, which I soon heard dashing against the sides, sweeping the decks from stem to stern, and even rushing down to pay us a visit in our cabins. The violence of the gale increased so much, that we were obliged to lie in our berths, and hold fast; and thus it continued for I cannot say how many days. I only remember that, one morning, a stray sunbeam happened to glimmer in the dim corners of my narrow cot, and that I was told that the storm had abated, so as to admit of our going on deck.

The skylights were opened, so as to purify the tainted atmosphere below; and, when I felt the cool air fanning my feverish brow, I dressed as quickly as my aching head and trembling limbs would allow me, and staggered up to the deck. There I found that one of the boats had been carried off by the violent waves; and that the starboard boat had been saved with difficulty, while two of the men had narrowly escaped a watery grave. In the cabin, the forms, chairs, tables, sofa cushions, and every other moveable article, were adrift, and had been floating about for some time. All the passengers, of every age and sex, had assembled. There were many sallow and wan faces among us, but by the time the breakfast bell had rung, the sea-breeze had so braced up our nerves, and refreshed our appetites, that we hastened to obey the welcome summons, and made dreadful havoc amongst the eatables.

On the 7th August, we entered the pretty little bay of Vigo. Scarcely had our anchor touched the ground, before we were surrounded by a swarm of boats from the shore, and up came a crowd of bronze-faced, large-whiskered men, laden with melons, grapes, apples, pears, and oranges, which we soon began to feed upon.

We increased the number of our passengers by three. They were three Hungarian pedlars, who were bound for Gibraltar with bales of cloth. As soon as we had delivered our letters and other despatches, and received the Galician mail, we again pursued our voyage. The sun now beamed brightly from the deep blue sky, and the sea was so smooth, that the motion of the vessel was scarcely percep-

tible. Fire-arms, just at this time, were very valuable, for every passenger who possessed anything in the shape of a gun, or a pistol, was firing with murderous intention at the porpoises and sea-fowl; or else peaceably trying his skill at a target hanging from the yard-arm.

In the course of the next day, the 8th of August, we entered the magnificent opening formed by the mouth of the river Tagus. The southern banks of this river are barren and without beauty, and covered with innumerable wind-mills, but on the northern side there is a beautiful succession of highly cultivated hill and dale. At the water's edge is a row of small forts, while the rich scene above is dotted with villas, and cottages of snowy whiteness.

We passed the tower of Belem, and our good steamer threaded her way through a crowd of men-of-war, and merchant ships of every nation, until she arrived opposite the custom-house quay. This also was a pleasant spot, for there were not only to be seen the bales and boxes from the ships; but between the places of business were intermingled beautiful garden plots, covered with flowers and shrubs.

As there were the usual forms to go through with the Douaniers and policemen, we were kept waiting for some time before we were permitted to go ashore; but so delightful was the panorama before us, that we did not seem to regret the delay. The view of LISBON from the Tagus is one of the scenes which did not disappoint my expectation. We were all struck with the grandeur of its harbour, in which 10,000 ships may ride in safety; the beauty of the surrounding country; and the city with its tiers of white and glit-

tering edifices, rising one above the other to a great height, mingled with steeples, towers, and foliage; forming altogether a picture of more than ordinary splendour. I cannot, however, agree with those who pronounce it the most beautifully situated city in world; for, from my own experience I should give the palm to Constantinople. Before we landed, a party of three French gentlemen and myself had planned for ourselves an evening's amusement, and we agreed to take our best dresses on shore. But I presume that these clothes of ours must have had a very suspicious appearance, for we could not release them from the custom-house harpies until the evening was very far advanced. Our plans of enjoyment were, therefore, spoiled; and we were obliged to content ourselves with a stroll about the town, and a supper of many courses.

I went early to bed, thinking of the luxury of a long sleep, without the troublesome rocking of the ship, and of the pleasure of having plenty of room to stretch my battered limbs; but, alas! I was doomed, all that livelong night, to be the prey of myriads of bloodthirsty animals—I hardly like to say what they were. After being tortured for so many long hours, I was glad to quit my blood-stained couch while the morning was yet grey. I peeped into the rooms of my companions, and supposed that they must have had very hard skins, or that their blood was less sweet than mine, for they all slept peacefully. So I went out alone to take a stroll before breakfast, and amused myself by noticing the groups of all sorts of people crowding the port and the market-places. I also

watched the grotesque fishing-snacks as they entered the harbour, and disgorged their cargoes of fish.

After breakfast, the Frenchmen and I started on a tour through the city. I had heard that Lisbon was a perfect sink of filthiness, and was therefore agreeably surprised at its appearance. There was certainly the disagreeable smell which is found in many of the cities of the Continent; but it was not worse than the cities of France and Italy. The *Grand Plaza* is a square of noble size, and in it there is a fine statue of José. The principal streets, which begin at this square, are broad and straight, with houses on each side five stories high, built of marble and stucco, and ornamented with stone balconies.

The walking, however, is not very pleasant, for as the town is built on a very steep hill, the streets are literally flights of stairs. It is, therefore, more agreeable to ride; but as carriages cannot be used, the passengers travel by the help of *donkeys*. Some of these steeds are gaily ornamented with scarlet cloth, and embroidered bridles, their necks and cruppers

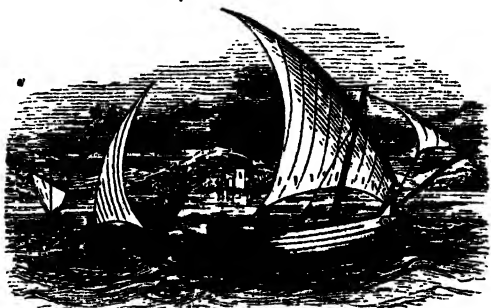
being buried beneath heavy and gaudy worsted tassels. The English cavaliers who rode on them had a rather ridiculous appearance, for many of them, although thus humbly mounted, wore spurs of enormous length, while their feet nearly reached to the ground.

We did not admire the churches of the town; neither the inside nor outside appearance of those we inspected was worthy of notice. In many of them may be seen traces of the earthquake of 1755. A considerable part of the upper town is still, to some extent, in ruins.

There was nothing else which particularly attracted us, except the *Alameda*, a small, dusty, plantation of orange and lemon trees, which, with singular taste, was placed near the middle of the town, instead of on the banks of the river.

We quitted Lisbon on the next morning, but before doing so, I had an adventure which gave me so much exercise in the streets, that it has left an impression of their steepness which is too strong and painful to be easily forgotten. You shall hear of this adventure in my next letter.

Yours affectionately,
UNCLE RICHARD.



Lisbon Fishing Boats.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

MANCHESTER (Continued).

P. Here is the remainder of Mr. Young's last letter. Lucy may read it.

L. (*reading*) I felt rather vexed; but I learned afterwards that it is almost impossible for strangers to gain admission to any of the factories, without some introduction to the owners. This is on account of the hindrance which they cause to the workmen, and to the business of the mill. I saw the *outsides* of a great many factories, some of them as large as the one I have described, but I did not like to ask for admission, so I went home to dinner at my hotel.

It so happened, however, that just as I was sitting thinking after dinner, I turned round my head, and behold! there stood before me my Yorkshire friend, from Leeds, whom I had met at the inn at Hull. I found that he knew two or three of the mill-owners here, and as he was going to call upon one of them, he offered to give me an *introduction*. So I went with him and spent all the rest of the afternoon at one of the factories.

I soon discovered, dear children, that the history of a cotton factory would require some days for me to learn, and some days, too, for me to write; such a history belongs to the history of manufactures, rather than to the history of Manchester.

I will, however, just mention the principal objects. I found, that to begin at the beginning, I must at once go up to the top of the building—as the light work, the picking, cleaning, and preparing of cotton is carried on in the upper stories; the spinning in the middle stories; and the heavy work, the weaving,

in the lower stories. I had just begun to think, "How tired I shall be! how shall I get up so many stairs?" when I was told to step on a square platform, where a man and a girl were waiting. I took my place, and then up we went through a sort of square tunnel, from the lowest part of the building to the highest, in a very short time. I saw that the platform had been raised by machinery, just as the basket was in which we were drawn up from the coal mine. The man who ascended with me said that it was called a *Taule*, and was intended to save the trouble and loss of time which would be caused by passing from one place to another.

Before I left, I had made a whole book full of notes, but as I do not mean to send you a *description* now, I will only copy a part of these notes for you, just as they are written in my note book:—

NOTES ON A COTTON FACTORY—1850.

NOTE 1.—Here are some men, opening great bales and bags of cotton. It is very hard and firm, having been powerfully pressed when it was packed. Some of them are *sorting* it.

NOTE 2.—Here are a number of children, boys, and women, standing round a large tray—they are picking the cotton, cleaning it, and disentangling the fibres by beating them with a rod. N.B. This is called *scutching* them.

NOTE 3. (*Down stairs*)—Here is a machine something like a brush, only it has wires instead of hairs. It is called a *card*, but it acts like a comb, making all the fibres lie straight. The man says it is *carding* the cotton.

NOTE 4. Here are two machines called the *drawing* and *roving* machines; they make the cotton fibres much finer, and prepare them for spinning.

NOTE 5. (*Spinning-room*).—Here are "spinning-mules" for *scarf*, and "spinning-frames" for *scarp*. N.B. Don't understand all these wheels, and "spindles," and "rollers," and "movers." I can only say that *some how* the fibres are spun into fine thread—not strong enough for sewing—they are only the threads

which we call *ravellings*, when we pull them off from a piece of cotton cloth.

NOTE 6. (*Lower story*).—Here are a number of strange machines to prepare the cotton for *weaving*. These machines are used for warping, winding, dressing, and drawing in. N.B. I must make some *drawings* for the children to understand these.

NOTE 7. (*Lowest story — Weaving-room*).—Here is a wonderful room; no less than 1,200 weaving machines called *power-looms*. The noise is almost unbearable; they are all *weaving* the cotton-threads into cloth. How the steam-engines keep the looms at work! How beautifully clean and orderly the whole establishment is!

These are only a part of the notes which I then made.

I then accompanied my Yorkshire friend to the house of the mill-owner, at some distance from the town; and as we came back we had a view of smoky Manchester by night. We saw, in the dark, the long bright rows of numerous factory windows; and, here and there, the great glaring fires of the many furnaces around us. They had a strange appearance in the darkness of the night.

On my return to the hotel I happened after supper to take up a book called "Chambers' Information for the People," where I saw an account of one of the great *machine manufactories*, which I think you will like to read:—

"One of the principal establishments in the department of STEAM-ENGINE making, is that belonging to William Fairbairn, Esq., situated in Canal Street, Great Ancoats Street. An admission into these works affords a most pleasing spectacle of manufactures in iron. Consequently, almost every person of distinction visiting the town contrives to procure an introduction to the proprietor before leaving it. In this establishment the *heaviest* description of machinery is manufactured, including steam-engines, water-wheels and locomotive-engines. There are

from 550 to 600 hands employed, and a walk through the extensive premises in which this great number of men are busily at work, affords a specimen of industry which can scarcely be surpassed. In every direction of the works the utmost *system* prevails, and each mechanic appears to have his peculiar description of work assigned. All is activity, yet without confusion. Smiths, strikers, moulders, millwrights, mechanics, boiler-makers, pattern-makers, appear to attend to their proper employments with as much regularity as the working of the machinery they help to construct.

"In one department mechanics are employed in building these mighty machines, the steam-engines. All sizes and dimensions are frequently under hand, from the diminutive size of 8 horses' power, to the enormous magnitude of 400 horses' power. One of this latter size contains the vast amount of 200 tons or upwards of metal, and is worth, in round numbers, from £5,000 to £6,000.

"The process of casting metal is conducted here on a very large scale. Castings of 12 tons weight are by no means uncommon; the beam of a 300 horses' power steam-engine weighs that amount. In this establishment some of the largest water-wheels ever manufactured, and the heaviest mill-gearing, have been constructed; one water-wheel, for instance, measuring 62 feet in diameter.

"This extensive concern forwards its manufactures to all parts of the world. The stranger is told, on inquiry, that *this* article is for Calcutta, *that* for the West Indies; this for St. Petersburg, that for New South Wales; and there are, besides, men belonging to it *located* in various parts of Europe, who are employed, under the direction of Mr. Fairbairn, in superintending the erection of the work which is here manufactured."

I am, dear children,

Your faithful friend,

HENRY YOUNG.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM. •

5th Week.

MONDAY.

'Moral Lesson.

"Hold fast that which is good."

THE uncle of Mary and Jessy was not a man of much feeling. The day after their father's funeral, he told the two poor girls, in his rough way, to pack up all their "traps," and all that their father had told them to keep; and, in the course of the morning, he brought into the house a man called a *broker*, who walked through the school-room, the kitchen, and all the other rooms, with a pencil and paper in his hand, making notes of the value of each piece of furniture. After their uncle had spent an hour with the broker in this way, he brought word to his nieces that the goods were sold, that he must make haste home again to business, and that they might follow him in a day or two to his house, which was situated in a town twenty miles distant.

The packing up of their little stock was a long task for Mary and Jessy. There was an Irishwoman living at the back of their house, who, when their father was alive, used to come "charing" once a week, to scrub the school-room, and do other rough work. She had also helped to nurse their father on his death-bed; and she now came in to assist them in the business of removing. She had long been a faithful friend to them, and now sought to encourage them with bright hopes of the future.

But the merry talk of the Irishwoman could not draw their attention from the objects before them.

"Look," said Mary, as they were packing up some favourite books from their father's library, "here is a verse which our dear father taught me when I was quite a little child. Here is the book from which I began to learn Latin; and here is the dear old Latin dictionary! Here is an Etymology book. Look, Jessy, at the marks he made when he taught me my verbs! And here is the old book of birds, from which we used to read in the long winter." The Irishwoman, whose name was Kate, would often sit quietly for many minutes, while such conversations, and others much longer, were going on; but sometimes, when Mary, instead of putting a book in its place in the box, would stand turning over the leaves and reading—forgetting entirely where she was, poor Kate's patience, being exhausted—would at last give way, and she would call her attention to the business before them.

What was it made both the girls stand poring over those books? It was, that they had now a new interest in them. Every page reminded them of some good action, or of some kind word of their dear father. And other things there were which made them stop and think. The hat-brush with which they so often had brushed his hat—their father's desk, his writing-case, paper-knife, and many little presents which they had given him,—all these they packed up with their own treasures, which they had received from him:—Jessy's colour-box, drawing-copies,

—their crochet-work—work-boxes—
 —their father and mother's minia-
 tures—his flute from over the
 mantelpiece—the slippers they had
 worked for him—all their own
 "wearing apparel," and many other
 articles too numerous to mention.
 Jessy's pet canary was tied up with
 a handkerchief round its cage, but
 poor puss was left. Even their
 gardening tools, and some few
 geraniums in pots were put in a
 basket, for they looked forward to
 live in some beautiful country place.

On the afternoon of their depar-
 ture, they left the empty house,
 accompanied by Kate; and on their
 way to the booking-office were
 startled by her declaration that she
 intended to go with them, if it
 were only for a ride, and to see
 them safely lodged at their uncle's.
 And accordingly, Kate took her
 place on the outside, where the
 poor girls also were compelled to
 ride, on account of their poverty.
 They did not reach the town until
 the evening, when, with the sound
 of the horn from the guard, they
 entered the High Street, the lamps
 of which were already lighted. On
 giving their uncle's address to the
 porter, who put their packages in
 a large truck, he directed them to
 follow him, which they did, until
 they reached a common dirty
 street, where they found that their
 uncle, whose name was Jones,
 kept a shop. In the shop were
 jackets for sailors, hats, sailors'
 shirts, socks, boots and shoes, and
 other articles of dress. As they
 entered they saw a man with a
 black apron, putting up the shut-
 ters.

Oh, how different was this street
 from the beautiful country place
 they had expected to see!—and
 how cold and strange was the
 greeting of their uncle!

"Well, here you are, then!" was
 his only remark, until he observed
 Kate—"but who is this person?"
 he added. "Sure it is myself,"
 stuttered forth Kate, in some con-
 fusion, hardly knowing what she
 said, "and I am Kate."

"And what do you want?" was
 the reply.

"It's myself that's been think-
 ing, yer honour, that the two poor
 children will be all alone in this
 house, with only yer honour, who
 is a single man. And may be, as
 I am a lone woman, and without
 friends, I might help to cane down
 the place, and make yer honour's
 self and the children comfortable.
 It's little wages that I would ask,
 or none at all."

Now, it so happened that Jabez
 Jones was a man fond of bargains;
 and when he heard Kate's offer to
 come and serve him without pay,
 he liked the thought. He liked to
 save money as well as spend it.
 Only the week before he had quar-
 relled with his housekeeper, be-
 cause she asked for more wages.
 He therefore told Kate to remain
 for that night, at least; and then,
 leaving them all three to make
 their own tea, and help themselves
 as well as they could, he put on
 his hat, and hurried out of his
 shop.

They soon discovered from the
 housekeeper, who had determined
 on leaving him, that they had
 come into very bad quarters—that
 the uncle was a man with a good
 business, and supposed to have
 much money, but that every even-
 ing he shut up shop at an early
 hour, and went to the tavern in
 order to smoke and drink. Unfor-
 tunately, they found this to be
 quite true, and were even shocked
 that evening by his coming home
 in a fit of intoxication.

On the next morning, the poor girls, who had been weeping much in the night at the dismal prospect before them, were summoned by their half-sober uncle to hear how they were to be engaged. They found that he had agreed for Kate to remain; and when he heard that they could work with their needle, he said they should earn their own living by making goods for the shop.

It would make you very sorry if I were to tell you of all the troubles through which Jessy and Mary passed when living with their ignorant uncle. From eight in the morning until eight at night did he keep them employed in cutting out work, and giving it to women who came to fetch it. He would not allow them to read, or improve their minds; but telling them not to spend their time in any such nonsense, he would order them to do something better to earn their living. Often as he came home in the evening in a drunken state, would they hide their books from his sight; and one night, when he had been drinking until a late hour, finding Mary reading from one of her dear father's beloved books, and Jessy trying to copy her father's portrait, he fell into a violent passion, and taking the book, picture, and colour-box, with the table-cover from the table, he threw them all into the fire.

Ion. What a wicked man he was,

papa! But there was no harm in telling them to earn their own living;—that was right.

P. But there was much harm in his wanting them to give him *all* their time. I told you last week that Mary had learned that she was not to live for the sake of living; but to live *to do good*. She had taught this to Jessy also. They both had much knowledge which their father had given them; they both had a power to teach others, and they both resolved, that when they grew up they would keep a school. However, they were compelled to live with their uncle for more than seven long years; but during all this time they never forgot their purpose, but often would they sit with their faithful friend Kate, and talk in secret over their future plans.

L. It was a very long time for them to wait, papa.

P. Yes. But they knew that the plan they had made was a *good* plan, and a plan which would please God their Father, to whom they talked every day. To teach little children to love each other, and to teach them to love God, was a thought which Mary delighted in; it was something worth living for: so, for seven long years, in spite of all her troubles, she looked forward to the good object before her. She determined still to hold fast that which is *good*.

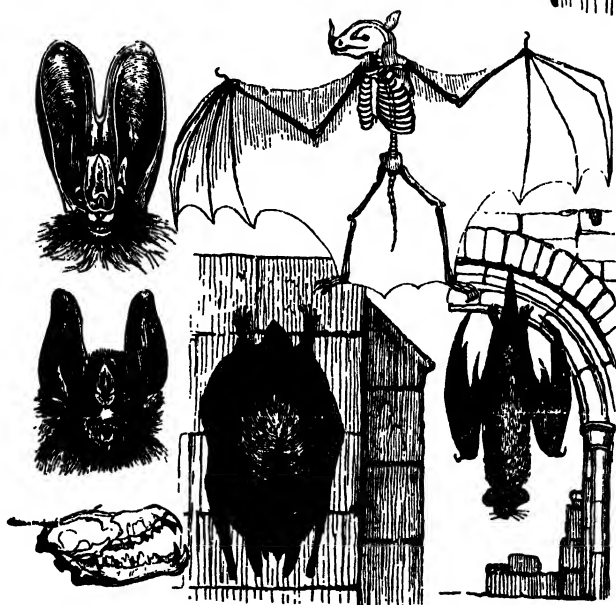
(Continued at page 81.)

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

How cheerful along the gay mead
The daisy and cowslip appear!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year:
The myrtles that deck the gay bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet
flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God!

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love!
The Lord who such wonders could
raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise—
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

MAMMALS.—ORDER 3. WING-HANDED ANIMALS.



MAMMALS.

ORDER 3. WING-HANDED ANIMALS.

W. Come here, Ion, and see this curious picture. Mamma has brought us a page full of bats.

Ion. Ah! what strange fellows! Look at the skeleton of this one. Why, Willie! its framework is very much like yours. Only think of a bat being *built* in the same way that you are! See! it has a skull, and ribs, and breast-bone, and spine, —it actually has *knee-pans* on its knees, just as we have. It has arms also; do you notice its elbows? and what are these long things at the end? I will ask mamma.

L. I can tell you; they are its fingers, its long fingers: they are made very long, as a framework for a skin which forms a wing.

W. Just like the ribs of an umbrella.—Here comes mamma.

M. Well, Willie. I hope you like my picture of the bats; they belong to the *third order* of Mammals.

W. And they are made to fly like birds; but any one could tell that they are not birds; for, they are covered with hair; and they have *teeth*, not beaks. I cannot tell whether they feed their young ones with milk.

M. Let us think about them. The monkeys were formed to live on the trees, where they find their food. Other mammals live and find their food on the earth; others live *under* the earth; whilst these can live and find their food *above* the earth and the trees,—in the air.

Here, then, is a *peculiar* mammal, formed to fly and seek its food in the air. Let us see how God has fitted it for that purpose. What parts of the animal are we to notice?

Ion. The parts with which it

finds its food, catches it, kills it,* and eats it. I wonder what sort of food it would find in the air—certainly not vegetables or grass, I should think.

M. No. It feeds on *insects*.

During the full light of the day there are many insects in the air, and as they fly about they are caught by the swallow and other birds. During all this time, the bat is snoozing comfortably in some dark corner—in an old tower, perhaps, or ruined abbey—in the hollow trunk of an old tree—some church-steeple—or else in the dark chimney of some cottage. There, having made himself comfortable by filling his stomach with insects, he hangs himself up against the wall with his head downwards, wraps his hard wings around him, and takes a long nap.

W. What does he hang by, mamma? I should be afraid of falling down the chimney when I was asleep, if I were a bat.

M. The bat is not afraid. God, who intended the animal to sleep in that way, does not let it have such a fear. You see, in the drawing of the framework, the bat's four long fingers. Now look for its thumbs.

L. This is its thumb, I suppose, mamma,—this little *hook*.

M. Yes; and by its two hooks it can safely suspend itself, without fear. But when sleeping, it hangs by the claws of its hind limbs. Bats, however, must *feed* as well as sleep. I will tell you how the bats go out to feed.

In the evening time, when the sun has only left a dim twilight, and the birds have gone to rest, certain insects imagine to themselves that they are quite *safe*, and fly about in the air.

L. I remember, mamma, when we were in the country, how, when

it was nearly dark, the *may-bugs* or *cockchafers*, would sometimes strike against us, and fall down. We used to catch them very easily;—they were beautiful insects.

M. These, and the *beetles*, and many other insects, fly about in the evening; but there are swarms of much larger insects in the hot countries of this world. I dare say you have heard of the tormenting mosquitoes in the West Indies. You know that insects lay many eggs, and multiply very fast. Suppose, now, that they were allowed to increase as much as they pleased.

W. I think that they would be very troublesome—they would be sancy, and would sting too much.

M. True; and therefore we find that when these insects come out to fly, so do the *bats*. The THIRD ORDER OF MAMMALS come out to feed. They help themselves, and help mankind by clearing the air of these troublesome insects. In England, we only see small bats fluttering here, and there unsteadily, but in the Tropics there are very large bats, indeed. I have seen one whose two wings when opened were *three feet* in length.

L. Ah, they can eat a great number of insects at a meal; but how do they see to catch them?

M. We will answer that question by noticing the different parts of the animal. I said, when teaching you to divide these mammals into Orders, that we are to notice—1st, the parts with which they *find* their food; 2ndly, the parts with which they *catch* their food; 3rdly, the parts with which they *eat* their food.

W. Yes, mamma—please let us examine the bat according to that plan. It must find its food with its senses, I suppose. I don't think that its eyes can be of much

use in the twilight; perhaps it finds the insects by smelling them.

Ion. Or by using its ears; it might hear the sounds they make when flying in the air.

M. I do not think that in finding the insects, its eyes, or nose, are of much use. It has a very great power of hearing; but I think I once told you that it also has a wonderfully fine sense of feeling. With its delicate wings, it can even feel the motion in the air caused by the flight of the insects. There are *ripples* in the air, such as you see in the water—and I dare say that the bat can even hear the sound made by the air as it moves.

L. That would be a wonderful power of hearing—but can it really *feel* the motion of the air?

M. Yes. This motion guides it to the insect it wishes to find; and even in the very darkest caverns, and in intricate hiding-places, the bat will never strike against hard substances, but will fly about, feeling its way with its wings.

Ion. Now we have learned two things about the bat—we know, 1st, *what food* it has; 2nd, how it *finds* its food. What shall we notice next?

W. Why, we must look at the parts with which it *catches* its food—its limbs.

M. True; and as it is the only mammal made to catch its food in the air, we must expect to find it very different from the others—it is really as much like a bird as a mammal. Notice its limbs.

L. I see, mamma, that it has four limbs just like the other mammals; but the hand and finger bones have an extraordinary length.

Ion. Yes; and between these bones is the thin web, or *membrane*, as mamma calls it, which forms a

wing. These bones of the hand are the framework of the wing, just as the ribs of an umbrella are.

M. And on this account the bats are called *wing-handed* animals. How strange it seems for a wing to be formed thus!

W. Yes; and is it not curious that the web is joined to the bones of his legs all the way down to his feet? So, mamma, if you would please to make my fingers much longer, and sew a web between them, and all over me, from my shoulders to my elbows, all over my long hands, and from my front-limbs to my hind-limbs, then I should make a very good bat.

M. Except, Willie, that you would not have a tail. The tail bone, you see, is also joined to this membrane; and this tail is very useful to it when flying, as a sort of rudder to guide itself. And

then, when you had caught the insects, you would not like to eat them—your teeth were not made for chewing insects.

Let us now notice the parts with which it *eats* its food—its teeth. What sort of teeth do you think it would require for eating cockchafers?

Ion. I should say that they must be very sharp and pointed, or else they would not crack the cockchafers' hard shells.

M. And so you will find them to be. I have drawn their teeth in the picture. We see, therefore, that its senses, its limbs, and its teeth, are all formed so as to adapt it perfectly for its food. The bats are adapted for finding, catching, and eating insects at evening time. Next week we will point out the different tribes of bats, and finish the history of the order.

SPRING.

THE Spring is come, the time for flowers—

My Father makes them grow;
He sends from heaven the gentle showers,
He bids the breezes blow.

I sing the Goodness which provides
Such pleasant things for me;
And with His hand my footstep guides,
Where I these flowers may see.

The Spring is come, the buds begin
To show upon the trees;
The leaves appear in living green,
And nature lives to please.

'Tis Spring with me; I am a child,
My youth is as a flower;
Thy goodness on my days has smiled,
Thy kindness every hour.

Lord, breathe upon my infant heart,
That buds of hope may grow!
The light and showers of grace impart;
Make me a flower below!

* THE NORMAN KINGS.

WILLIAM RUFUS. THE CRUSADES.

P. I said last week that you should hear what the people did after listening to Peter the Hermit.

WILLIAM RUFUS, you may remember, died in the year 1100. It was in the year 1095 that the Crusades were resolved upon. When THE POPE heard of the success of Peter the Hermit's mission, he announced to the world that he approved of it, and summoned two great councils of clergy and others, to discuss the matter.

At the second council, which was held at the end of that year, POPE URBAN II. ascended the pulpit, and preached to an enormous number of clergymen, knights, nobles, and princes, from all parts of the world. It is said that he preached in a most eloquent style for many hours, exciting the people to great earnestness—that "on and still on he spoke in the same strain, swaying the whole assembly with his fervour, till the mass of congregated human beings began to heave to and fro beneath him like a sea. At length, as he turned from the difficulties of the enterprise and urged them to undertake it, the pent-up emotions of the crowd burst forth, and cries of '*Deus vult!—Deus id vult!*' rose simultaneously from all parts of the square." It was afterwards said by some of these superstitious priests that this cry was, by a miracle, heard at the same moment in the most distant parts of Europe.

The preparations for invading the Holy Land instantly began in every part of Europe. In every village was the smith at work, repairing or making armour for his lord; in every castle were mothers,

wives, sisters, and other fair maidens embroidering banners to carry into the holy fields.

The poor themselves, it is said, caught the desire so ardently that no one stopped to think of his small wealth, but set about selling his property at any price. In the meantime, those who had determined not to go themselves, were busy joking and laughing at those who were selling their goods at such a loss, and prophesying their misfortunes.

"Such was their language to-day; but on the morrow, lo! the mockers were seized with the same enthusiasm as the rest; they abandoned all they had for a few crowns, and set out with the very persons they had laughed at. Astonishing and laughable things arose from this spirit:—the poor might be seen shoeing their oxen *as we shoe horses*, and harnessing them to two-wheeled carts; on these they placed their stock of provisions and their young children, and proceeded onward, while the babes, at every town and castle they saw before them, demanded eagerly if that was Jerusalem."

Another historian says, "This ardent passion inspired the people of the most distant islands and savage countries. The Welshman left his hunting, the Scotchman his fellowship with vermin, the Dane his drinking party, the Norwegian his raw fish;" so that, as we read in another book, "By the time appointed for setting out, the spring of 1096, masses of population were pouring from all quarters of Europe towards Asia. Slowly at first they began to roll, but at length they swept onward like a flood. Robbers, murderers, and all sorts of criminals, joined the band of crusaders,

resolving to purchase by their services salvation from their crimes. The Crusade! the Crusade! was the all-absorbing thought of all Europe; and it is calculated that early in the year there were as many as six millions of souls all moving towards the Holy Land. This, however, is perhaps an exaggeration."

But it is not my intention now to give you all the particulars of these first crusades, as they do not really belong to the history of England. You may read in another book how, first, a body of 20,000 marched on foot with only eight horsemen, commanded by a leader named *Walter the Pennyless*; secondly, a rabble of 40,000 men, women, and children, led by *Peter the Hermit*; thirdly, a band of 15,000, mostly Germans; and, fourthly, a terrible horde of 200,000 wretches from France, England, and Flanders, who committed horrible ravages. All of these were harassed and annoyed by the people through whose countries they passed, until most of them were hewn to pieces, or driven back without accomplishing any good. It is supposed that out of the 275,000, who thus wildly started from their homes, not 25,000 survived.

But ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY, the brother of William Rufus, was not with these. He was one of the true crusaders. He, with the great chiefs of rank and renown, leading the gentry, yeomanry, and serfs of the feudal countries, formed one of the leaders of six great armies—armies in which were ranked the best and bravest knights of chivalry.

These armies, consisting of horse and foot soldiers, numbering some hundreds of thousands, passed through many adventures, battles,

encampments, sieges, famines, and plagues, until at last about 40,000 of them (which was not much more than one in twenty of those who set out) took Jerusalem by storm on the 15th July, 1099. But we read that, "before the banner of the cross floated on the walls of Jerusalem the *bloodshed* was terrific." "Never," it is said, "was there so great a massacre of the Gentiles—the birthplace of the religion of peace was won amid the shrieks and the blasphemies of, gashed and dying men; and when the *work of blood* was brought to an end, the *clamour of thanksgiving*, among the victors, was loud enough to have reached the stars!"

ROBERT of Normandy was amongst the conquerors, who, it is said, offered to make him King of Jerusalem, but he refused the office. Soon after, hearing of the death of his brother William Rufus, he set out from the Holy Land to claim the kingdom of England.

Being the eldest son of William the Conqueror, he was of course entitled to succeed his brother, but he was again disappointed. No sooner was the body of Rufus discovered in the New Forest, than his younger brother Henry seized the crown. He happened to be hunting in the forest at the time, when, hearing the important news, he hurried his horse to Winchester—then the capital of the kingdom—in order to seize the royal treasures which were kept there. He even had to run a race with the keeper of the treasury, William de Breuteil. This man said that he would keep the money for Robert, his elder brother, who was now the rightful sovereign. Henry, however, arrived there first, drew his sword, and, threatening him with

instant death, he compelled him to deliver up the keys.

When he thus had possession of the treasures, he gained power

thereby, and in less than three days he got himself crowned King of England by MAURICE, the Bishop of London

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,

In silence I'll take my way:

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,

But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads—and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The downward point of many a spear

That he hung on its margin, far and near,

Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he slept,

By the light of the moon were seen

Most beautiful things:—there were flowers and trees;

There were beehives of birds and swarms of bees;

There were cities with temples and towers, and these

All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;

He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there

That all had forgotten for him to prepare—

"Now just to set them a thinking,

I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,

"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,

And the glass of water they've left for me

Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

MISS GOULD.

SILVER.

W. Please, papa, I have brought you my silver pencil-case, because we want to have a lesson on Silver.

P. Very well. How shall I begin?

W. Please to tell us, first, where it comes from; secondly, tell us what it is used for; then, thirdly, we will tell you what qualities it has—its peculiar qualities first, and then some other qualities which are not peculiar to it, which belong to other metals as well. What do you call those qualities?

P. I think that I told you once, Willie,—the qualities which belong to the other metals as well as silver, or to metals in general, as we say, are called *general* qualities.

W. Oh yes—*general* qualities. We will agree to point out them also. I think that is a fair bargain—you do two parts of the lesson, and we will do the third. And, papa, we are rather too lazy to work ourselves—so, will you begin, please?

P. Listen, then. I suppose you know that when men work a mine they do not find the metal pure and bright. No, the silver is mixed with earth, and stones, sulphur, and other odd minerals—sometimes it is found imbedded in the hard rock. However, both this metal and gold can be rendered pure more easily than any others, so we find that they were much used in ancient times, and by savage nations. When BRAZIL was first discovered by the Portuguese, it was found that the country abounded in iron, but the rude natives did not know anything of such a metal, nor could they tell how to extract it. They had fish-hooks, knives,

daggers, and different implements, but they were made of *gold*.

Ion. Ah, that was because gold could so easily be separated from the earth—you told us that it was even found in lumps.

L. And in *grains*, too, so that they would not have the trouble of purifying it—it *was* pure.

P. When gold, silver, or any other metal is found thus, it is said to be in a *native* state; but in the mines, the metals cross the “strata” of the earth in *veins*, and not being pure, they are, in such a state, called *ores*.

L. Yes. I have heard that word very often, but it must have been used by ancient nations, because we read about silver in the Bible, and gold also. That queen—I forget her name—I think she brought Solomon some for his temple.

P. You mean the Queen of Sheba; and there was another celebrated queen, called *Semiramis*, who made statues of the heathen gods—Jupiter and others—*forty feet* high. These were made of pure gold. There were also drinking vessels, made of gold and silver, weighing twelve hundred talents. In ancient Persia, there were temples, the *tiles* of which were all made of silver; the beams of the roof, also, and many of the pillars, were covered with thick silver plates.

L. How extravagant! That is because it was so easy to get, I suppose. But please, papa, to tell us about the *modern* silver—the silver which Willie’s pencil-case is made of, which all the shillings are made of, and all the articles which we use now—mamma’s plate.

W. Is any of it found in Europe?

P. Yes, a little. Once, in a

mine in Saxony, a great mass of native metal was cut out, which, when it was weighed, yielded 44,000 pounds of pure silver.

Ion. Oh, what a large piece!

P. Ah, it was so large, that when Duke Albert descended into the mine to visit it, he used it as his *dining-table*—ate his dinner upon it.

L. Without a table-cloth?

P. I cannot say. A lump weighing more than 600 pounds was also found in *Sweden*. *Hungary*, which, I told you, contains gold mines, is equally productive of silver. *Bohemia*, too, has some celebrated mines, situated in the steep rugged mountains. Silver is also found in *England*, in the lead mines of Cornwall and Devonshire, but there is not so much now as there was formerly. The annual value of it is not more than *thirty or forty thousand pounds*. It is a fact worth noticing, that while gold is *generally* found in hot countries, and in plains, silver is found mostly in the cold countries, in the lofty mountains.

I will tell you about a cold country. Get the map of *Asia*, and look for *Siberia*. There, and particularly in the Altai Mountains, are mines belonging to Russia. Nearly all the silver found there is the private property of the Emperor.

The miners, or workmen, are chiefly persons who have been banished from Russia. If the mine be private property, before they can work in it they must have a stamped permission from the police to reside there for one year, which permission has to be renewed every year. Some of the mining establishments formed by

the speculators are two or three hundred miles from any town, so that the flour, meal, fish, and other provisions have to be conveyed on horseback, over a rough country, where there is no road. The expenses of mining are often so very heavy, that even when the veins of ore have been very productive, the owners have not been able to regain the money they have laid out.

There are silver mines in other parts of Asia. There is very little silver in *AFRICA*.

L. Perhaps that is because it is a hot country.

P. I have not heard of any silver from *AUSTRALIA*; but the principal place for silver, as well as gold, is *AMERICA*. On your map you may see a place called *Potosi*. *Potosi*, Peru, Mexico, and Chili, are the famous silver countries.

The mines of *Potosi* are very celebrated, surpassing all others. They are situated on a mountain named *Potosi*, which is near the mouth of the river *Plata*.

W. That is a curious name. Why is the river so called?

P. Because of the silver. *Plata* means silver—so its name is really "The Silver River." The mountain *Potosi* has the form of a sugar-loaf—it is 4,200 feet high, and it is filled, from the top to the bottom, with veins of the richest silver ore.

L. Have the men, then, made many holes in it?

P. Yes, too many. The poor mountain has been bored through and through, and is perforated with galleries and tunnels in every direction.

W. Just as if it was worm-eaten, I suppose.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

CADIZ.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"Now I'll tell you what made me wish that the streets of Lisbon were not so steep. But, perhaps you do not know what a *passport* is. Well, it is a nasty piece of paper which you must carry about with you from place to place if you want to travel on the Continent. It is a sort of permission for you to leave one place, or to come into another—but at almost every new country you visit, before you can *pass the port*, or gates of the city, you must get this paper signed by 'the Ambassador,' or some other person whom you do not know or care anything about. Passports are very troublesome things.

"That is just what you would have said, if you could have been in my place on the afternoon when I visited the streets of Lisbon. I had been very careful about my passport, for I had been told before leaving England that I should save time and expense if it were made out for Lisbon instead of Cadiz, the next place to which I was going,—and that it might at Lisbon be *viséd* (or stared at), by the Spanish Ambassador, for Cadiz. So, on landing at Lisbon, I had put the important document into the hands of a *commissaire*, requesting him to obtain the signatures required.

"But, oh, pity me, dear children!—hear what happened in consequence, after tiring myself by walking up and down those long streets all the morning.

"We had all made a famous dinner of soup, fish, fowl, ragout, fruit, and pastry, and had been tasting many pleasant wines, when

suddenly, just as I was holding up a glass of *acqua d'oro*, and resting my weary body and limbs at full length, the dusty commissaire burst into the room, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, exclaimed, 'Senor! there's no time to lose—come with me! for they will not sign the passport without seeing you.'

"You may suppose how vexed I was, when I found myself under the necessity of following this fellow,—obliged to quit the grateful coolness of the shaded room, and to rush madly up and down those hilly streets, beneath the scorching rays of the sun. We dashed wildly through all sorts of passages, and various turnings, into innumerable offices, where we were coolly questioned by consequential official gentlemen, in a manner which, to me in my hot state, seemed rather impertinent.

"At length my guide informed me that only one, but that the most important signature, was wanting—namely, the *visé* of the Spanish Minister, whose residence stood before us in the distance, perched on the apex of the steepest street. Like two deer we cleared the difficult ascent, and rang a noisy peal at the outer gate of the house—but then, how we stood and listened with breathless attention to the porter, who gave us the astounding tidings that His Excellency was at his *country house*!—and that all his 'suite,' following his example, had taken a holiday, without leaving even a humble secretary for the transaction of business.

"What could I do?—without this *visé*, I could not expect to be admitted into Spain, and yet there was no time to hunt after the

minister, for I could see the *Montrose* beneath, showing, by the dense volume of smoke that issued from her funnel, that she would very soon start. With hasty strides I once more forced my panting guide to lead me to the office of the British Consul; but the only help this gentleman could afford was to write upon my passport the reason why it had not the Spanish Minister's sign and seal. He told me, however, that I might have very little hope of entering Spain; but I had no time now for considering such a question, so, giving my guide a sovereign to pay the fees, I jumped into a boat, and reached the *Montrose* just before she weighed anchor."

W. That was a very unpleasant way to leave Lisbon!

L. Yes, indeed; but let us read the rest of the letter.

"Thus hurriedly did I bid adieu to Lisbon, and all because of the passport! The weather continued favourable, and the next evening at sunset, we found ourselves approaching Cadiz.

"CADIZ, from the sea, has a noble aspect. Its houses with their terraced roofs—its lofty signal-towers and steeples—its sea-wall, rising sixty feet above the water—and its triple line of fortifications, bristling with cannon, give it an appearance of great consequence and strength. We did not land until the next morning; and, as my passport was demanded at the gate, I expected that before I had reached the hotel, I should be summoned to the presence of the *Alcalde*, as the magistrate is called, to answer for the missing signature;—but this time Fortune favoured me, and the omission was not noticed. The document was soon returned to me without any remark, save a request for certain *reals* as a gratuity.

"Remembering the appearance of the outside of the town, I expected to find the interior very beautiful; but I was rather disappointed.

"The streets were beautifully clean, and the houses very gay—coloured red, white, blue, or yellow, according to the owner's taste,—but there is nothing like grandeur in their appearance, on account of the numerous narrow streets which cross each other, and seem to cut the buildings into small squares. I should think that in a 'bird's-eye view' the town must look like a gigantic chess-board.

"In the course of the morning I walked on the *Alameda*—the promenade near the sea; and I sat for more than an hour enjoying the sea air, the music from the band, and, above all, the sight of the beautiful Spanish ladies, whom I had often heard and read of. Their dark eyes, and dark mantillas covering their faces, and the expressive motion of their fans, delighted me. But a less pleasant sight was preparing for the afternoon. As I was strolling onward, intending to dine at the table d'hôte, an English officer accosted me with the question, 'Shall you be present at the Bull-fight this afternoon? I should advise you to,' he continued, 'for report says that we are to have high-couraged bulls, and *picadors* and *spadas* of celebrity; and if you like to join our party I will procure you a ticket.' So I accepted his offer, and shortly before four o'clock we mingled with the human stream that was rushing towards the Plaza.

"Perhaps, my dear children, I may, in my next letter, tell you what I saw.

"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

CURVED LINES.

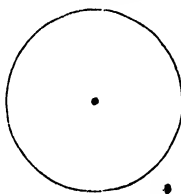
THE CIRCLE.

W. I have copied all the drawings with curved lines you gave us, papa; but Ion's copies are better than mine.

P. Before we talk about the drawings, let us talk about the figures which may be made with curved lines. What is a figure?

Ion. A figure is a *shape*; that is, a space which has boundaries to it.

P. Then see me make a curved figure with my compasses.



What do you observe respecting this figure?

W. I observe that it has not any angles in it.

Ion. And I observe that it has only one line for a boundary, while the figures drawn with straight lines had five, or six, or as many sides as you please. We could not draw any figure with less than three straight lines.

W. And I notice that the line outside has no beginning and no end; so, if papa did not begin it or end it, I suppose that he did not draw it at all.

P. But I did contrive to draw it, Willie; only the beginning and the end are joined together. Can you see anything else in this figure?

Ion. Only a dot, papa.

P. Where is the dot?

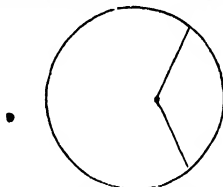
L. It seems to be exactly in the middle.

P. How can you be sure that it is in the middle?

L. Let me think, papa. In the *middle* means, that it is not nearer to one part of the outside than to another; so, if I wanted to know, I should draw a line from the dot to one part of the outside, and then another line from the dot to another part of the outside; and if these two lines were of an equal length, of course they would show that the outside parts were at an equal distance from it.

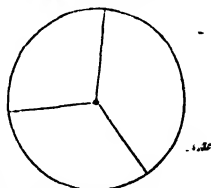
W. Yes; and that would show that it was in the middle.

Ion. I do not think that *two* lines would show that. I'll draw a circle, and make a dot in it. See.



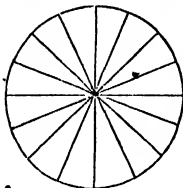
Those two lines show that the dot is at the same distance from two places in the outside; but still it is not in the middle, for if you draw a line to any other part of the outside, the line must be longer, or else shorter. Try.

W. I see it must; but if you can make *three* lines from the outside, at equal length from the dot—



Now it is in the middle.

L. And now that it is in the middle, any other lines that you may draw to the outside will be of the same length; they will all be equal.



That shows that the line is at the same distance from the dot, to all parts of the outside.

W. Yes; it is like a wheel. The dot in the middle is like the axle-tree; and the lines are the spokes.

P. I suppose that you know the proper name for this figure—it is called a CIRCLE.

L. And what is the dot called, papa?

P. The dot is not called the middle, but the *centre*. The round line outside the dot is called the circumference—from two Latin words, *circum*, around, and *ferens*, carrying.

Ion. What are the lines from the middle to the circumference called, papa?

P. You may observe that all these lines branch out from the centre, just as the rays of light do from the sun. The Latin word for a ray is *radius*—therefore each of these lines is called a radius.

W. Then they are *radiuses*.

P. No; the Roman people did not make their plurals of nouns by adding *s*, or *es*,—the plural of radius is *radii*.

Ion. Then we are to say it in this way—"A line drawn from the centre to the circumference of a circle is called a radius."

L. I have been thinking:—if the dot is called the centre, and these lines are called the radii, and the circle outside is called the circumference, which is the *circle*?—where is it?

W. I can tell you, Lucy. The circle is the figure itself—the *space* inside. If you draw one on a piece of paper with the compasses, and cut it out with a pair of scissors, then the paper itself will be the circle, and the edge will be the circumference.

Ion. Now, I will tell you all about a circle. When you draw a curved line, so that the two ends meet, you make a shape. If the shape is such that lines drawn from the middle of it to any part of the outside are all equal, it is then called a *circle*.

The curved line is called the *circumference*.

The middle is called the *centre*, and the lines from the centre to the circumference are called the *radii*.

P. Now you may all sit down, and try to draw a circle without compasses.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleased too little, or too much:
At every trifle scorn to take offence—
That always shows great pride, or little sense.

POPE.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

6th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

Hold fast that which is good.

"SURE, and isn't it the *postman* that's there? He's knocked at the door with a double knock, and at this dark hour of the night—and it's twice he's knocked, and no wonder, for *sorra* a postman has been here these seven years. I'll be going to see him myself," exclaimed Kate, and away she went to the door.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. Mary, Jessy, and old Kate, had been sitting quietly in the parlour at the back of the shop; for, although they had lived with Jabez Jones for seven years, no change had taken place in his habits or manners. He still went out to the tavern at seven o'clock, and still returned two or three times in the week in a state of drunkenness.

Kate soon came back with something in her hand which looked like a letter. There was a red post-mark on it—and she thought there might be a seal, for there was a wafer, or else a piece of cobbler's wax—no matter what—there was *something* sticking it at the back, and a round mark, as though it had been pressed down by a key. On the front, there were some marks in a slanting direction, written with ink of a light brown colour—they looked something like writing; but all doubt was at an end when it was given to Mary—it was a real letter! written to Kate; and as Kate declared that she could not pretend to be so learned as to try and read writing, Mary opened it, and read it for her.

The letter was sent by a nephew of Kate, whom she had long forgotten. He had grown up to be a man, and was now a working bricklayer. A fellow-workman had written it for him, begging Kate to come to London, and live with him, to keep house for himself and his companion.

"And isn't it a wonderful thing that the bit of a boy that we had all forgotten should grow up to be a man? But it isn't myself that would ever lave ye in this lone place, after so many years."

"But, Kate," added Mary, "you will be much happier in London than in this lonely place. Go, and we will one day come and see you."

"And isn't it another good thought that is come to me?" said Kate. "Surely the roof of one house will cover us all; and, now that ye are young women, and have a will of yer own, we will go to London together!"

This thought pleased Mary. Knowing nothing of London, she thought that if she could open a school there, where there were so many people, it would soon be filled. She had, without asking her uncle, advertised three times in the county paper for engagements for herself and sister as governesses, but no one supposed that a suitable person for a governess could be found living in Jabez Jones's house. She had received an offer of an engagement, with a very good salary, as an assistant in a house of business. With this engagement she might,

in a few years' time, realise some riches; but she sought for much better riches than money—the *real* treasures which may be laid up in heaven.

When, therefore, Kate thought of the bold idea of going to live in the great city, they all three sat down to talk over the matter. It was found that Kate had a few pounds which she had saved a long while ago, and that Mary and Jessy had five pounds of their own; so, although Mary could not feel sure that she would ever be able to get a living by keeping school, she determined to go and try.

The next morning Kate made bold to tell Mr. Jones that it was their intention "to lave" him, and also gave him a month's notice. It is not worth while for me to tell you how angry he was, for he foresaw that his business would thus be injured; but as the day for their departure drew near, he tried to persuade them to stop, as he could not make them do so by force.

"Well," he said, as the last day of the month approached, "I will tell you what I will do. Remain with me, and take care of my business, and I will give you twenty-five pounds a-year; and next year I will pay Jessy also." This proposal, he thought, would be sure to induce them to remain; he even offered to give Kate a present, and to pay her much higher wages.

But all his offers were in vain. They had resolved to go. Such a step was not prudent on Mary's part, as, by remaining two years longer, she might have saved fifty pounds, and have escaped many of the troubles which followed. But even people who try to "hold fast that which is good," make mistakes sometimes. They may look so

much at the good thing before them, that they may forget other duties, and in their haste to do good may be imprudent.

Accordingly the old uncle was obliged to find some other persons to supply their places. "Ah," he said, shaking his head at them, "you will soon be glad to come back. It is a very poor living you will get by keeping a school."

"Better," said Mary, "have a poor 'living,' uncle, than none at all. We might as well have been dead, as to live in the manner we have lived during the last seven years." This was true, for they had been compelled to work during so many hours in the day, that they had scarcely time to eat, drink, and sleep,—much less to think and pray to God.

IV. And the thinking and praying to God, was the *object* for which they did work, and eat, and drink, and sleep.

P. Their uncle, however, did perform one act of kindness before they left. They wondered, as he bid them good-bye, to see him take out his purse. He opened it slowly, and looking carefully inside, he gave to each of them *half-a-crown*! It was the only money he had ever voluntarily given to them.

On reaching London, they were met by Kate's nephew, whose name was Tom, and two other workmen, his friends, who had left off work early for the purpose. In order to save expense, each of these men carried one of their large packages on his back, for they were strong fellows; while Jessy carried a small parcel, and Kate and Mary carried a larger one between them.

The house was a very small one, but Tom, with his friend, had

saved up some money to buy common furniture, and had made it comfortable. There was a room for Mary and Jessy, where, as they lay together that night, they talked in the dark, for some hours, of the school they were going to open, and of their father's school, which was to be their model.

Mary was not long in trying her plans. A board, with the words "INFANT SCHOOL" upon it, was put up over the door; circulars were printed, and sent out; Tom spoke to his master, and all his friends, about the young ladies' *larning*; but it was of little use. Mary and Jessy began the world for themselves with a bitter disappointment. Only two people could be found who would send their children to be taught in so poor a house; and they could scarcely afford to pay them for doing so. The poor girls quickly felt the pressure of poverty. Without money of their own, they would soon have been without bread, but for the good assistance of Kate. But they could not bear the idea of thus depending on others, without being able to earn their living as they had done before. And what was worse, now that it was winter time, poor Tom had not constant work, so that even he and Kate were sometimes in want.

Mary did all in her power to get employment, but failed. She tried to return the kindness of Kate; for, wishing to be able to do good in any way, she had every evening been teaching Tom and two of his poor friends to write (and one had even learned ciphering); indeed there seemed a chance of their having one day a school of very large pupils. They were rough people for such gentle creatures to live with, but they were honest, hard-working

men, and knew how to behave themselves to the ladies.

This work, however, did not give them bread. They thought of advertising again for situations like that which Mary had refused when living with her uncle, but now they had not even the money to pay for an advertisement. At last, when the sharp frost came, the whole household were so hungry, that Mary and Jessy were compelled to part with some of their dear father's books, in order to buy food.

Still, with all their troubles, they had faith in God, and looked forward to the time when they should carry out their father's wishes, and "earn their bread by doing good;" and at last the good time came.

Kate's nephew not having regular work, had one day a few odd jobs to perform at a house in the neighbourhood, when he heard the lady of the house complaining to a friend that she did not like to send her little ones to school any longer, because they did not gain good instruction. He also heard the other lady say, that she had three children ready for school, but she did not know where to send them, and that there ought to be a better school in the neighbourhood. This was good news to Tom, who was a bold fellow, and did not care much to whom he spoke; so, colouring rather red in the face, he laid down his tools, and broke into the ladies' conversation by saying, "If I may make bold to spake, ma'am, I know a young lady who could make as fine a school as should hate all the schools as there ever has been in the kingdom." The ladies smiled, but allowed him to proceed. Tom, being encouraged, began forthwith a long speech on the virtues of Mary; he explained all

her circumstances, spoke of her "thundering library" of books; told how fast she had tached him and "his mates" to write; and so interested the ladies, that they gave him permission to bring Mary the next day.

This was the beginning of better days. I should like much to tell you of all the gladness of Kate,—to tell how, on the next day, the ladies saw Mary and Jessy, and were much pleased. They saw that they wished to keep school, not for the sake of gain, but to do good to others; and in a few months' time, Mary was living in a better house, with twelve little children to teach.

Mary and Jessy were now rewarded for their perseverance. They had many earnest friends, but so intent were they in carrying out their father's thoughts, so busy in doing good to the children—in teaching *the spirit of LOVE*, as their father had done before them—so often were they learning the spirit of love from God—so glad were they at being able "to earn their bread by doing good," that they did not know how much of the love which they showed to the children, was returned to them by the parents. Before two years had passed away, Mary and Jessy Gray had

a large and busy school—they were everywhere welcomed by a circle of kind and intelligent people, who loved and respected them. Now, instead of being the slaves of their uncle, they were giving happiness to all around them, and getting great joy in return.

In two years' time, their friend *Tom*, who had prospered ever since, was married; and their dear old Kate was once more their companion, never to leave them again.

W. And what became of their uncle, papa?

P. I never heard. He only saw his nieces once, and that was for the purpose of borrowing money; for, by his drinking habits, and by holding fast that which was *bad*, he had fallen into poverty. I saw him once—his evil look was a contrast to the bright face of Mary, whose joy was greater, because, through all her troubles, she had held fast to that which is good.

Go, and do the same, dear children! Make up your minds to do some good thing in this world. First be quite sure that it is a *good* thing—then, ask God to help you; and, in spite of every hindrance, keep that object before you all your life. Say to yourself "I will always hold fast that which is good."

It seems that life is all a void,
On selfish thoughts alone employed;
That length of days is not a good,
Unless their use be understood;
While if good deeds *one* year engage,
That may be longer than an age:
But if a year in trifles go,
Perhaps you'd spend a thousand so.
Time cannot stay to make us wise—
We must improve it as it flies.

JANE TAYLOR.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 3. WING-HANDED ANIMALS
(Concluded).

Ion. Now, mamma, please tell us some stories about bats.

M. Very well. First, they are *torpid* animals.

W. What is that?

M. Oh, that is a long story and a very dreary one. Listen.

When Jack Frost chills the air you may look a long while for the insects and not find any. So may the bats, poor fellows,—no insects to eat! what will they do?

W. Die.

L. No! where are the bats to come from next year?

M. No; God takes better care of them than that. Shall I tell you how God arranges it?

L. Yes, mamma, please.

M. He sends them all to sleep. Think what a long nap some of them take, during the months of October, November, December, January, February, and March! I told you how they hang themselves up in old ruins, old trees, barns, and dark caverns; sometimes a very large number, to keep each other warm, crowd closely together, and form a hard compact mass, like a hairy ball. I have read that one night a *hump* of bats was found under the roof of Queen's College, Cambridge; there were one hundred and eighty-five, and on the next night sixty-three more were found.

W. That makes 248! But how do they know when to wake?

M. They wake naturally—by instinct—just as you awake in the morning. Not only the bats, but many other animals, which you will hear of, wake up from their winter sleep as soon as the sun shines upon them, and warms the air.

Ion. I remember, mamma, that you spoke of the snails sleeping all the winter, and said that the rain pattered against their shells, and awoke them.

M. And I think I also told you what we call such animals.

Ion. Yes, you said they were *torpid* animals.

M. The bats are apt sometimes to wake too early. There may be a sudden change of weather from frosty to mild days, and then the bat may make a mistake. He may be enticed out to look for insects before there are any, so, after a long fruitless pursuit, the poor tired bat is perhaps caught by some hungry owl, or other voracious animal. The bats are apt sometimes to eat other food. Not only do they go down the chimneys, as I told you, but I have heard that they “gnaw men's bacon” which may happen to be hanging up there to be smoked. They will also enter into the pantry, where, in the country, a common bat has often been caught clinging to a joint of meat, and making a hearty meal upon it. Tame bats, too, will eat raw meat, and these animals when tame are very amusing. You may read in the *Penny Magazine* an account of the manner in which they catch flies, and the cleverness with which they shear off the flies' wings. They will take flies out of a person's hand, and I have read of a long-eared bat who was so tame that, when its owner held an insect between his lips, it would settle carefully on his cheek and take the fly with great gentleness from his mouth.

L. Suppose, mamma, that a bat should fall down to the ground, would it hop about like a bird?

M. No. You can see that it is not constructed for walking as

well as flying, like the bird—it can only *hobble* along on its “hooks”

and feet, as you may observe in this picture.



Bat Walking.

They are very much troubled to move along, especially on a smooth surface, such as tables. They cannot easily rise from the earth, but they creep up to a stone, so as to be raised a little above the ground. They thus gain room to flap their wings against the air, and to spring upward. I think that your papa once caught a bat on the ground?

P. Yes, I did—more than once. I remember an old ruin in Surrey, where, as I was looking at the ancient discoloured walls, I saw something sticking under an archway, which seemed like an old leaf, or a piece of brown paper, covered over with cobwebs. I found that it was a bat, and fancied, from its appearance, that it was dead. So, as I sat down to make a sketch of the ruin, and put my hat down on the ground, I popped Mr. Bat inside. Soon I heard a scratching sound, and, looking in, there he was, wide awake! He scratched his way up the hat as far as the lining, and then every time he fell down again.

M. I know why, papa; because your hat has *shiny* leather for the lining, and he could not hook into it.

P. Yes. I let it hobble on the

grass for some time, but at last when I was holding it in my hand, it suddenly flew up to a neighbouring tree, and suspended itself to the rough surface of the bark. It would not come down again.

Your mamma will now, perhaps, tell you of the different sorts of bats.

M. Yes. The two great divisions of the bats are—1st, Those which feed on insects; and, 2nd, Those which eat fruit. Indeed, some of the insect-eating bats will feed on small animals. You may therefore call them *omnivorous*—the word which, if you remember, is derived from *voro*, I devour. Again: All animals that devour insects are called *insectivorous*; and the fruit-eaters—they are called *frugivorous*.

Amongst the bats which have to catch their prey, we find curious peculiarities in their senses. You may observe them in the picture. Some of them have beautifully long ears, almost transparent, which they wave about most gracefully. Others have a very ugly membrane in front of the nose, like a leaf; they are therefore called *Nose-leaf Bats*.

These peculiarities are, I dare

say, to assist them in finding their food—just as their tail is useful in guiding them—for we do not find any of these things in the fruit-eating bats.

L. Please, mamma, tell us the names of some bats.

M. Their names are not of much interest. In England we have the Common Bat, the Long-eared Bat, the Great Bat. In hot countries, there are the large Vampyre Bats, living chiefly on the blood of other animals—they will even suck the blood of horses. There are also the Great Horse-shoe Bat, the Little Horse-shoe Bat—all of these have nose leaves.

L. Do you know the name of any frugivorous bats, mamma?

M. Yes, there is one called the *Pteropus*, living in the island of Java, which you may find on the map. There may be found great numbers of these fruit-eaters, the largest of all bats, with wings extending five feet across. In the day time some hundreds of them may be seen together hanging from the boughs of some large tree. They look like a part of the tree, or some uncommon-sized fruit growing upon it. When the night comes, they begin to move; and following one another in nearly a straight line, they proceed to some village or plantation for food, where they do much mischief, attacking fruit of every kind, and consuming large quantities, so that the natives are obliged to protect the trees with nets, baskets, and other means. In turn, however,

the natives catch and eat them, for they say that they have a flavour like that of a hare or partridge.

L. Now I will make the Lesson.

ORDER 3. WING-HANDED ANIMALS.

1. *These animals differ from the second order, being placed in very different circumstances, for they find their food in the air, at evening time, and procure it, not by climbing but by flying. They have, therefore, very different parts.*

They differ in their SENSES, with which they find their food, having a wonderful power of feeling, as well as of seeing and hearing.

They differ in their LIMBS, with which they catch their food, for the fingers of their fore-limbs are drawn out to a great length. These fingers are joined together by a thin membrane, which also connects the hind limbs and the tail, and thus forms a pair of wings. These animals are, therefore, called WING-HANDED ANIMALS.

They differ in their TEETH, having sharp-pointed teeth for breaking the hard shells of insects.

They are all torpid animals, as there are no insects in the winter.

There are several kinds of bats; some of them are very large.

They may be divided into—the Insectivorous; and the Frugivorous bats. These divisions include the Common Bat—Long-eared Bat—Nose-leaved Bats—Horse-shoe Bats—the Pteropus, and many others.

No wealth into this world we brought,
And none can take away;
The blind in mind, the poor in thought,
How blind! how poor are they!

THE NORMAN KINGS.

HENRY I.

P. Before beginning the reign of Henry I, let us make a lesson on William.

LESSON 12. WILLIAM II.

Began to reign....1087

Died1100

1. WILLIAM II. *claimed the crown of England, because it had been given to him by his father; but Robert, his brother, also claimed it because he was the eldest son.*

2. ODO, brother of William the Conqueror, and several other barons, formed a party in Robert's favour; but they could not succeed in raising him to the throne on account of his indulgence.

3. William Rufus, in order to defend himself, was obliged to ask for the help of the people, and to grant them many favours, so that they thus gained power; but, when his authority was established, he used it to gratify his cruelty and avarice. He taxed the people heavily, and seized the money belonging to the church. He even endeavoured to take the dukedom of Normandy from his brother, but at length purchased it for 1,300 marks.

4. A few years after, William was killed by accident when hunting in the New Forest, A.D. 1100.

5. In this reign the first JUDICIAL COMBAT was fought, between BAINARD and another knight; a new bridge was built over the THAMES; WESTMINSTER HALL was built; and the town of CARLISLE was rebuilt.

P. Let us now talk about King Henry I. You have heard how one bad thing leads to another. When he was racing with the keeper of the treasury, that he might secure the royal treasures,

he was not only acting unjustly to his elder brother Robert, but he was acting without feeling for his dead brother William.

Yes! He was thinking too much of himself; and now you see how selfishness drives out good feelings. He did not even see his dead brother, or take the trouble to bury him.

His body lay there until the evening, when a man named Purkiss, a charcoal-burner, who was passing with his cart, took it up and buried it.

It is worth noticing in the history of trees, that the oak from which the arrow bounded and struck William, is yet standing in the centre of the New Forest. It is also said that there is still a man of the name of Purkiss, a charcoal-burner, with a horse and cart.

HENRY, like his brother William, was compelled to do justice to others, in order to keep the power which he had unjustly seized. He made great promises to the barons, and to the people; for they had been suffering too many oppressions and grievances from the laws of his father and brother.

For instance—when an earl or a baron died, the castle and lands belonged to his eldest son or heir; but, before the heir could take possession of his property, it was the custom for him to pay a *fine* to the king, which was often an enormous sum of money, worth nearly as much as the property itself. The king, therefore, agreed to take only a very moderate sum of money on such occasions—only as much as would be just and fair.

He also made promises to the clergy. He said that whenever any bishop died, he would not seize the yearly income of his bishopric, or

sell his bishopric, as his brother had done.

He also promised the *people* several good things. In those times coin was very scarce. The people therefore could only pay a small part of their taxes in money, and used to bring cattle, corn, and other things in payment. But, as they could not easily bring these things from all parts, the king was compelled to fetch them. He would travel about in the various cities of his kingdom—dwelling in them with his household, until they had consumed the food that was brought. As all the great men who followed the king, and formed what was called his *court*, must have some place to sleep in—the inhabitants of the cities were obliged to give them lodgings without receiving any money for rent, and were often compelled to find food for them also. This was a great hardship to them, for their guests would sometimes insist upon having the best rooms, and would treat the family of the house as if they were their servants. The king therefore promised the citizens of *LONDON*, that they should be released from such a heavy burden.

He promised, too, that he would not make any more heavy taxes—that he would pardon all debts due to the crown—and would forgive all who had committed offences; and, after making many other promises which I cannot now remember, he said that the good Saxon laws, made in the reign of King Edward the Confessor, should be restored. In order to give greater value to these promises, they were all written down on a paper, which was called a *Charter*; a great many copies of this charter were then made, one of which was lodged in some abbey in each county.

W. I should think that the people were very much pleased at all that!

P. No doubt they were. Henry did two other acts, which pleased them more. The chief instrument of oppression under his brother William, was a man called Ralph Flambard, bishop of Durham, who was much hated for his cruelty. This man he committed to prison. The next act was of a different character. There was living in a nunnery—which is a kind of prison for ladies—a certain Saxon nun called Matilda, the niece of Edgar Atheling, who, you may remember, ought to have succeeded Harold. Henry knew that the English would be very much pleased to have a Saxon queen again, so he persuaded this lady to marry him. When, therefore, the people saw this marriage celebrated with great and pompous shows, and found that they had really a Saxon Queen, they were very much pleased with her, and with Henry; and because Henry was a learned man, they called him *Beauclerc*.

Jon. So now, I suppose that he had great power—and yet he had no *right* to be king.

P. Not unless the people had chosen him instead of his brother, for he was thus taking an unfair advantage of his brother, and cheating him. He was only doing good that evil might come.

L. That is as bad as those who do evil that good may come.

P. Yes. But, whilst Henry had thus been rendering himself popular in England, the careless Robert had been wasting his time abroad. He had loitered away nearly a twelvemonth in Italy, where he had married the daughter of a count, and it was only in the year

- 1101 that he arrived in England, to make his claim to the crown—but he was now too late.

Robert assembled an army to take the crown by force, but instead of fighting, he and his brother made an agreement, by which Robert was to resign his claim, and receive instead 3,000 merks per annum.

I am sorry to add, that after the settlement of this treaty, neither Henry, nor Robert acted well. Robert fell into his old lazy ways—Henry revenged himself on the noblemen who had lately favoured his brother, by seizing their estates. Robert complained of this, and Henry, in return, invaded Normandy, defeated Robert, and carried him to England as a prisoner. Here he confined him in Cardiff Castle for the rest of his life—twenty-eight years. It is even said by some that Henry put out

his brother's eyes; but I should hardly think that this can be true. No brother could, I should hope, be so cruel.

Ion. At all events, it was very wicked to put his brother in prison at all, especially for twenty-eight years!

P. Yes; it was an evil thing. You may learn something from it. Although Henry was a fine scholar, with much learning, he had not learned to do what was right—he did good that *evil* might come. See what he did next!

L. Ah, he did *evil* that evil might come.

P. We will talk of Henry again next week. I think, dear children, that to-morrow we shall not have any Object lesson; as Mr. Young has written us a letter on Manchester, which is so long that it will make a lesson sufficient for two days.

WAR.

THE hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned:
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild duck at the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair,
The greyhound presses on the hare,
The eagle pounces on the lamb,
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;
E'en tiger fell and sullen bear
Their likeness and their lineage spare;
Man only mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man,
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade;
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

MANCHESTER (*Concluded*).

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I have now been in Manchester for four days, and think that, according to the promise in my last letter, I will begin an account of the town itself.

"Manchester is a very ancient town. One writer has supposed it to have been founded 500 years before the birth of our Saviour. If that be true, you can imagine how many changes must have happened between that time and this. But its great importance has been acquired during the last sixty years, since the building of the factories. It now contains *eight* times as many people as it did sixty years ago.

"In order to get a good idea of the town, I went yesterday morning to a high place, from which, not only Manchester, but all the surrounding country for many miles, may be seen.

"As I looked down from the hill, I observed a very extensive plain—flat and level, through which flowed the river IRWELL.

"On one side of the Irwell was Manchester, and on the other side Salford—just as the river THAMES has London on one side, and Southwark on the other; which, I dare say, if you have ever been to London, you are aware of.

"After noticing the crowd of spires, towers, tall chimneys, factories, and warehouses at Manchester, the whole of which seemed to be always surrounded by smoke:—after counting the bridges, the railways, and long portions of canals which could be seen here and there in the landscape, I looked beyond, and took out my telescope

to get a better view of the distant parts of the plain. I was at once struck with the number of large towns which lay before me, almost all of which were within view. Not only Manchester, but Stockport, Ashton, Oldham, Bolton, Bury, and Middleton, with many small villages, could be seen from this point—indeed you may observe them together on the map. These places, with the different country-houses surrounded by trees, belonging to the rich merchants and nobility, form a beautiful scene.

"I stood gazing for a long time, and then descended to take a walk round Manchester. Outside the town are three famous places, which not only you, dear children, but many other boys and girls would delight in. These are three *parks*—one at the north-east of the town, called QUEEN'S PARK—one at the west, called PEEL'S PARK—and another at the east, called PHILLIPS'S PARK. How much you would like to be in these parks! especially on Saturday afternoons, for the people of Manchester have a very good rule, that business shall close at an early hour every Saturday, so that all the poor working people may have a half-holiday at the end of the week. Here, on Saturday afternoons, the boys and girls come out to play—and men and women, too—all sorts of young and old, and rich and poor people; for it's very curious that almost all of them like a holiday. And very proper places for holiday people they are. I should like to take you to see the very large flower-gardens—to see the large mounds planted with all kinds of trees, shrubs, and flowers—to see the large beds of roses, especially one large plot, planted with 200 rose

bushes—to see the may-poles, the geraniums, fuschias, honeysuckles, Virginian creepers, and all kinds of flowering plants. The tall flowers, too, are delightful to see—the dahlias, the hollyoaks, and the sun-flowers. I think, too, that you would like the pleasant walk by the side of the river Irwell; and then—for you would be sure to have a good appetite—the place you would like most would be the *refreshment-rooms*. But, no—after all, I may have made a mistake; I think you would even give up the good things of the refreshment-room, to have a run in the *play-grounds*. There are play-grounds for boys, and play-grounds for girls—containing *gymnastics* of all kinds, cricket-grounds, swing-grounds, archery-grounds, skittle-alleys, grounds for quoits, for shuttle-cocks, and skipping-ropes—there are circular swings, see-saws, and many other things, which not only the poor factory girls and boys, but all girls and boys take an interest in. Now, which part would you like to go to—the refreshment-room, or the play-ground?

“I found many other places around Manchester which pleased me very much, especially several old buildings, or *Halls*. I then visited Salford, and when it was nearly one o'clock in the day, I crossed Blackfriars Bridge into Manchester, intending to make notes of each of the large buildings as I passed them.

“‘Well,’ I said to myself, as I came in sight of the Exchange, ‘I’ll begin with the Exchange;’ but, just as I was standing there looking down Market-street, the clock struck one, and I was surprised at seeing an unusual movement in the street. There seemed to be a great many more people

walking on the pavements—they came all at once, before I had time to see where they came from. They all seemed to know what they were about, although there was so large a number; and they all seemed to be going somewhere, for they bustled along quickly. Certainly, they all were *somewhere* before long, for they were not in the streets—some had walked away, some had gone in omnibuses, and there stood I, almost alone. ‘Ah,’ I thought, ‘there’s some great meeting to be held, I suppose, or some peculiar business going on—a great exhibition, perhaps.’

“I had an engagement to call in the course of the day on two gentlemen, so I looked in at the office of one, which was near the Exchange, but the office was solitary and silent, and not a sign of a clerk or a human being could I see. I called then on my other friend, thinking to ask what was the matter, but I suppose that there was something the matter with him, too, for he was *not within*;—and in every office that I passed I looked inside, but all was still and death-like; it seemed like a solemn pause which had come over the course of events—a full stop in the day. At last I found out all about it; and what do you think *was* the matter? Why, all the people wanted their dinner, and had actually gone to get it. Gone, gone, gone,—and I alone was left. What do you think I did?”

W. I know—he went to dinner himself, of course. That’s what I should have done.

L. I will tell you. Listen.

“I followed the example of the good people, and the call of my appetite within, and dined also—

thinking to myself, 'I will finish my description in the afternoon.'

After dinner.

"I have dined, dear children—very comfortably—but I have no time for particulars. Let us proceed with 'Manchester.'

"It so happened that I dined at the Palatine Hotel, and on my way to the Exchange I was attracted by the ancient *Cathedral*, where I stopped to make notes. I found that it was built more than 400 years ago, and has a very ancient appearance. But if I were to tell you of all the ornamented stained-glass windows,—or to tell you that the style of building is the 'highly ornamented Gothic,'—or to describe the *altar-piece*, the death of Ananias and Sapphira,—or to speak of the carved work, and the monuments, I could not then give you a proper idea of it. So, just try and imagine to yourselves a fine old building, very beautiful inside, 'highly ornamented,' but of course not near so fine as our old friend *York Minster*.

"There are many other churches, chapels, and meeting-houses, making altogether more than one hundred and fifty.

"But the principal buildings of Manchester are, as you may expect, those relating to manufactures and commerce. So I walked through Victoria Street to the Exchange again, where I found that all the folks had had their dinners, and had returned to business.

"At the EXCHANGE I stopped for some time making notes. I then passed on from one great building to another,—spending altogether two days in making notes. I visited the Town Hall, the Free Trade Hall, the Assembly Rooms, the Athenæum, the Infirmary, the different large Railway Stations,

the Custom House, the great Bonding Warehouses in Salford, on the banks of the Irwell; and worked so hard in examining these places, and in writing, that, on the second day, when I reached my hotel, and turned round to the fire after tea, I found that I had made *too many* notes, and was too tired to read them.

"And so would you, I think, be tired of reading them. I will therefore only say, that the building which struck me most was the Exchange. This is a truly large and handsome building—its size is most surprising. So much has the business of the merchants who meet there, and the number of merchants, increased, that more and more space has been added at different times, and now the *Exchange-room is the largest in Europe*. The floor contains altogether 1,628 square yards. The next largest room is the Free Trade Hall, which was built during the time of the Anti-corn-law League. This hall contains 1,575 square yards, while Exeter Hall, in London, contains 1,380 square yards. If you have ever been there, you can thus form some idea of these great buildings.

"So, dear children, instead of reading my notes, I leaned back in my arm-chair, and began to think about Manchester. 'Truly,' I said to myself, 'this is a wonderful place. When I remember these great buildings, and think of the enormous factories, from 100 to 150 in number, and think of the railways, canals, parks, cemeteries, the colleges, and other public places—it strikes me that they must have cost many thousands of thousands of pounds! Ah, how many I can never guess! And where the people get so much money from?—how did they make

it? It was all made by *steam*—by the wonderful power of the steam-engines, and the ingenuity of the men who manufacture cotton.' I was just thinking of this, when I remembered a book which has an account of the wonderful amount of business afforded by the cotton manufactures, even five or six years ago. It says—

'The history of the cotton manufacture in England is without a parallel in the annals of any age or country. In the beginning of the reign of George III., it gave employment to forty thousand persons, and the value of the goods produced was £800,000 yearly; it now employs not less than fifteen hundred thousand persons, and the value of the goods produced exceeds £31,000,000. It is difficult to form a conception—

"You know what a *conception* means.

—a conception of the extent of such a manufacture; but the following calculations may help our readers to an intelligible idea of its vastness. The cotton-yarn annually spun in England, would, in a single thread, girdle the globe 203,775 times; it would reach fifty-one times from the earth to the sun; and it would encircle the earth's orbit eight times and a half.'

"There, dear children, are some questions in arithmetic for you.

'The *fabrics* of cotton exported in one year would girdle the equatorial circumference of the globe eleven times. The cotton manufacture furnishes one-half of British exports, employs one-eleventh of our population, and supplies almost every nation in the world with some part of its clothing. *The receipts of the merchants and manufacturers from this branch of industry, equal two-thirds of the public revenue of the kingdom.*'

"The *power* of these machines is also strikingly shown in a speech of M. Dupin:—

'The steam-engine represents, at the present time, the power of three hundred thousand horses, or of two millions of men, strong and well fitted for labour, who should work day and night, without interruption and without repose. The Indies—so long superior to Europe—the Indies, which inundated the West with her products, and exhausted the riches of Europe—the Indies are conquered in their turn. The British navigator travels in quest of the cotton of India—brings it from a distance of four thousand leagues—commits it to the operation of Arkwright's machine—carries back the produce to the East, making it again to travel four thousand leagues: and in spite of the loss of time, in spite of the enormous expense incurred by this voyage of eight thousand leagues, the cotton manufactured by the machinery of England becomes less costly than the cotton of India, spun and woven by the hand near the field that produced it. So great is the power of machinery.'

"This speech was made several years ago, and since then, the number of factories and engines has been much increased; so, when I had read all this, and when I remembered once more the beautiful buildings and places I had seen, I thought to myself, 'Oh! if I were only an Englishman, I think that there is no town in all England, which I should feel so proud of as *Manchester*.' It is truly a great manufacturing city—it is the largest manufacturing city in England—aye, more—it is *the most extensive manufacturing city in the world!*

"There! children—I cannot say anything more about Manchester than that—except that it is rather *smoky*; but, for all that, I only wish that I could live here always.

"Your sincere friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

CURVED LINES.

THE CIRCLE (*Continued*).

P. Do you remember how to describe a circle?

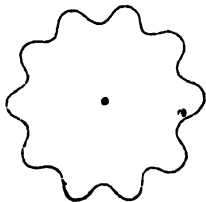
L. A circle is a curved figure whose radii are all equal.

P. Suppose that I were to draw you a circle, how would you know when you had found the centre?

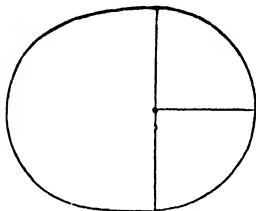
L. If I could make *three* radii which were equal, then the point where they would meet must be the centre.

P. Would the three radii prove that the shape is a circle?—think!

W. No; I think not. Papa, here is a shape with three equal radii, but it is not a circle:

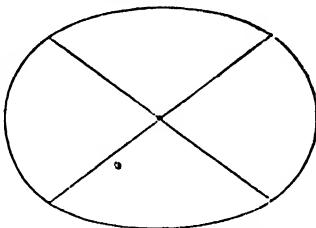


And here is another with three equal radii,—and yet not a circle:



I think, that to be a circle, it must have *four* equal radii.

Ion. I think it would want more than four; for, here is a figure with four equal radii:

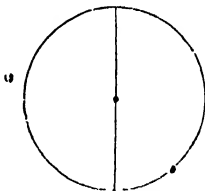


Yes, I am sure that this is not a circle.

W. And in the figure which I drew first, you might make nine or ten equal radii;—yet it is not a circle. I know now how to describe a circle—it is a figure whose radii are *all* equal;—it does not matter *how many* radii you make, they must all be of the same size.

Ion. I think we described it properly in our last lesson; we said, “A figure whose radii are equal, when drawn from the centre to *any part* of the circumference, is a circle.”

P. Either way of defining it is right. Now, notice while I draw this radius. I shall begin at the circumference.



W. You have not stopped at the centre, papa—but you have gone right through it,—to the other side.

P. Yes; and when a straight line is drawn from one part of the circumference through the centre to another part—it is called a *diameter*.

Ion. Why has the line such a curious name, papa?

P. Its name is derived from two Greek words—*dia*, which means through; and *metreo*, I measure.

L. This diameter cuts the circle in half—it makes semi-circles.

P. Yes; the spaces inside are semi-circles—but the circumference is also divided into two equal parts by this diameter. What would you call these parts?

L. I should call them *semi-circumferences*.

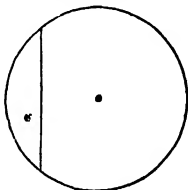
P. That is right. And now that I have drawn a *perpendicular* diameter, suppose that I draw a horizontal diameter to cross it.

W. Then you will cut the circle into four pieces, like this—*quarters*, I should call them—not *semi-circles*.



P. They are called by a similar name—the quarter of a circle is called a *quadrant*. I will now give you something else to do. Here, Ion, is a circle, will you draw a straight line through it—from one part of the circumference to another—without crossing the centre?

Ion. I will try, papa—oh, that is very easy—Look!



P. Is the line which you have drawn longer than a diameter, or shorter.

Ion. It is shorter, papa, but I will see if I cannot draw a longer one without crossing the centre.

No! I have made three or four

straight lines, but they are all shorter than the diameter.

P. I will now give you a name for such lines. A straight line which is drawn through a circle, without crossing the centre, is called a *chord*. Suppose that the centre were not marked, how would you know whether the line were a chord or a diameter?

Ion. I should measure—for a chord must be less than a diameter. The piece of the circumference which is cut off—what is that called, papa?

P. That is called an *arc*—it is so called from the Latin word *arcus*, a bow, because it has the shape of a bow.

W. Yes; and the *chord* is like the string of the bow.

P. That is why it is so called—from the Latin word *chorda*, which means a string. You may now make a lesson on a circle.

Lesson 10. CURVED LINES.

THE CIRCLE.

1. A figure may be drawn with one curved line. When all parts of this curved line are at an equal distance from a certain point within, the figure is called a *CIRCLE*.

2. This point within is called *THE CENTRE*.

3. The curved line is called *the CIRCUMFERENCE*.

4. A straight line, drawn from any part of the circumference to the centre, is called a *RADIUS*.

5. A straight line drawn through the centre, from one part of the circumference to another, is called a *DIAMETER*.

6. A straight line drawn from one part of the circumference to another part, without crossing the centre, is called a *CHORD*.

7. The part of the circumference cut off by a chord is called an *ARC*.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM. •

7th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

"Hold fast that which is good."

P. Good morning, dear children. I have something particular to say.

L. What is it, papa?

P. There is a good man—a real man, because he is alive now, and in England; perhaps you may see him one day—who travels all over the world. He is always moving; sometimes in England, sometimes on the Continent, sometimes in America; and, although I do not know whether he has been to the people in Africa and Asia, yet he talks to them by means of his books, and perhaps one day he will go and see the people there.

W. Will he? How curious! What can make him take so much trouble, and worry himself to go about so much?

P. Why, he has a thought in him which moves him and makes him feel that he must tell it to others.

Jon. Is it a new thought?

P. Not particularly; indeed, it is very old; but men have forgotten it.

L. What is the thought?

P. It is the thought that, as the great God made all men, he is the Father of all men.

Jon. Of course—every one knows that. Did not Jesus say so—"Our Father"?

P. And besides that, he teaches that, as mankind belong to one Father, they are all brethren.

Jon. Well, I should think it was not worth while to go so far to say that. Everybody must tell him, "We know it."

P. No; they have forgotten it,—nearly all the world has forgotten it. Men in this world are now even selling their brothers for slaves, just as Joseph's brothers sold him; and men are even killing their brethren, just as Cain killed his brother. So this man travels about, and tells men that, just as Joseph's brothers were wicked, and just as Cain was wicked, so they are wicked, to make slaves of their brethren, or to kill them.

L. Of course they are; and don't men know that?

P. Yes; but they forget; and this man reminds the world of it. He tells them that it is *quite true* that God is "Our Father." He takes God's words to them: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." And then he tells them to make an agreement with all other men, that they will act to them as brethren, because they are brethren; and he persuades them to make a league with other men, called *The League of Universal Brotherhood*. In this league they agree never to kill their brethren.

L. Like Cain!

P. Nor to give up, of their own accord, any of their money to pay other people for such wickedness, because they *ought not* to do it.

L. I suppose that everybody joins the league?

P. No, not everybody. Great numbers of people have, and all men will one day. But there are still some people who shake their heads at this man, and say that men cannot learn better. They say

that as men always have killed one another, they always must do so, and that it is too hard a thing to do, to leave off now.

L. How stupid!

P. Hush, Lucy; you must not say that. They, too, have reasons for thinking so, which seem to them quite true; but time will show. As sure as God's word is true,—the word which says, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more,"—so sure will men learn and feel that they are brethren; and then, if these people who shake their heads should only rise from their graves, the men of this world will shake their heads in their turn. They will say to them that nothing is too hard for God—the God of love, whose providence works amongst men.

W. But what is this man who is making the League of Brotherhood,—what is his name?

P. This man is a blacksmith from America; he is a very learned man, and his name is *Elihu Burritt*.

L. Oh!—I do not like his being a blacksmith. I should think that people would not listen to him any the more for that.

W. Well, I do. Was not *JESUS* a carpenter? Besides, I can tell you something. There is a verse in the Bible which says that men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; and if this blacksmith should only live until that day, he might show the people how to do it. I should think that he would do a great many himself.

P. He may not live to do that—although that day is perhaps nearer than some people think it to be. Let us pray often to God that it may come soon. He only can make such a change.

But I had forgotten what I had to tell you about Mr. Burritt. He once went to that great place of murder, called *WATERLOO*, and there saw a book which contains an account of the battle, and which is sold in that neighbourhood, and in all places round about. Then when he saw that book, he felt sorry, and he thought to himself something like this,—“I will print some books about battles for the next generation;—some better books which shall show them a better way to conquer men;—books which shall teach them the motto ‘*Hold fast that which is good.*’ That motto is a stronger weapon against wickedness than all the swords and cannon of *Waterloo*. That motto shall be their weapon—and with it they shall fight the battles of peace.”

There are other mottos which are also good weapons; and in the books which he said he would print, there are stories to teach these mottos. These books are called *The Waterloo Series*—so that one day the world may think of the weapons of the “*Waterloo Series*,” and the weapons of “*Waterloo*,” and may judge which are the stronger to conquer evil.

W. I should like to read them, papa.

P. You shall. Seven or eight are printed already, and there will soon be others. I will buy all of them for you, as they only cost a penny each.

L. Then they are cheaper than cannon-balls.

P. But you shall hear one of the tales to-day, and you may read it afterwards, as Mr. Burritt says that we may print some of them in *PLEASANT PAGES*.

Here is a tale of a little girl who

conquered a wicked thief, a great strong man, who could have killed her. Yet she conquered him without any weapons of war—her only weapon was this proverb, "Hold fast that which is good."

(Papa reads.)

THE SILVER TANKARD.

On the slope of land opening itself to the south, in a thickly settled town in the state of Maine, some hundred and more years ago, stood a farm-house, to which the epithet of "comfortable" might be applied. The old forest came down to the back of it; in front were cultivated fields, beyond which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them.

The house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbour was distant about six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his home, but, prospectively, as the home of his children, and his children's children. He was willing to be far off from men, that his children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over all that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in front, and one behind, with a long sloping roof. It seemed as if it leaned to the south, to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains. It was full of the comforts of life—the furni-

ture even a little showy for a Puritan; when the table was set, there was, to use the Yankee phrase, "considerable silver plate," among which a large tankard stood prominent. This silver plate had been the property of his father, and was brought over from the mother-country.

Now we go back to this pleasant valley, as it was in a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday, and, though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon, and the hired man, had gone to meeting on foot, down to the "Landing," a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing at the door with the horse and chaise, ready and waiting for his good wife, who had been somewhat detained; for even then, in those primitive ages, the women would be a little backward—for the last word, or the last house-keeping duty. He was standing on the door-step, enjoying the freshness of the morning with a little pride in his heart, perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread out before him. At that instant a neighbour, of six miles distant, rode up on horseback, and beckoned to him from the gate of the enclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbour Gordon!" said he; "I have some out of my way in going to meeting, to tell you that Tom Smith, that daring thief, with two others, has been prowling about in these parts, and that you had better look out, lest you have a visit. I have got nothing in my house to bring them there; but they may be after your silver tankard and silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit for these new

parts. Tom is a bold fellow ; but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal, the better. I don't think it safe for you all to go to meeting to-day ; but I am in a hurry, neighbour, so good-bye."

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left alone but his daughter Mehitable, a beautiful little girl, about nine years old. "Shall I stay or go?" was the question. Daniel was a Puritan ; he had strict notions of the duty of worshipping God in His temple ; and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty ; but then he was a father, and his little Hitty was the light and joy of his eyes. But these Puritans were firm and unflinching. He soon settled the point.

"I won't even take Hitty with

me, for it will make her cowardly. The thieves may not come ; neighbour Perkins may be mistaken ; and if they do come to my house, they will not hurt the child. At any rate, she is in God's hands, and we will go to worship Him who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him."

As he settled this the girl and the mother came out. The mother stepped into the chaise ; the father after her, saying to the child, "If any strangers come, Hitty, treat them well. We can spare of our abundance to feed the poor. What is silver or gold, when we think of God's word?" With these words he drove off, a troubled man in spite of his religious trust, because he left his little daughter in the wilderness alone.

(Continued at page 113.)

LOSERS IN DELAYS.

SHUN *delays*, they breed remorse,
Take thy time, while time is lent thee ;

Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee :
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labour comes to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure :
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead ;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind, his scalp is naked :
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new *delays*.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Festered wounds ask deeper lancing ;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing :
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

WHAT were they?—you ask : you shall presently see ;
 These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea ;
 Oh no ;—for such properties wondrous had they,
 That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
 Together with articles, small or immense,
 From mountains and planets to atoms of sense ;
 Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay,
 And nought so ethereal but there it would stay ;
 And nought so reluctant but in it must go :—
 All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
 Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been there ;
 As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
 Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;
 When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
 As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
 With a garment that *Dorcas* had made—for a weight ;
 And though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
 The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of *alms-houses*, amply endow'd
 By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and prond,
 Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
 By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest ;
 Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
 And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
 He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than one plough.
 A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
 Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail.
 A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
 When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
 Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl—
 Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
 All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,
 Weigh'd less than some atoms of candour and sense ;—
 A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
 Than one good potato just wash'd from the dirt ;
 Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice
 One pearl to outweigh—'twas "the pearl of great price!"

At last the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate,
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight ;—
 When the former sprung up with so strong a rebuff,
 That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof—
 While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell,
 That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE NORMAN KINGS.

HENRY I. (*Concluded*).

HENRY, having imprisoned his brother Robert, and seized his territory, became the king of two nations, as his father, William the Conqueror had been. But he had seized Normandy unjustly, and the possession, instead of being a source of pleasure, was a cause of uneasiness throughout his reign: he was compelled often to go there to put down rebellious against his authority. Having acted wrongly toward his brother, he also acted unfairly towards his English subjects, for I am sorry to say that he forgot his promises. Indeed, the *Charter* which he had given them was so much neglected, that, in the next century, when the barons wanted to see it, and to make King John sign another one like it—they had great difficulty in finding even a single copy.

During the whole of Henry's reign he had many troubles, both public and private. Not only had he quarrels with the Normans, but with the English, whom he taxed very heavily, as William Rufus had done. He also had a long struggle with the Pope. But his private troubles were far greater. His son William was expected to succeed him, and was looked upon by the nation as their future king. The king, in the year 1116, had called a great council of the nobility, in which they acknowledged the prince as his successor. He had also taken him to Normandy, where the barons had sworn to obey him at his father's death. The spirit of Prince William, however, was tyrannical, for he openly threatened that if he ever ruled England, he would yoke the Saxons

to the plough like beasts of burden,—a threat which was never fulfilled, for on returning from Normandy to England he was drowned in the sea. Here is an account of the accident, which I will read to you:—

“The king set sail from *Harfleur* (a town in Normandy), and was soon carried by a fair wind out of sight. The prince was detained by some accident; and his sailors, as well as their captain, Fitz-stephen, having spent the interval in drinking, became so disordered that they ran the ship upon a rock, and immediately it was dashed to pieces. The prince was put in the boat and might have escaped, but hearing the cries of Maude, his natural sister, he did not like for a person so dear to himself to perish without an effort to save her; and prevailed upon the sailors to row back, and take her in. The approach of the boat giving several others who had been left upon the wreck the hope of saving their lives, numbers leaped in, and the whole went to the bottom.

“About a hundred and forty young noblemen of the principal families of England and Normandy were lost on this occasion. A butcher of Rouen was the only person who escaped; he clung to the mast, and was taken up in the morning by some fishermen. Fitz-stephen, the captain, while the butcher was thus buffeting with the waves for his life, swam up to him and inquired if the prince was yet living; when being told that he had perished, ‘Then I will not outlive him,’ said the captain, and immediately sunk to the bottom. The shrieks of the unfortunate people were heard from the shore;

and the noise even reached the king's ship, but the cause was then unknown. Henry entertained the hope for three days that his son had put into some distant port of England, but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away, and was never seen to smile from that moment till the day of his death."

We cannot wonder that Henry felt the blow so heavily, but perhaps the selfish man deserved it. The misfortune may have been sent to him by Providence as a punishment for his barbarous and unfeeling treatment of his brother. Had he never seized the dominions of Robert, he would not only have reigned with more peace in England, but probably he would not have taken his son to Normandy, and would not have lost him.

The daughter of Henry, whose name was **MATILDA**, was married to Henry V., the Emperor of Germany; and afterwards to the Count of Anjou, named **GEOFFREY PLANTAGENET**. Henry, now that the prince was dead, was anxious that his daughter should succeed him; but he feared that at his death the people might choose a nobleman called Stephen to be king instead. He knew, too, that by his injustice he had lost much of his power over the people, who would not care to please him. He therefore called a great assembly of the nobles, and caused them to swear fealty to Matilda as their future queen, which oath they were compelled to renew on two other occasions.

In the year 1135, the unhappy king died in Normandy, in the 68th year of his age. His death was caused by his eating too plentifully of a kind of eel, called lampreys. In his will he appointed

Matilda to succeed him, but all his wishes and efforts were in vain, for the crown was usurped by Stephen.

Let us now notice the events of Henry's reign, which relate to the history of the people. It is supposed that the first parliament, constituted like the present, was held in this reign. England had been governed on the feudal system, and there had not been any such meetings for the purpose of making laws since the days of the Saxons and the Wittenagemote. It is even doubted whether the frequent meetings held by the nobles, which were summoned by Henry, resembled a parliament; for at one meeting the king himself caused a tax to be made, by which he raised £824,000 for the marriage portion of his daughter Matilda. The meeting supposed to have been the first parliament is mentioned by Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Bacon, the latter of whom, in speaking of the "House of Commons," asks, "Where were the Commons before the reign of Henry I.?"

During this reign, the manufacture of woollen cloth and flannels was introduced by some Flemings, a people from *Flanders*, who had been driven from their country by an inundation of the sea. Henry planted a colony of Flemings in Wales.

Queen Matilda built the first stone bridge in England at a place near London, called Bow.

The money, during Henry's reign, was not coined at the Mint, as it is now—but by persons who were licensed to do so. These owners debased the coin very much.

W. What is that?—did they mix too much copper with it?

P. Perhaps they did; for fifty of them were summoned before the Treasurer, and forty-six were con-

cinned to lose either their right hands or their eyes.

The University of Cambridge is supposed either to have been established or re-established in this reign, in the year 1109:—the students are said to have assembled in a large barn. Henry, being a learned man, patronized the University of Oxford; and in a neighbouring town, called Woodstock, he made the first park and menagerie in England. In an old book it is written:—

"Henry I. built at Woodstock a park with stone walls, seven miles in circumference." It is said that (like his father) in order to procure the ground, "he did lay waste much fertile land, villages, churches, chapels, &c. He appointed in the park great store of deer, and divers strange beasts, to be kept and nourished; such as were brought to him from far countries, as lions, leopards, lynxes, porpentine, and others."

The time of Henry was also rather remarkable for its fires. In an old book, which contains an account of his reign, are the following entries:—

"1113. Worcester city and castle burnt.

"1117. Bath and Peterborough cities burnt.

"1121. Gloucester city burnt.

"1122. Lincoln city nearly destroyed by fire.

"1130. Rochester city burnt.

"1132. A great part of London city destroyed by a fire."

Ion. No wonder, when the people built their houses of wood.

P. We will now make our lesson on Henry.

Lesson 13. HENRY I.

Began to reign....1100

Died1135

1. *On the death of William Rufus, Robert, Duke of Normandy, being absent in the Holy Land, his younger brother HENRY seized the royal treasures at Winchester, and was proclaimed king. To secure the favour of the English, he gave them a Charter, in which many privileges were promised; and he married a Saxon nun, named Matilda.*

2. *ROBERT returned to England the next year, and again claimed the crown, but he was too late; and he was at last compelled to make a treaty with his brother, agreeing to receive 5,000 merks every year instead of his kingdom. He was afterwards cruelly treated by Henry, who seized his dukedom, took him prisoner, and confined him for the rest of his life.*

3. *Henry thus gained power, but he had many domestic and public misfortunes. He was unpopular in England and in Normandy, while his only son William perished at sea. Henry died in Normandy from eating lampreys, in the year 1135.*

4. *The principal events of his reign were, the meeting of the FIRST PARLIAMENT—the introduction of WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES by the Flemings—the establishment of the UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE—the formation of WOODSTOCK PARK and Menagerie—and the number of GREAT FIRES.*

TRUST not to each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong,
Which ought not to be true.

SHERIDAN.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

SPAIN—THE BULL-FIGHT.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"A description of Spain would be very incomplete without an account of a bull-fight. Although, therefore, it is a very cruel scene for children to hear about, I will tell you what I saw in the afternoon which I spoke of in my last letter.

"The people *going* to the bull-fight are, I think, a much pleasanter sight than the fight itself. It was about four o'clock, as I told you, when I joined my party, who were already mingled with the crowds of people. I should think that all Cadiz was flocking thither; for no true Spaniard would think of being absent from the absorbing spectacle. He would rather go without his dinner than not have the money demanded for admission to the circus. I did not make very rapid progress toward the spot, for I was continually stopping to admire the dresses of the ladies, the carriages, horses, and gentlemen on horse-back; at other times stopping on account of the crowd, sometimes on account of the dust, and again on account of the heat from the sun, which shed a yellow glare over the whole scene.

"But, oh, how much more was I attracted at the sight of the people when I entered the circus! Can you imagine a very broad flat piece of ground surrounded by rows of seats rising one above another? These seats formed an immense circle, too large, I think, for you to conceive; and in one part I observed the black dresses and mantillas of the ladies, and sober coloured garments of the male spectators, intermingled with the bright coloured coats, the plumes, and the

epaulettes of the soldiers, which formed a striking contrast. These people were in the *sombra*, or shady side: the other part of the building, which was uncovered, and exposed to the sun, was appropriated to the lower classes; and, from the place where I stood, it looked something like a flower-garden full of tulips.

"Some of the people, at a nearer view, displayed in their costume all the brilliant colours of the rainbow, whilst they were garnished with gold and silver buttons, and embroidery. Many of them, to screen themselves from the heat, had put up a sort of awning with a gaudy red or yellow handkerchief; and almost every individual, man or woman, carried a fan of enormous size, covered with bright daubs of paint, and spots of gilding. Whilst they were waiting for the bull, the populace, to wile away the time, amused themselves by beating the seats and the barriers with their *porros*, or long painted sticks, with a knob at the end. Others sung now and then a few verses of some popular ditty, bandying jokes with one another, and sometimes with the men who came round the circus selling baked nuts and other refreshments.

"After a short time we heard a loud flourish of trumpets, and immediately the Alcalde and his suite arrived. As soon as they were seated, the gates of the arena (as the open space is called) were opened; and a procession entered, consisting chiefly of the men who were to engage in the fight. First came the *Chulos*, who walked, and were dressed in blue, with scarlet cloaks and crimson sashes;—secondly, the *Picadors*, mounted on horse-back;—thirdly, there were eight mules, gaily caparisoned, with flags

upon their backs;—and fourthly, a drove of some thirty lean and scare-crow horses. All these marched twice round the arena, and then retired, leaving only the chulos and the picadors. The chulos stood scattered about in groups; while the picadors stationed themselves at equal distance around the course, close to the barrier—all of them waiting for the bull.

"There were a few moments of breathless silence—then, at a signal from the *Corregidor* (the man who superintends the proceedings) there came a loud braying of trumpets, the doors of one of the dens flew back, and in an instant a tawny bull, rushing wildly forth, dashed into the middle of the circus and stood still. Then, as though bewildered by the crowd and noise, he glared around him, bellowed, and, with his hoof pawing the earth, he threw up the sand in showers over his head—a proceeding which drew forth shouts of disapprobation from the spectators, and the cry of '*TOROCORDE!*' the name which they give to a bull that lacks bravery.

"The chulos now came forth, and tried to arouse his courage by waving their scarlet cloaks before his eyes. This enraged him, and he dashed after them, but they avoided his charge by leaping nimbly over his head, or sometimes they leaped over the barrier. One fellow had a narrow escape, for the bull's horns entered the wood scarcely an inch below his feet. The animal seemed not to like the *picadors*, who were still sitting on horseback at different parts of the circus; he showed an unwillingness to attack them, so they began to attack him, calling him by all manner of disgraceful names, and thrusting at him with

their spears. At length his wrath was excited by being laughed at, taunted, and threatened; so, giving a loud roar, he blindly rushed upon his nearest foe, who with great skill received him on the point of his spear, and checked his course. Smarting with the pain, the poor brute's courage failed him again, and from all sides hisses and yells of execration resounded, followed by cries for the *Banderillos*.

"These *banderillos* are men who excite the bull to rush on them; and at the moment when he lowers his head, they thrust into both sides of his neck a sharp dart, gaily adorned with ribbons. The first pair of darts generally have a paper balloon attached containing sparrows, which escape when the animal shakes his neck, and fly about the circus, to the great amusement of the people.

"When the bull had been thus tormented for some time, the trumpet sounded his death-knell; and his last enemy, the *matador*, entered the ring. This man bowed to the *corregidor*; then folding his scarlet cloak around his left arm, he calmly placed himself before the bull, and politely requested him that he would do him the honour to attack him. The bull, poor fellow, did not see anything at all inviting in the gleaming steel that threatened him, and showed a little anxiety to decline the encounter. The *matador*, however, by continual jests upon his want of courage, aroused his ire once more; the bull then dashed at his foe, but the well-aimed sword was instantly buried to the hilt between his shoulders and the spine. He staggered back with a few unsteady movements; then sinking on his knees, the dark gore spouted from his mouth and nostrils, and with a

few convulsive bellowings he died. Four of the mules, ornamented with flags, then entered the circus and dragged off the bleeding carcass, while the *picadors* and *chulos* resumed their stations to wait for the next enemy.

"Once more the trumpets brayed, another door flew back, and out came a noble bull of grisly black. Without a moment's pause or hesitation he rushed fiercely at the nearest *picador*, felling steed and rider to the ground; the second was overthrown in like manner; and as the man lay stretched upon the sand, the bull in a moment dashed at him again. The frontlet of the beast appeared to crush the man's chest; he moved his arms convulsively; and 'he's killed' was murmured from all sides, when the—

"But, there, dear children, I have told you the history of one bull, and of the beginning of the fight, which was the least cruel part of the proceeding. The sights I saw afterwards were really too horrible to be described; and I do not think that your papa would let you read about them, or would let them be printed in *PLEASANT PAGES*. I should have to tell you of many horses which were killed by this second bull,—of his pinning one of the horses to the barrier with his horns, and how, burying them in the poor creature's stomach, he lifted him with his rider from the ground, and dashed them both down again; how he galloped off to a poor mangled horse, which lay struggling in the agonies of death, and repeatedly thrust his horns in the poor creature's carcass; and how, glorying in the streams of blood which he saw flowing on all sides, he attacked more *picadors*, ripped up more horses, wounded more

men, and then tore round and round the circus, mad with delight at his doings. But, above all, dear children, I should have to tell you, with much shame, of the shouts of the delighted multitude, who, with clapping of hands and cries of '*Bravo toro!*' applauded the bull; how, as the blood flowed more freely, their joy became more intense; and the bright eyes of the ladies gleamed more brilliantly as the horrors of the scene increased; while their fair hands waved scarfs and handkerchiefs, and their gentle voices swelled the loud, deafening '*Vivas*,' showing how exquisitely they enjoyed the barbarous sight. During the fight, in which eight bulls were butchered, some twenty horses gored to death, and many men carried away wounded, I saw one lady leave her seat faint and disgusted—but she was evidently English. The Spanish *donnas* say that the English have 'hearts of butter.'

"If I were to make a full description of these things, it would, I should think, shock you. I went home very tired, and experienced very little satisfaction on looking back at my evening's amusements. It was my first, and will be my last appearance at a bull-fight.

"You may, dear children, learn something even from this unpleasant description.

"How is it, think you, that kind gentle ladies could like to see so much cruelty and suffering?"

W. Why, because they were accustomed to it, I should say.

"I know what you will say—'They are accustomed to see it. This is the reason, and from this you can learn how men, as they grow up, may become accustomed to almost anything. Try, then, to keep away from evil, that you may not

get accustomed to it. If ever you see a boy being cruel, or killing flies, try and stop him; tell him that he may get *accustomed* to be cruel, and then he will do worse things.

"Here is another thought for you. Suppose that all at once the picadors and chulos of that bull-fight had turned round upon each other, and begun to fight among themselves! Suppose that one of them had cut off his brother picador's head, and crushed his body. Do you know what the Spanish donnas would have done? They would have turned round their heads, and have shrieked, and have run away. And yet, do you know that there are English ladies, with 'hearts soft as butter,' who let

their sons grow up to be fighting men, and to do more cruel work than that of the picadors?

"Yes, men go to kill *their brothers*, and to mangle their bodies just as a bull would; and English people are not shocked, but even clap their hands at such deeds, and call them *glory*—just as the Spaniards do at the bull-fight.

"You know why people do not see the wickedness of such a thing; just because they are accustomed to it. Mind, dear children, that you never become accustomed to cruelty—mind that you never become a *picador*; or, what is worse still, a *soldier*.

"Your affectionate friend,

"UNCLE RICHARD."

SATURDAY NIGHT.

HASTE, put your playthings all away
To-morrow is the Sabbath day;
Come, bring to me your Nook's ark,
Put by your pretty music cart;
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath day.

Bring me your German village, please,
With all its houses, gates, and trees;
Your waxen dolls, with eyes so blue,
And all her ten things, bright and new;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath day.

Now take your Sunday pictures down—
King David with his harp and crown,
Good little Samuel on his knees,
And many pleasant sights like these;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But learn of God upon his day.

There is your hymn-book—you shall learn.
A verse, and some sweet kisses earn;
Your book of Bible stories, too,
Which dear mamma will read to you;
I think, that though you must not play,
We'll have a happy Sabbath day.

ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

W. I am glad, papa, that we are to have some more Physical Geography. We have not talked about the earth for a long time.

P. Let us look back, Willie, and see what we have been learning. I first told you that the objects in nature may be divided into three classes—*solids*, of which the earth is composed; *liquids*, such as the sea and other waters; and *fluids*, such as the atmosphere.

L. And you said, papa, that we should first hear of the solid part—the earth.

P. True, and you may remember that we examined some of the soil on the surface—the chalk, clay, and flint; and then talked of the layers of rock underneath.

W. Yes, you called them *strata*, papa. You began at the lowest part—the *igneous* rocks, which were formed by the fire; then we heard of the *aqueous* rocks—those formed by the water, such as the slate, the sandstone, coal beds, chalk, the clay, and boulders;—and the vegetable soil.

P. We will now proceed with the history of the earth's surface. I spoke to you of the fire which causes the great earthquakes, and which upheaved the burning rocks, so as to make the surface of the earth uneven. You may see in this little sketch (see page 111) how much we owe to the unevenness caused by the earth's surface—how we have lakes, rivers, and waterfalls, which we could not have if the surface were level and smooth.

W. And we should have always to go to the sea to fetch water, I suppose.

P. Unless we dug wells, and procured the water from the underground springs. The great moun-

tains seem to us to be wonderfully large places; and yet if we were to compare them with the size of the world, or to compare the great unevenness of surface from the tops of the mountains to the bottoms of the lakes, it would not appear to be greater than the roughness in the skin of an orange.

Ion. And I suppose that the rind itself would represent the crust of the earth—as far as the igneous rocks, which the solid globe seems to be made of.

P. The rind would beal most too thick in proportion. I have heard that if we were to take the great dome of St. Paul's for a model of the globe, and were just to prick the dome with the point of a pin, that little prick would be deep enough to represent the distance which men have been able to dig down to. So, after all, this crust of the earth is very thin.

You have already learned something of the different qualities of this crust. We will next notice the difference in *shape*—the different heights of surface. The very high land, which we call—?

L. The *mountains*.

P. Then there are the flat level lands, which are still high, being higher than the sea—but of course not so high as the mountains. These we call—?

L. *Plains*.

P. And there is land lower than the level plains—land between the mountains, through which the rivers run on their way to the sea.

L. You mean the *valleys*, papa.

P. Yes. You may now get down the map of the world.* We will

* The readers of PLEASANT PAGES will be unable to continue these lessons with advantage, without the use of a Map or Globe.

see how the dry land may be divided; and then we will talk about the mountains, plains, and valleys in each division.

W. Oh, I know the great divisions of the land, papa. We learned their names at school—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia.

P. You may observe, by looking at the map, that there is more land in the northern part of the world than there is in the south; and that there is a greater surface of water than of land.

W. Yes, we learned that too, papa. There is about twice as much water on the surface as there is land. We have learned, too, how large the earth is—that it measures about 24,912 miles round.

L. Say “in circumference,” Willie. You have been learning about circles lately.

W. Very well. It measures about 24,912 miles in circumference, and 7,930 miles in diameter—which means, that if you were to draw a line through it, just as we did through the centre of that circle, it would be 7,930 miles long.

Ion. Let us tell papa what else we learned at school—then he will not have the trouble of teaching it to us again.

P. Very well—proceed.

Ion. There we learned that the earth is a planet, and revolves round the sun. We learned, too, that it turns round its axis just as a bead would turn round if you put a string through it. We learned, too, that at the north and south parts, which are called the *Poles*, it is very cold; and that at the line drawn through the middle, which is called the *Equator*, it is very hot. We learned, too, about

the two lines drawn on each side of the equator to show how far the heat extends—one line is called the *Tropic of Cancer*, and the other is called the *Tropic of Capricorn*.

L. And the hot countries between the tropics are called *tropical countries*.

Ion. We then measured two other lines: the northern shows how far the cold extends downwards from the *North Pole*; and the other, how far the cold extends upwards from the *South Pole*.

L. And the countries between the poles and those circles are called *Frigid Countries*.

Ion. Yes, and there are two large spaces between those circles and the tropics. The countries there are neither very hot nor very cold, but are called *Temperate Countries*.

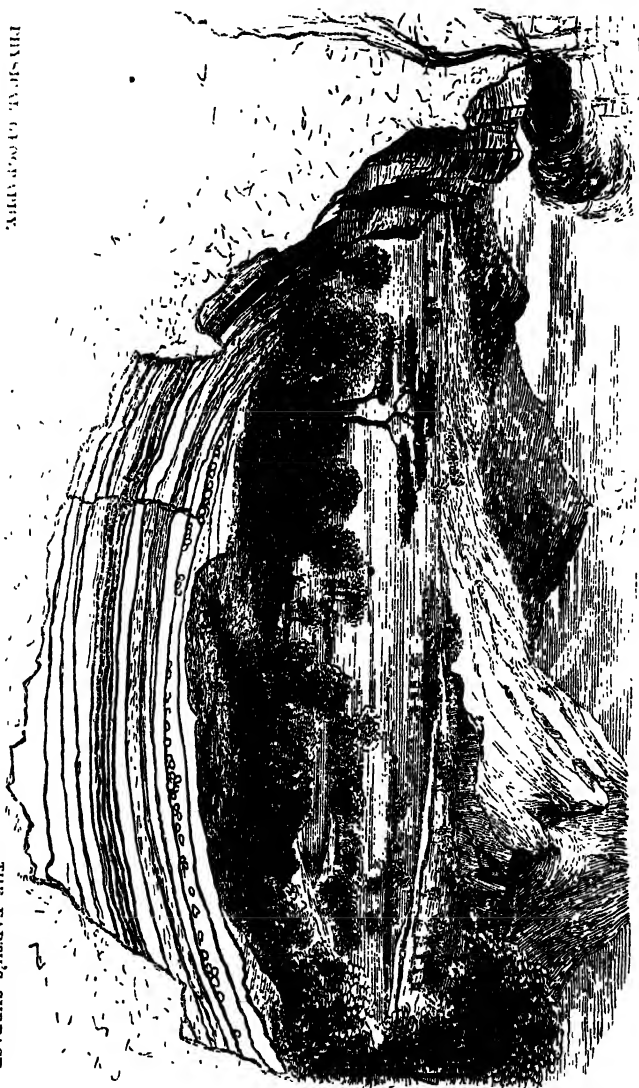
P. Well, did you learn anything else?

Ion. Yes. The very large pieces of land, because they contain many nations, are called *Continents*.

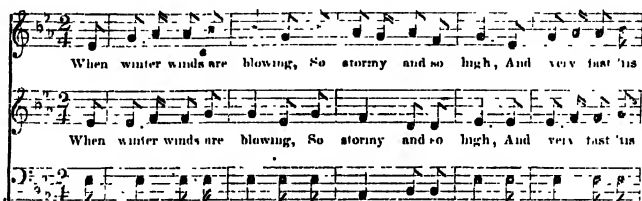
P. You may, if you observe your map, see that there are really two great continents, viz.:—that of the Old World, including Europe, Asia, and Africa; and that of the New World, including North and South America. Both of these continents are alike in consisting of two great masses of land connected together by a very narrow piece, or Isthmus;—in the Eastern continent by the Isthmus of *Suez*, and in the Western continent by the Isthmus of *Panama*. If they were divided into two parts, all four pieces would be surrounded by the sea. The land would then consist of four immense islands, with several smaller ones, such as Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, and others. We will notice these continents in our next lesson.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

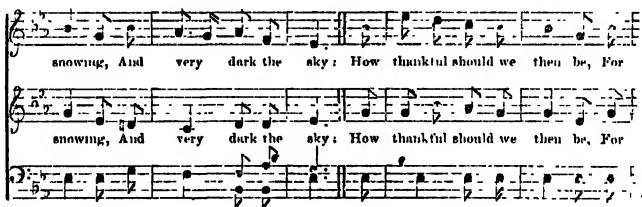


SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—(WINTER SONG.)



When winter winds are blowing, So stormy and so high, And very fast 'tis

When winter winds are blowing, So stormy and so high, And very fast 'tis



snowing, And very dark the sky: How thankful should we then be, For

snowing, And very dark the sky: How thankful should we then be, For



house, and home, and food, To God who keeps us safely, And always does us good!

house, and home, and food, To God who keeps us safely, And always does us good!

His mercy watches o'er us
 In every season still,
 Nor cold nor heat can harm us,
 Unless it be His will;
 If He send pain or sorrow,
 He still will be our stay—
 Then "let the unknown morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

"It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe His people too.
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed,
 And He who feeds the ravens
 Will give His children bread."

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

8th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

"Hold fast that which is good."

LITTLE Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was brought up to observe strictly the Lord's-day. She knew that she ought to return to the house; but nature, this once at least, got the better of her training. "No harm," thought she, "for me to see the brood of chickens."

Nor did she, when she had given them water, go into the house, but loitered and lingered, listening to the singing of the robin, and following with her eye the Bob-o'-Lincoln, as he flitted from shrub to shrub. She passed almost an hour out of doors, because she did not wish to be alone, and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds, and was gathering here and there a wild flower. But at last she went in, took her Bible, and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading, and sometimes looking out. As she was seated there, she saw three men coming towards the house, and she was right glad to see them, for she felt lonely, and there was a dreary long day before her. "Father," thought she, "meant something when he told me to be kind to strangers. I suppose he expected them. I wonder what keeps them all from meeting. Never mind; they shall see that I can do something for them, if I am little Hitty." So putting down the Bible, she ran to meet them, —happy, confiding, and even glad that they had come; and without waiting for them to speak, she called to them to come in with her, and said, "I am all alone: if

mother was here, she would do more for you; but I will do all I can;" and all this with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father, whose last words were—to spare of their abundance to the weary traveller.

Smith and his two companions entered. Now it was neither breakfast nor dinner time, but half-way between both; yet little Hitty's head was full of the direction, "Spare of our abundance;" and almost before they were fairly in the house, she asked if she could get them something to eat. Smith replied, "Yes, I will, thank you, my child, for we are all hungry."

This was indeed a civil speech for the thief, who, half-starved, had been lurking in the woods, to watch his chance to steal "the silver tankard," as soon as the "men-folks" had gone to meeting. "Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait till I can cook some meat?" asked Hitty. "We can't wait," was the reply; "give us what you have ready, as soon as you can." "I am glad you don't want me to cook for you—but I could if you did—because father would rather not have much cooking on Sundays."

Then away she tripped about, making her preparations for their repast. Smith himself helped her out with the table; she spread upon it a clean white cloth, and placed upon it the silver tankard full of "the old orchard," with a large loaf of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat. I don't know why the silver spoons were put

on; perhaps little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all was done, she turned to Smith, and, with a curtsy, told him that dinner was ready. The child had been so busy in arranging her table, and so thoughtful of her housewifery, that she took little or no notice of the appearance of her guests. She did the work as cheerfully and freely, and was as unembarrassed as if she had been surrounded by her father, and mother, and brothers.

One of the thieves sat down doggedly, with his hands on his knees, and his face down almost to his hands, looking at the same time on the floor. Another, a younger and better-looking man, stood confused and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken to his trade, and often would go to the window and look out, keeping his back to little Hitty. Smith, on the other hand, looked unconcerned, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose. He never took his attention off the child, following her with his eye as she bustled about in arranging the dinner-table: there was even a half smile on his countenance.

They all moved to the table. Smith sat at the head, and one of his companions on each side, the child standing at the foot, to help her guests, and to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need.

The men ate as hungry men, almost in silence, drinking occasionally from the silver tankard. When they had done, Smith started up suddenly, and said, "Come, let's go." "What!" exclaimed the old robber, "go with empty hands, when this silver is here!" He seized the tankard. "Put that down!" shouted Smith; "I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing

from this house!" Poor Hitty was at once awakened to a sense of the character of her guests; with terror in her face, and yet with a child-like frankness, she ran to Smith, took hold of his hand, and looked into his face, as if she felt sure that he would take care of her. The old thief, looking to his young companion, and finding that he was ready to give up the job, and seeing that Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, growling like a dog that has a bone taken from him—"Fool! catch me in your company again," and with such expressions left the house, followed by the other. Smith put his hand on the head of the child, and said, "Don't be afraid; stay quiet in the house; nobody shall hurt you."

W. That was because she had been kind to him. She knew that Tom Smith was *her* brother.

Ion. So, then, he could not be a thief.

P. (*Reading.*) Thus ended the visit of the thieves; thus God preserved the property of those who had put their trust in Him. What a story had the child to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the thanksgiving that went up that evening from the family altar!

A year or two after this, Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime—was tried, and condemned to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in jail in the seaport town, to wait for the dreadful day when he was to be hung up as a dog between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him; he felt drawn to the protector of his daughter, and went down to see him. When he entered the dungeon, Smith was seated; his

face was pale, his hair tangled and matted together—for why should he care about his looks? he did not want to be intruded upon; he wanted to hear nothing or see nothing more of his brother man!

He did not rise, or even look up, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him.

At last, as if wearied beyond endurance, he asked, "What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone, even here?" "I am come," said Gordon, "to see you, because my daughter told me all you did for her, which you—" As if touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed; an expression of deep interest came over his features; he was altogether another man; the sullen indifference passed away in an instant. "Are you the father of that little girl? Oh, what a dear child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her! That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I kiss her once, I think I should feel happier." In this hurried manner he poured out an intensity of feeling little supposed ever to lie in the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained with Smith, whispering of peace beyond the grave for the penitent—smoothing, in some degree, his passage through the dark valley; and did not return to his family until Christian love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom scarcely before had the eye of love rested, whose hand had been against all men, because their hands had been against him.

W. Well! I like that tale, papa; but I don't think that Hitty conquered the thief. She did not shoot him, or knock him down, or anything! He could have taken the silver tankard if he had liked.

P. Ah! but he couldn't like. When he came into the house there was a bad passion in him, which would have made him take the cup; but afterwards, this feeling was not strong enough to make him do it—the good feeling in little Hitty was stronger than his bad feeling, and conquered it.

L. It made the bad passion very weak—but only for a little while, because it afterwards grew up strong again.

P. True. But if more kindness had been shown to him by other people—again and again—it would have made his bad passion weaker and weaker, and nearly have destroyed it.

L. Then he would have been a good man!

P. Yes; and would not have wanted "shooting, or knocking down, or anything"—and men never would want "shooting, or knocking down, or anything"—and nations of men would not want "shooting, or knocking down, or anything"—if people would only have faith in God's advice, and would conquer evil with kindness. You, dear children, will be the next generation of men. Say to yourselves, "I will not conquer my brother by shooting, or knocking down, or anything"—I will hold fast that which is good, and thus will overcome evil with good.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 4. INSECT-EATING ANIMALS.

M. Do you remember any reasons that I gave you *why* the mammals are so very different in their parts?

L. One was, mamma, because they eat such very different food. You said, too, that they got their food in such different places, and at different times. Some feed in the day time, some in the evening—and some at night.

M. You may have observed these things already in the few mammals that we have talked about.

In the 1st order, *Man*, the chief differences arise from his mind—he is made to think, rather than to eat.

The 2nd order, the *Monkeys*, procure their food principally from the trees—therefore their limbs and tail are adapted for climbing, jumping, and swinging.

The 3rd order, the *Bats*, chiefly find their food in the air—therefore their limbs are fitted for—?

W. For flying—or *fluttering*, I should say—for if you were to see the bat's motions in the air, you would hardly call it flying. I think if any of the birds were awake, and were to see a bat sailing along, they would laugh at him.

M. That would depend very much upon the birds' manners. But let us think of this *fourth order*:—they are made to live on food which they find, not in the air, or on the trees—

Ion. But on the earth, I suppose?

M. Yes, and even lower still, for some of them find it *under* the earth, and they have to live there. How would you like that?

Ion. I hardly know. I don't

think that I should like it at all. It would be too dark—and then, the dirt might get into my eyes. What sort of *limbs* should I have? They would not be adapted for flying or for climbing.

W. No—your limbs would be fitted for *digging*, I should think. But I don't understand at all how the animals are to move along—if they are in the earth. I have never seen a mammal that lives so. Tell me one, mamma.

M. No; I would rather not. Suppose that you make one "out of your own head." Exercise your imagination and your reason a little!

L. How, mamma?

M. In this way—I will tell you something about one of these animals. When you know it, you proceed from that knowledge to find out something that you do not know. Let us think about a fact that you know. You know, 1st, that it lives buried under the ground; 2nd, I will tell you that it eats worms and insects which it finds there. Now you may tell me something. Think! how is it likely that such an animal would be made—what would be its shape? Think of all its parts. Think of what sort of a head, body, and limbs it would have. If you will imagine it and describe it, I will draw it for you.

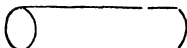
Ion. According to our directions?

M. Yes. And I have the animal itself in this box—so, when you have made your animal, I will show you the real one, that you may see if yours is like it.

W. Very well. Let's take its body first. Its body would be like a *screw*, I should say.

Ion. But a screw is not *pointed*. I should think that the animal

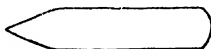
must be pointed at one end. Then it might have a smooth shape—like a pencil. I will draw the shape which I mean.



There! that might be the shape of its body, without the head.

M. Such a shape—with a curved surface, and a flat surface at each end—is called a *cylinder*.

W. Then we will say that it has a *cylinder shape*. Now let us think of its *HEAD*: it must have a pointed head—that is to say, its nose will come down to a point, so—



Ion. That is called a *tapering* shape; it is like a pig's snout. Pigs dig in the ground with their snouts.

M. You may say that it has a *tapering snout*. Now describe its eyes.

L. I think that it would not want large eyes under the ground; it must be almost blind. We will imagine that they are very small.

M. And its ears?

L. I should think that it would hear very well indeed. That would be one way in which it would know where the insects are—it could not see them.

W. What shape do you think they would be, Ion?

Ion. Well, I have been thinking: it would not have ears stuck outside its head like a horse's or a rabbit's, I suppose, because they would be torn by the stones—they would be in the way. Perhaps it would have little holes in its head, just as a bird has.

M. You may say so if you like. Such ears we call *internal* ears;

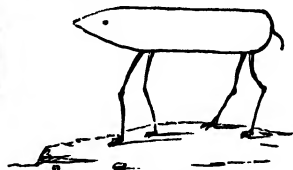
the horse is said to have *external* ears.

L. We forgot something, mamma. When we make an account of its nose, we may venture to say that it has a strong *sense of smell*; because it would find its prey even more easily by smelling than by hearing.

W. We must next say what sort of *teeth* he has. I say that they must be rather pointed; because, if he should meet with any insect that had a hard shell, it must be cracked.

L. Yes; I agree to that. Now let us imagine what sort of *limbs* it would have.

W. If it had limbs like a monkey, they would be very troublesome. I will draw it with long limbs; let us see how it looks. There is its body; head; pointed snout;—we must give it a tail, as a matter of course; and here are four long legs for it.



No! they are too long.

Ion. I think it does not want any legs.

L. Oh, Ion!

Ion. Well, very short ones, then; and it would have great feet fit for *digging* and *scraping*, instead of walking—feet like *trowels*.

M. You have imagined its body, head, and limbs; but you have forgotten something—how is it *covered*?

W. I should think it would be covered with a thick skin, that would not tear easily; and it would

not want any *hair*. It must be a very thick and tough skin, for the stones would scratch it, I should think.

Ion. Now, let me draw it completely. I will show you exactly what sort of an animal it would be. Wait a little while.

* * *
There, *mamma*, *we have made an animal*, — an animal fit to live under the ground; and we have written his description underneath him.



AN UNDERGROUND ANIMAL.

BODY—*Cylinder shape.*

HEAD—*Fitted for boring holes ;—*

*having a tapering snout, and a strong sense of smell ;
small eyes, and little sight ;
internal ears, and good hearing ;
pointed teeth.*

LIMBS—*With short legs, and large feet like trowels.*

COVERING—*Thick, strong, and tough, without hairs.*

L. What are we to call it, *mamma*? It must have some name. Will you let us look at the animal in the box, and see if ours is like it?

M. Not to-day. You shall compare your animal with the real one next week—then I will tell you its name.

“THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; I SHALL NOT WANT.”

Who can doubt of preservation,
That remembers “God is love!”
Though an atom in creation,
He beholds me from above.
He who hears the raven’s cry,
He will every want supply.

If the dew, from heaven descending,
Fell not on the single blade,
Who would see the green crops bonding
In ten thousand gems array’d?
When the blade shall lack the dew,
I shall be forgotten too.

Were each little leaf neglected,
What would clothe the waving wood?
Were each little drop rejected,
What compose the ocean-flood?
He fills the rivers, decks the tree,
And always will remember me. E.

THE NORMAN KINGS.

STEPHEN.

P. It happened when Henry I. died in Normandy, that his daughter Matilda was living there also. Stephen immediately took advantage of this circumstance to usurp the crown, although with the other nobles, at the great meeting in Henry's reign, he had sworn to obey Matilda. He declared, however, that he had the greater claim to the kingdom, and was accordingly crowned at Westminster Abbey, by his brother Henry, the Bishop of Winchester.

L. Why had he any right to the crown, papa?

P. Because he was related to Henry I. The father of Stephen, the Count de Blois, had married Adela, William the Conqueror's daughter, therefore Stephen's mother was Henry I.'s —?

Ion. Sister — and, of course, Henry I. was his uncle.

P. True. Therefore, as Stephen thought that he could govern better than Matilda could, he seized the crown.

It was unfortunate for the nation that there was really no rule as to who was to succeed to the throne when the king died. It was not a settled point whether the new king should be chosen by the old king, or by themselves; consequently, when a king died, there was always an interval of disorder, confusion, and violence until the new king received the homage of his subjects. During such a time there was no justice. Robbery, and the most lawless outrages were committed with impunity, for it was said that there could be no violation of "the king's peace" until he was acknowledged to be king by the people.

As, therefore, Stephen was looked upon by a great part of the nation as an usurper, such disorders were continued during the whole of his reign. The whole period was one of confusion, civil war, and bloodshed, which Stephen, having given up part of his authority, could not correct.

L. To whom did he give up his authority, papa?

P. To the clergy and nobility. The clergy claimed permission to build a greater number of abbeys, and more abbeys were built in this reign than in 100 years before. The nobles said that Stephen was only a nobleman like themselves, and that they would not obey him unless he gave them permission to do wrong. They said that he must let them fortify their old castles, and build new ones, and coin money, and make war, and do other things which only the king has any right to do. No less than 1,500 fortresses were therefore erected in different parts of the kingdom. As Stephen was not strong enough to control these nobles, they quarrelled and made war upon each other with the utmost fury. During these conflicts the people were the principal sufferers; there was no security for their lives or their property, indeed many of the "nobles" maintained themselves principally by the plunder of each others' tenants. Some of the castles were really little better than so many dens of robbers, who sallied forth by day and night to rob the open country, the villages, and even the cities. The woods, also, were infested with bandits; and such were the dangers of the poor people, that before closing their doors at night, they always offered a prayer to God to protect them from thieves.

The nobles, as they were called, were even worse than the common banditti. When they could not easily wring from the poor Saxons their money or goods—they tortured them. A Saxon chronicler says, "Some they hanged up by the feet, and smoked with foul smoke;—some they hanged by the thumbs, or by the beard, and hung coats of mail on their feet. They put them into dungeons with adders, snakes, and toads. Many thousands they wore out with hunger."

All this was the sad result of Stephen's want of power—and a proof of the blessings of a strong and good government. How we ought to thank God, dear children, for the peaceful times we live in!

The natural consequence of such disorder was, that people did not think it worth while to work, and would not do so, for they did not know when they might be killed. They would not till the ground or sow the corn in the corn-fields; they did not take care of the sheep and cattle, for if they did, their flocks and herds might be killed. The trees were cut down, and no one planted new ones;—so that in the course of time there, was a

grievous famine, and starvation all over the land, which reduced all the nobles, the robbers, and the poor people to extreme misery, and many of them to death.

The manners and customs of the half-civilised people are worth noticing. The court of the king used to perambulate through the country, from town to town, as I told you when speaking of Henry I. Peter of Blois, when speaking of the king and his motley train, says, "When the king sets out in the morning, you see multitudes of people running up and down, as if they were distracted. Horses rushing against horses; carriages overturning carriages; players, gamesters, confectioners, mimics, tailors, barbers, lackeys, and parasites, making as much noise;—in a word, such an intolerable tumult of horse and foot, that you imagine the great abyss hath opened from beneath, and poured out all its inhabitants."

The manners of the people were, therefore, not much better than their wretched condition; but there came even an increase of the miseries which I have just described. The people soon had to feel the horrors of *civil war*, which we will talk about next week.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story,

From the book of God is read,

How the Lord of life and glory

Had not where to lay his head.

How he left his throne in heaven

Here to suffer, bleed, and die,

That my soul might be forgiven,

And ascend to God on high.

Father, let thy Holy Spirit

Still reveal a Saviour's love,

And prepare me to inherit

Glory, where he reigns above.

There, with saints and angels dwelling,

May I that great love proclaim,

And with them be ever telling

All the wonders of his name.

SILVER (*Continued*).

M. I told you that the mountain of Potosi has been bored through in every direction. You may therefore suppose that the supply of metal is nearly exhausted. I have read that the silver in the mountains was first discovered by a Peruvian, who was climbing up the rocks in pursuit of some chamois, when, laying hold of a small shrub, it gave way, and disclosed an immense vein of the white metal. The man secretly supplied himself from it, but the improvement in his appearance and circumstances attracting attention, the secret was drawn from him. America still abounds in silver, and it is said that it produces more than £7,000,000 worth annually, whilst all the silver mines of Europe are supposed not to supply much more than half a million pounds per annum.

The accounts of the labours in these American mines, which have been given by visitors, are interesting; they will show you how much men can perform when they choose.

One account states:—"While the miners were digging out the ore, the *apires* (or carriers) were carrying it away on their backs. After a time we ascended the mine with these *apires*, who were above and below us. The fatigue of climbing up the notched stick was so great that we were almost exhausted; but although we wished to rest, we could not do so, for the *apires* behind us—each of whom carried a long stick with a candle at the end—urged us not to stop them. When we reached certain spots, the leading *apire* whistled, and then the whole party rested for a few seconds. It was really very interest-

ing, when looking above and below, to see these poor creatures, each lighted by his candle, and climbing up the notched stick with such a load upon his back, though I occasionally was a little afraid lest one of those above might tumble, in which case we should all have fallen down also. We were quite exhausted when we came to the mouth of the mine; one of my party almost fainted. I then sent for one of the *apires* with his load. I put it on the ground, and endeavoured to rise with it, but could not, and when two or three of my party put it on my shoulders, I was barely able to walk under it. The *English* miner who was with me, was one of the strongest of all the Cornish party: yet he was scarcely able to walk with it. Two of our party who attempted to carry it were altogether unable, and exclaimed that 'it would break their backs.' The load which we tried was one of specimens which I had paid the *apire* to bring up for me, and which weighed more than usual, but not much; and he carried it up with me, and was above me during the whole of the ascent."

Another account is not less extraordinary:—"According to the general regulation, the *apire* is not allowed to halt for breath except the mine is six hundred feet deep. The average load is considered as rather more than two hundred pounds, and I have been assured that one of three hundred pounds, by way of a trial, has been brought up from the deepest mine! At the time, the *apires* were bringing up the usual load twelve times in the day, that is, two thousand four hundred pounds from eighty yards deep; and they were employed in the intervals in breaking and pick-

ing ore. These men, excepting from accidents, are healthy, and appear cheerful. Their bodies are not very muscular. They rarely eat meat once a-week, and never oftener, and then only the hard dry charqui (dried beef). Although with a knowledge that the labour is voluntary, it was, nevertheless, quite revolting to see the state in which they reached the mouth of the mine; their bodies bent forward, leaning with their arms on the steps, their legs bowed, the muscles quivering, the perspiration streaming from their faces over their breasts, their nostrils distended, the corners of the mouth forcibly drawn back, and their breathing most laborious. Each time they utter a cry of 'ay—ay!' which ends in a sound rising from deep in the chest, but shrill like the note of a fife. After staggering to the pile of ores, they emptied the 'carpacho;' in two or three seconds recovering their breath, they wiped the sweat from their brows, and, apparently quite fresh, descended the mine again at a quick pace. This appears to me a wonderful instance of the amount of labour which habit (for it can be nothing else) will enable a man to endure."

M. Let us now see how the pure silver is procured from the ore which is thus brought up from the mines. The ore often contains a small quantity of sulphur. This is easily separated by *roasting* the ore, as the heat drives away the sulphur. The second process is to mix the whole in mercury, which dissolves the silver, and leaves only the earth and stones. The silver, being dissolved in mercury, is then in a liquid state; how can it be rendered solid again?

L. If you were to leave it for a few days, would not the silver sink

down to the bottom, and leave the mercury at the top?

M. No. It could not be separated so.

W. I can tell you how it can be managed—very easily. You said that silver was a *perfect* metal, and would not lose any of its particles in the fire. Then, the men have only to place the liquid over a fire, and the mercury *rises in vapour*—as it does from the gilt buttons.

M. That is right, Willie. The processes are very simple. 1st, the ore is roasted, to drive off the sulphur; 2nd, the ore is dissolved in mercury, to separate the particles of earth; 3rd, the liquid silver is roasted, to drive off the mercury. You need not wonder, therefore, that, like gold, its use to man was soon known. You may now tell me some of its uses.

L. I will tell you a curious use, mamma. It is used to make *marking ink*—Mr. Phial, the chemist, told me so.

M. Yes; the marking ink consists principally of a substance made by dissolving silver in nitric acid, and called *nitrate of silver*. A small quantity of this, mixed with gum water, forms marking ink. With nitric acid and silver, a very strong preparation is made; it is used by surgeons to burn away diseased flesh, and warts on the hands, and is called *lunar caustic*.

Ion. And they use silver to rub over the faces of clocks, and our *barometer* has had his face silvered. I wonder why that is!

M. Because silver does not tarnish easily from the action of the air. The oxygen gas in the air soon causes metals such as copper, zinc, and lead to look dull; but this gas does not tarnish the silver. Do you know why?

W. Yes; because, like gold, it is

a *perfect* metal—and I dare say that is why steel is silvered sometimes. I have seen “silver-steel”—some razors and lancets have silver in them.

L. For the same reason, mamma’s fruit-knife is made of silver.

M. We use silver for cutting fruit, because the acid in the juice would corrode a steel knife, and turn it black. Silver, like gold, is not affected by common acids.

L. I know now why the spoons in the kitchen turn green and brown, and different colours; they are *German* silver, which is not real silver at all, but is made of other metals.

M. A very dangerous substance is often made from silver—it explodes much more easily than gunpowder. This substance is used to make the little balls which you buy as toys, and which explode merely by being thrown on the ground. Have you told me all the uses of silver that you know?

L. No, mamma. It is used for ornaments—for forks and spoons—for plating goods.

Ion. And for making into a thin leaf like gilt.

W. Ah, and you have forgotten the principal use—for money: twenty shillings make a pound!

M. But they do not weigh a pound. The name pound was in the first instance given to a number of coins which contained a pound weight of silver; but the different monarchs, either from avarice or from necessity, have caused the coins to be made less heavy, and less pure—so that in England a pound sterling contains less than a third of a pound weight of silver. In France and Spain, the coin has been debased even more than in England.

W. I did not know that any other metal was mixed with silver money. I suppose that copper is added, as it is with gold, to make it harder. Now, mamma, that we have talked about the uses of silver, let me tell you some of its qualities. 1st, it is *soft*; 2ndly, it is lighter than gold—you can tell that by weighing a sovereign and a shilling together; 3rdly, it is *white*; 4thly, it is very *malleable*, because you can make thin silver leaf; and, 5thly, it is very *ductile*, because I have seen such thin silver wire.

Ion. And, 6thly, it is a *perfect* metal, and tarnishes very slowly.

L. Say, “because it does not form an oxide.” And, 7thly, it does not rust in water or common acids.

W. And, 8thly, it has a great artificial value. There! those are enough qualities. Now, I mean to write the lesson to-day. I shall turn it upside down. I mean, that I shall put down the qualities first, and the history last. 1st, *Qualities*; 2nd, *Uses*; 3rd, *History*. Let us see how they will look!

Lesson 15. SILVER.

(Qualities.) *Silver has several peculiar qualities. It is white; soft; lighter than gold; very malleable; very ductile; it tarnishes very slowly; it is not affected by many acids; it has a great artificial value.*

(Uses.) *On account of these qualities it is used for silvering such metals as will easily rust—for fruit-knives, forks, and spoons—for plating goods—for ornaments, and for money. It is also used to make marking ink.*

(History.) *Silver is found in SIBERIA, HUNGARY, RUSSIA in Europe, SWEDEN, and in the lead mines of ENGLAND, but principally in AMERICA—in the countries of CHILI, PERU, and MEXICO.*

THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

MOUNTAINS.

P. Did you ever see a mountain, Ion?

Ion. Only at the panorama—I saw a picture of one. It was as high as the clouds.

P. If you were to see one of the English mountains, some of which are three-quarters of a mile in height, you would think it to be very large, but it would be really small when compared with some of the mountains of Europe and Asia. If you look at Asia, you will see a country named Bengal, and at the north of this country is a large range called the *Himalaya* Mountains.

One of the mountains in this range is said to be a little more than five miles in height. There are many others four miles high; whilst in South America there is a long range of mountains, called the Andes, of equally enormous size. How you would like to stand and gaze at such mountains!

A mountain of such a size is in itself a little world, having in its different parts every kind of climate found between the equator and the poles. Down in the deep narrow valleys there is intolerable heat, cooled only by the rivers which flow through them down to the sea. A little higher up grow the splendid palms and other rich trees, with thick woods of vegetation, such as can only be seen in hot countries, and here and there a beast of prey and other wild animals belonging to such a climate. As you ascend higher the air is felt to be cooler, and the character of the vegetation gradually changes. You lose sight of the sago trees and other palms, the rich clustering vines, the pine-

apple, the sugar canes, the cocoa tree, and the coffee shrub, and find yourself in a temperate climate, where there are fewer wild beasts. Llamas and sheep are seen, while goats frisk about from cliff to cliff. Standing on one of these cliffs you may look down and see nothing but the richest and most luxuriant vegetation of the tropics; and looking upwards you may see, high up in the distance, the mountain's summit clad with snow.

W. Could I climb up to that place, papa?

P. Yes, if you took a guide with you, and a spiked staff; but it would be hard work ascending the steep, craggy, and slippery paths. If you were to work very hard all day, you might reach to a considerable height. In the morning, when you started, you might be in the hot climate of the equator; and before the evening, you might reach a climate as icy, snowy, and shivery as that of the North Pole.

Let us suppose that you are going up. After the change from the hot to the temperate clime which I spoke of, you would find the character of the trees, as well as of the animals, still changing. There would be very few evergreen plants found; the whole of the wooded plants are *deciduous*—that is, they shed their leaves in the autumn, and put forth new ones in the spring. At last, however, these give way, and scarcely any evergreens are seen except the larch, pine, and fir, or other trees bearing cones, which flourish best in the frigid countries around the north pole. Beyond these, at the very summit of the mountains, you find the plants diminishing in size, until nothing can be found but lichens and small mosses, some of which

can hardly be distinguished from the rocks which they encrust.

Now, imagine that you have been toiling up this mountain for the greater part of the day! You will have travelled through the clouds.

L. Where, papa?

P. Through the clouds—for sometimes more than half of such a mountain will be above the clouds. By the afternoon, you will have reached one of the highest ridges, from which a strangely grand and novel scene bursts upon your view.

There, you may look down, and see the upper surface of the clouds, at a great distance beneath your feet; they have the appearance of a vast sea, so that the place on which you stand seems to be an island in the midst of the ocean.

You may look down again, and perhaps see the clouds gathering for a storm, and soon you hear the noise of the tempest, and the rolling thunders far away below your resting place;—while if you look up, there is only the blue vault of heaven, without a cloud, serene and quiet.

A few more minutes, and the storm may have subsided;—then from another spot you may behold a sublime and extensive prospect. You may see numerous mountains ranged around you, covered with eternal snows; rivers winding peaceably towards the ocean; cataracts dashing over the cliffs; and now and then an enormous rock, which, breaking off from one of the mountains, rolls down with a noise louder than thunder. You may see unfathomable caverns and gulfs yawning below with dark open mouths, while far away sounds the mournful bellowing of a distant volcano;—and as you stand attentive, you hear and see

more sounds and sights, which, if you are accustomed to think about God, will tell you of His almighty power that “weigheth the mountains in scales, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing.”

W. Then I think that it must be very pleasant to go up such a mountain—and I should like you to tell us about *the mountains* first, then of the plains and valleys.

Ion. A mountain may be a very fine thing to look at, or to see sights from, but what is the use of a mountain?

P. I will answer that question for you, before we begin to talk about any particular mountain. Mountains are of very great service. *First*, they attract and break the clouds, which otherwise might pass over, and not fall to fertilize the earth. The air at a certain distance from the earth has so little heat, that it causes substances to freeze. The distance from the earth at which substances become frozen, is greater in hot than in cold countries; but these different distances are marked by an imaginary line in the air called *the snow line*. Clouds, therefore, that float above the snow line, become changed into snow.

Here we have a *second* use of the mountains. These clouds of snow are collected on their summits. There is reason to believe that the under part of this snow is always melting—at all seasons of the year—because the ground under a thick covering of snow is always warmer than the freezing point. This water from the snow filters through the cracks of the rocks and the pores of the earth, and often reaches to a great depth in the mountains. Thus, in seasons when there is little rain, this snow-water finds its way out at the mountain's

sides, and bursts forth in clear, cold, refreshing springs; or in the shape of a noisy waterfall, supplying the rivers which otherwise might be dried up.

W. That is a good use of the mountains. I often have wondered why rivers do not dry up in the hot summer: I suppose that some of them would, if it were not for the mountains.

P. True. Here is a *third* use of the mountain. In the summer time, the snow-capped mountain supplies rain as well as springs. When the sun shines much on the snow, not only the side close to the earth, but the outside of the snow is melted. The melted snow rises in vapour, which collects in the form of clouds. As the new clouds are blown along by the wind, or driven up higher into a stratum of cold air (for there are strata of air as well as of earth), the cold causes the particles of vapour to *condense* and form little drops of rain. Then gentle showers, falling on the slopes of the mountain, or on the parched and withered herbage of the plain, cause it to look fresh and green. Sometimes, indeed, the vapour from the snow will rise so fast as to form heavy, black-looking clouds, full of rain, which make drenching showers and flood the rivers; but although sometimes the storms are very violent, they are good both for the animals and vegetables; for the water from melted snow is always very cold, and is therefore very refreshing.

W. Like a cold shower-bath. I think, now, that mountains are of very great use. Without them, all that snow would, in the winter time, come down upon the earth at once. There would be too much wet in the winter, and not enough in the summer. But the mountains *save*

up the moisture; they keep it on their summits until the summer.

P. I will tell you another use of a mountain. When we learn about the *Air*, you will hear how the cold winds are continually rushing from the North and South Poles across the temperate and hot countries to the equator. The high mountains and hills are useful in sheltering the plains and valleys from the winds. If you were to travel to the North of Scotland, you would soon feel the north-east wind; but on reaching England, you would find it to be much warmer, being protected by the northern hills.

"You may find in the map of Europe a range of mountains called *the Alps*. On the north side of these Alps you may see the country of Germany, part of which is much colder than England is, although it is farther off from the North Pole. But on the other side of the Alps you may observe a country named Italy. This country, being protected, is a warm, sunny land, full of rich fruits and flowers: and is called "*The Garden of Europe*."

Ion. So much for the mountains!

P. You may see, again, how serviceable the mountains are, by observing the Alps themselves. In Switzerland there are mountains which on the north side are covered with ice, while on the south side vineyards and orchards flourish.

Again: Siberia, at the north of Asia, has a cold inhospitable climate from two causes:—1st, There are no mountains to protect it from the biting blasts of the Frozen Ocean; while, 2nd, The mountains at the south of Siberia intercept the warm southern winds.

So you see that the mountains are very important. You shall hear of them again in our next lesson.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

LANCASHIRE.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"After my long stay at Manchester, I found Peg to be almost recovered from her illness, and we therefore set out together to visit the other cotton towns. We first called at a town in Cheshire, not far from Manchester, named *Stokeport*.

"This town is much like Manchester, indeed it is said to be *Manchester in miniature*. The most striking sight is the great *viaduct* of the Birmingham Railway; which consists of twenty-six enormous arches. These arches are much higher than the houses, and extend across the town from one side to the other. The viaduct is nearly two thousand feet long, and contains eleven millions of bricks; the whole cost was about £70,000.

"I next visited *Warrington*, another cotton town, also noted for its *pin* manufacture.

"The next town I visited was *Wigan*; which is not only famous for cotton, but for its *cannel coal*, a peculiarly bright and hard coal, sometimes used to make ornaments as well as for fuel.

"*Bolton* is the next place where we stopped. We remained here for the evening, seeing more factories, where all kinds of cotton goods were made—counterpanes, muslins, dimities, and fustians.

"The next morning Peg and I called at another cotton town named *Bury*; where there are some famous printing-works, and, proceeding northward, we arrived at another busy place called *Blackburn*. This town I found to be particularly famous for its calicoes;—it is here that the first *spinning-jenny* was erected.

"We proceeded on the next day to *Preston*, which was formerly called *Priests'-town*; and, after a few hours' stay, we went on to Lancaster, the ancient capital of the county. This old place is situated on the river *Lon*, which descends from Westmoreland. The surrounding scenery is beautiful; but the city itself is not important, on account of its position, which is too far north. The most remarkable buildings are the ancient castle which once belonged to the famous *John of Gaunt*, Duke of Lancaster, and the splendid bridge over the river *Lon*.

"I remained here living in a quiet way, and rambling up the river, for a few days, when I gained some information about the soil of the country; which I send you.

"If you look on your map you will see that the county has a long irregular shape, and is divided by an arm of the sea. It is bounded on the *North* by Westmoreland and Cumberland; on the *South* by Cheshire; on the *East* by Yorkshire; and on the *West* by the Irish Sea.

"You may also observe, that on the western side there is a range of hills, which have some influence on the climate of the county. As the vapour from the Irish Sea rises in the air, it forms *clouds*—these clouds are blown toward the shore by the western winds; and, as they reach the hills, they break and form rain. The frequent rain causes the soil of the county to be rather damp, and not so well fitted for the growth of corn as for potatoes, which are largely cultivated."

W. Well, I should think that potatoes would grow nicely in a

watery soil. Did you never notice how full of water a potato is?

"The soil does not produce much else, except a little oats and corn. In the south the principal produce is turf and coal; it is partly on account of the coal-field in the south that the manufacturing towns have risen so rapidly, as the coals required for the steam-engines can be purchased at a cheap rate.

"The *cotton trade* is, however, the great source of the riches of Lancashire. Just as in the West of Yorkshire we have several large woollen towns, such as

LEEDS,
Bradford,
Halifax,
Huddersfield, and
Wakefield;

so, in Lancashire and the neighbourhood are there large cotton towns, such as

MANCHESTER,
Stockport,
Warrington,
Wigan,
Bolton,
Bury,
Rochdale, and
Blackburn.

On our way back toward the south, I observed that the principal rivers are the *Ribble*, on which Preston stands; the *Irwell*, on which is Manchester; and the *Mersey*, on which is Warrington,—and at the mouth of which is LIVERPOOL, the large town to which Peg now directed her attention.

"I had often heard of Liverpool as a mighty place of commerce. As Manchester is celebrated for its manufactures, so is Liverpool celebrated for its trade. Next to London, it is the largest commercial town in England; and in looking at its position, you will not wonder at this. Hull is the north-eastern

port, to which goods for Europe and the Old World are sent; Liverpool is the great *western port*, to which the goods for the *New World*—America—are sent. A great trade is also carried on with the Irish.

"You would, I think, be surprised at the commerce if you could come here to visit the wonderful docks. As on the first morning of my visit, I found myself travelling from the *Queen's Dock* to the *King's Dock*—the *Salthouse Dock*—the *Dry Dock*—the *Prince's Dock*, and walked by the quays at the water's edge, I thought that I should never reach the end of them. But on making inquiries, I found that these quays are nearly *nine miles long*, and that the town itself extends three or four miles along the river Mersey.

"Never did I see so busy a scene as I saw in these docks! I never reached the end of the long line of ships at the side of the quays. They were being laden with the wondrous bales of cotton from Manchester, or with other packages of goods which had been brought by railway from London, Birmingham, Sheffield, or Leeds. Other ships were being unladen, covering the quays with piles of linen from Ireland, or droves of squealing pigs—others brought corn and biscuits from America; others, cotton wool from the West Indies, tobacco, sugar, rum, coffee, cocoa, bark, rice, and spices,—so that the quays and enormous warehouses looked like wholesale grocery establishments. But I see that I have no more space left on my paper; so I may perhaps say a few more words about Liverpool in my next letter, when you shall have the *notes* on Lancashire.

"Your faithful friend.
"HENRY YOUNG."

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

9th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

"Hold fast that which is good."

P. Here is another of Mr. Burrit's Waterloo weapons—it is worth as much as two cannon.

W. Then it is not worth very much.

P. Well, perhaps it is worth twenty cannon! You shall hear, and judge.

THE KIND MAN WHO KILLED HIS NEIGHBOURS.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

It is curious to observe how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him; nay, in the very garments, trees, and stones.

REUBEN BLACK was an infestation in the neighbourhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to a Hindoo magical tune, called *Rung*, which is said to bring on clouds, storms, and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp, and uncomfortable. The heads of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally, as soon as he opened the barn-yard gates. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, to see what humour he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvania stage-horse was exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag,—“His hide resembled an old hair trunk.” Continual whip-

ping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, no chirruping could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse *could* say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gnarled and knotted appearance. The bark wept little sickly tears of gum, and the branches grew awry, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind the owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel, or run over with mullen. Everything seemed as hard and arid as his own visage. Every day he cursed the town and the neighbourhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual lawsuits involved him in so much expense, that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor labourer in the neighbourhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he had borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighbourhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for libel, and recovered twenty-five cents. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his dog upon him,

screaming furiously, "Call me an old swindler again, will you?" An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat; and not one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after, Reuben's big dog was found dead by poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of a dog-murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb belonging to Mrs. Smith. Thus the bad game went on, with mutual worryment and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the grog-shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried and said it was all owing to Reuben Black, for a better-hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when SIMEON GREEN purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullen from the neighbouring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, blessed by nature with a healthy body and a genial temperament; and a wise and kind education had aided nature in the perfection of her goodly work.

His steady perseverance and industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River mud, autumn leaves, old bones, were all put in requisition to assist in the production of use and beauty. The trees, without moss or insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waived where weeds had only grown before. Michigan roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock which formed the door-step,

was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near; as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green!" The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut-tree, walked up to him with a serious friendly face, asking for a slice of sugar beet he was wont to give her. Chanticleer strutting about, with his troop of plump hens and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings, and crowed a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward the boys threw up their caps, and ran shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him, with a dandelion blossom to place in his button-hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbours, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband that knows him; they can't help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a lawsuit in his life, but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbour was determined to quarrel with people whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom Judge Jenkins said, "If the world was emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."

"Is that his character?" said Simeon. "If he exercises it upon me, *I will soon kill him!*"

In every neighbourhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any intention of malice or mischief, but merely be

cause it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life, like a contest between dogs or game-cocks. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remarks about his wrangling neighbour. "Kill me! will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression, that his dog dodged him, as he would the track of a tiger. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredation on neighbour Green's premises. But Joe Smith seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in, and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green's handsome chanticleer, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry-yard, with a good high fence that his hens might not annoy his neighbours; and now he was admonished

to make haste and do it. He would build them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to promenade back and forth and crow and cackle to their heart's content; where they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear-tree in his garden very improperly stretched over a friendly arm into Simeon Green's premises. Whether the sunny state of things there had a cheering effect on the tree, I know not, but it happened that the overhanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue, than the other boughs. One day little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it, he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words, that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear-tree again; and there the matter ended.

(Continued at page 145.)

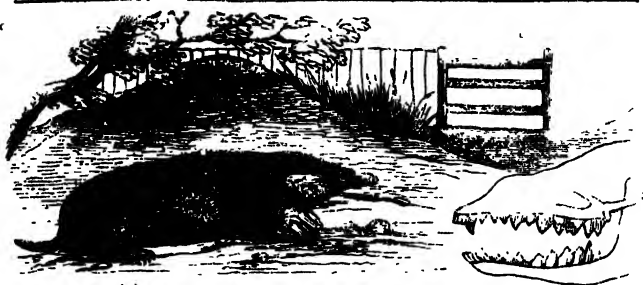
I'LL never hurt my little dog,
But stroke and pat his head;
I like to see him wag his tail,
I like to see him fed.

Poor little thing, how very good,
And very useful, too;

For do you know that he will mind
What he is bid to do?

Then I will never hurt my dog,
Nor ever give him pain,
But treat him kindly every day,
And he'll love me again.

MAMMALS.—ORDER 4. INSECT-EATING ANIMALS.



MAMMALS.

ORDER 4. INSECT-EATING ANIMALS

(*Insectivora*).

M. Here is the real animal which I promised to show you last week.

L. This is a MOLE, mamma!

M. Yes. Now get out your drawing, and compare it with the animal which God has made.

W. Here it is, mamma.* We gave the right shape to its body—it has the shape of a cylinder. Let us look at its head.

Ion. Yes, really! It has a tapering snout—and feel how hard it is, and it has small eyes, and it has no ears at all, I think.

M. It has ears; but they are only very small holes: I do not think that you can easily find them.

L. And its feet are something like trowels or shovels—while it has legs even shorter than those you drew, Ion.

M. You imagined its general form pretty correctly—but you could not imagine anything so perfect as this, the work of God itself. If you could examine this specimen more closely, you would find that it has a thin membrane over its nostrils to keep out the dirt; there is also a similar membrane which, I believe, it can draw over its ears for protection. The snout, too, is worth noticing more particularly, for observe how hard and gristly it is—almost like a piece of bone.

You may see, also, how its head and snout are fitted for boring by the shortness of the neck: it has surprising strength here, in its col-

lar bones, while, if the neck were long, what then?

L. Its head would not be firm enough.

M. The front limbs are those with which it works; it not only digs with them, but they are so placed, that when it has scooped out any earth, it is able to throw it backward with great force.

L. We made a mistake, mamma, about its covering. The skin is thick and tough as we imagined, but it is covered with short hair.

W. Yes. How smooth and fine and glossy it is! It is greasy, I think.

M. This is much better than the hard naked skin which you supposed it would have. Such short hair is called nap; it is very useful to protect the skin from scratches, while the fineness, the close smoothness, the glossiness, and greasiness of it, serve to keep out the moisture of the earth. You may observe the direction in which it grows. If it grew in this direction—

forward—whenever the animal moved on, its nap would be rubbed up, and would become rough. If it grew too much in this direction—

it would also be rubbed up whenever it moved backward; so you will find that the hair is inserted in its skin vertically—not inclining much either backward or forward—while it is so soft that it will lie smoothly in almost any direction. You may thus see how perfectly God has fitted the animal for the circumstances in which it is placed.

W. Will you, mamma, please to tell us something of its habits?

M. It would take me a long

* See page 101.

time to give you a complete history of its mode of life. I have read of a Frenchman who devoted the whole of his life to the study of these little animals. He found that they make most remarkable tunnels in the ground—that these tunnels, through which they run with great rapidity, are made on a regular plan, many of them having particular purposes. Each mole is said to have its own grounds and tunnels, and will not allow another mole to enter its particular district. In one part of its district the mole builds for itself a sleeping place, a house containing several galleries.

Ion. What is it made of, mamma?

M. Of earth; it raises a hillock of earth in some secure place—near the bank of a river—against the root of a tree, or a high wall. This mound of earth—which we call a *mole-hill*—it renders very firm and solid. It contains, as I said, several galleries, and a chamber where the mole sleeps. From this chamber there opens a very large tunnel, which seems to be the high road through his dominions; besides this high road, there are nine or ten other tunnels, all beginning at the mole-hill, and leading to the high road itself.

Ion. Then, they must make “turnings” out of the road. What does he want those turnings for?

M. These tunnels which form turnings, and the high road, are its *hunting grounds*. In these it finds the insects which form its food.

W. Suppose, mamma, that it should meet another mole in its own district?

M. It will happen sometimes that two moles meet, and that there is not room for both to pass; so one of them must go back. If

two *male* moles meet, they fight until one is killed.

L. I can't think what the mole does with the earth it digs out when it makes a tunnel. Where does it put it?

M. It throws the greater part up to the surface. You may often see in the fields the little heaps which the moles have thrown up in the night; they are, however, very much smaller than a real *mole-hill*.

L. But does it never come up on the earth for food?

M. Yes, sometimes, in the night; for it sleeps nearly all the day. It cannot, however, run along so easily on the earth, as when under the surface. So we find that it cannot escape so well, and often in the night it becomes the prey of the owl—as the bats do; or in the day time it may be caught by some dog. It is sometimes obliged to venture out, at any risk, for if left only a few hours without food, it dies. Of all animals the mole is least able to fast.

W. Why?

M. Perhaps it is because the kind of food it feeds upon is not very satisfying to its stomach—not nutritious. I have never fed on earth-worms, or slugs, or insects, so I cannot say whether it is so. But it often eats flesh—coming up to the earth for young birds, mice, frogs, lizards, snails, &c. On these occasions the hunger of the animal often amounts to rage—it is most voracious and fierce. When it has approached near enough to a bird to be able to seize it, it makes an instant and impetuous attack, fastens on the unlucky bird with its teeth, tears it open, and, thrusting its snout inside the body, makes a ravenous feast on its blood; it then retreats under the earth, falls

into a deep sleep, and wakes up to seek for more food.

L. Does it drink any water?

M. Yes. The mole generally forms a tunnel leading down to some stream or ditch, where it drinks; but, as moles generally live in rich and moist soils, if they cannot find a ditch they sink little wells in the ground, which are soon filled with the rain water that soaks through. Moles are said to be, on the whole, very useful animals; for although they sometimes destroy the roots of the corn, they are valuable because they loosen the earth—they raise it, and make it lighter; at the same time, the tunnels are useful in draining it.

Let us now talk of some other insect-eating animal.

W. Yes, mamma. Please tell us all about these people in the middle of the picture. What are they called? Shoes?

Ion. No. *Shrews!* You cannot read, Willie; but I never heard of them before. I would rather learn about the HEDGEHOGS.

M. Well, we will take the hedgehog next. Do you know anything about it?

W. Oh yes, mamma. I know how he curls himself up in a ball.

M. That, Willie, if you think about it, is a very curious provision. The little animal cannot fight—so, it defends itself without fighting. Even a half-starved fox, or a dog, is afraid to attack a hedgehog when it is thus curled up. It will go round and round, and will bark at it—but it is afraid to bite. The prickles on its skin, and the tough leathery skin itself, form a safe defence for it.

Ion. I wonder how it manages to curl round so—it must have a very flexible spine. I could not do it.

M. The animal accomplishes it by means of a layer of muscle under its skin; this layer of muscle enables it to move the prickles on its back, just as the cat can move the hairs of its fur when it is angry, or the porcupine can rattle its quills—or just as the horse can *twitch* his skin when teased by the flies. These animals, and many others, have a thin layer of muscle under their skin, which man has not. Try, Willie, to move the skin of your head, and make your hair stand upright.

W. I will try! No, mamma, it will not move.

M. That is because you have not any muscle beneath your skin to move it with.

The habits of the hedgehog are not unlike those of the other insect-eaters. When the sun sets and it is dusk—"the timorous hare limps forth to feed"—then is the time to see it quietly grubbing about in the woods. It also lives in orchards and hedgerows, sleeping in the day, as the moles and bats do. It finds a hole in the ground, which it lines with moss and leaves; in this nest it not only sleeps during the day, but, like the bats and moles again, it sleeps during all the cold winter, when there are no insects to be found.

Ion. Then it is a *torpid* animal. But I think that it would be more comfortable without any lining to its nest; that moss would stick to its prickles, I should think.

M. Yes, it does; but the moss and leaves then serve to keep the animal warm. I have heard of hedgehogs which, on being taken out of their nests in winter time, resembled a ball of matted leaves; nothing could be seen of their prickles or any part of the body.

But I will tell you something about the hedgehog in the summer time, when it is wide awake.

One fine summer evening, I was taking a walk across the fields, and had been watching the sun and purple clouds; when just as I was going to cross a stile, I heard a rustling by the side of the ditch, and saw a large dock-leaf moving. As I looked, a brown hedgehog crept from underneath. It was almost of the same colour as the earth, so that in the dusk it could hardly be seen. It was a quiet little animal, crawling along quickly, and yet without noise. It had come out for its food, but as I could not stop to watch it, I thought about it on my way home—and imagined where it would go to.

Where would it go to? It would dodge about from one side of the ditch to the other, when perhaps, in some damp place, there might be a long red thing working, its way out of the earth, and twisting itself about—

W. Ah!—a *worm*.

M. Yes. And although the hedgehog might not see it in the dark, he would quickly smell it, and begin his meal. Then as he went on, he might overtake some fine fat fellow, with a hard, green, and shiny coat,—a sort of shell on his back.

Ion. That is a *beetle*.

M. And the beetle would make more supper. Then it might find a curious animal in a shell sticking to a leaf, and making the twig hang down with the weight of its fat heavy body.

L. That is a *snail*.

M. Then there might be a grey slimy thing.

W. That is a *slug*.

M. Then it might find a *wire-worm*—then a *grub*—then a “*hundred-legs*”—they would all be good to make supper. It would also eat, if it should happen to be near an orchard, the fruit which had fallen from the trees; or, if it could not procure insects, it would eat the eggs of the partridge or other birds, sometimes the young birds, or the chickens from a farm, young leverets, mice, frogs, and even snakes;—toads, I believe, it is not partial to. But its principal food consists of the insects which it finds in the earth; and I remember that, on the evening when I saw that hedgehog, as I was walking home, there came into my mind some thoughts about the hedgehogs, the moles, and the shrews—they were thoughts which many other people have had.

L. What were they, mamma?

M. I thought, “How little do men take notice of this *fourth order of mammals*,—these small insignificant animals! As we walk in the fields, we look up at the bright sun, and notice the trees, the fine fields of corn, the cattle, the horses and the sheep, and we forget these little creatures under the ground. But without them the swarms or underground insects would multiply so fast, that vegetation would be almost ruined; and the horses, cows, sheep, and man himself would soon begin to suffer. So these quiet little creatures working in the dark have their appointed place, just as we and all animals have—they are by no means unworthy of notice.”

But we have been talking too long, so we will leave the history of the Shrews until next week.

THE NORMAN KINGS.

STEPHEN.

STEPHEN had not been king more than two years before the civil wars began. David, the king of Scotland, first invaded England to seize the crown for Matilda, who was his niece; but he and his large army were defeated with great slaughter.

Stephen now thought that he was secure, and that he had sufficient power to keep order amongst the barons and the clergy. He saw the mischief which arose from their possessing fortified castles, and determined to take away those of the clergy, who, he thought, had less right to such possessions than the barons. When, therefore, he found the bishops of Salisbury and Lincoln engaged in fighting, he threw them both into prison. This step produced such a commotion among the people that it seemed to give a favourable opportunity for enforcing the claims of Matilda, who quickly landed, attended by only 140 knights and the Earl of Gloucester.

Matilda's friends increased daily; and as the nobles saw that Stephen wished to lessen their power, a great number of them soon joined her, and she was able to meet Stephen in battle. It would not interest you to tell of the horrible wars that followed, and the distress of the people. Although Stephen fought with great bravery, he was at last taken prisoner by Matilda's army. He was then put into irons, and was thrown into a dungeon.

MATILDA was now made queen, and was crowned at Westminster with all imaginable solemnity; but it was soon found that she had

even less power over the turbulent barons than Stephen had. Without sufficient prudence or wisdom for her task, she treated the nobles with such disdain that they continually revolted. In a short time they and the nation, repenting the change they had made, suddenly deposed Matilda, and taking Stephen from his dungeon they replaced him on the throne.

The civil wars then broke out with redoubled fury, and did not end until the defeat of Matilda, who left the kingdom. Stephen's power was thus rendered more firm; he then endeavoured to govern well, and appointed his son Eustace to succeed him.

The peace did not, however, last long, for a new rival appeared in Prince HENRY, the son of Matilda. On his landing in England, he was joined by many of the discontented barons, and thus the war seemed likely to break out again, when it was proposed to settle the dispute by a treaty. In this treaty it was agreed by all parties that Stephen should reign during the remainder of his life, and that at his death Henry should be made king instead of Eustace.

Whilst the treaty was being agreed to, the Prince Eustace died, and thus the matter was more easily settled. All the barons swore to abide by the agreement; and Henry departed. Stephen was thus left to govern his kingdom in peace, to the great joy, not only of the English nation, but of all Europe.

Stephen did not reign long after this event, for he died in the course of the next year, 1154.

We will now write the lesson on this reign. After we have done so, you may recapitulate from

the beginning a part of your outline of English History, as we have reached the end of another period—the period of the Norman kings.

Lesson 14. STEPHEN.

Began to reign . . 1135.

Died, 1154.

1. Stephen was the nephew of Henry I.; and at his death he usurped the crown in the place of the late king's daughter, Matilda.

2. As he had no right to be king, he had not enough power to govern the nobles and clergy, but gave them

permission to have fortified castles, which enabled them to commit many disorders.

3. He was also opposed by Matilda, and after many struggles he lost his throne, and was thrown into a dungeon; but he was afterwards made king again. The kingdom during this reign was a scene of robbery, confusion, and civil war, which did not end until a treaty had been made, that at Stephen's death, Matilda's son, Henry, should become king.

4. Stephen died in the next year, 1154.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

From B.C. 55, to A.D. 1154.

THE ROMAN PERIOD. *From B.C. 55, to A.D. 430.*

Julius Cæsar—Cassibelaunus. Claudius Cæsar—Caractacus.

Nero Cæsar—Boadicea. Vespasian. Valentinian the Younger.

The Irruptions of the Picts and Scots.

THE PERIOD OF THE SAXON INVASION. *From 450 to 600.*

THE PERIOD OF THE SAXON HEPTARCHY. *From 600 to 827*

THE PERIOD OF THE SAXON KINGDOM. *From 827 to 1066.*

827. EGBERT. Ethelwolf, Ethelbert, Ethelbald, Ethelred.

871. ALFRED. Edward. Athelstane. Edmund. Edred. Edwy.

Edgar. Edward the Martyr. Ethelred. Edmund Ironside.

1016. CANUTE. Harold. Hardicanute. Edward the Confessor.

1066. HAROLD II.

THE PERIOD OF THE NORMAN KINGS.

1066. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. Divided England amongst his Norman followers, and introduced the *Feudal System*.

1087. WILLIAM II. A covetous and ambitious king; he was slain by accident in the New Forest. In his reign was the first Crusade.

1110. HENRY I., surnamed *Beauclerc*, on account of his learning. In order to please the people, he married Matilda, a Saxon nun, and granted them many privileges.

1135. STEPHEN. Usurped the throne, but had not sufficient power to govern the barons, or to enforce justice. He was opposed by Matilda; and nearly the whole of his reign was a time of confusion and civil war.

THE METALS.

COPPER.

M. Do you know, dear Lucy, what this is?

L. It is a dirty piece of—of—something, I do not know what. What do you say, Willie?

W. I say that it is very rusty; it is green, and black, and brown. Ion, lend me the file in your toolbox—we will soon see what it is. I think it is an old halfpenny that has been under the ground for a few hundred years.

Ion. Here is the file.

W. Now, we'll give it a new surface. There! see how bright it is! It has a reddish colour. It is a piece of copper!

M. That is right. Let us have a lesson on Copper.

Ion. I can tell you something to begin with. Do you know Pontifex's, in Shoe Lane?

W. You said you would tell us something, and you are asking us to tell you. Where is Shoe Lane?

Ion. It is in London. When papa took me to London last year, we went through a place called *Shoe Lane*—a turning out of Holborn—and there, at Mr. Pontifex's, were five or six men banging away at a piece of copper, with large, heavy hammers, which they had in their hands: they had beaten it into a thin sheet. I do not know what it was for—for a boiler, perhaps.

W. Why did not you ask the men?

Ion. Because they made such a dreadful noise. It almost gave me the headache, and I was glad to get away, for I had learned one thing.

L. What was that?

Ion. Why, that like gold and

silver, it is very *malleable*. And, as I was going away I saw great quantities of copper wire—some thin, and some thick—so I asked papa, and I learned that copper is very *ductile*.

L. Yes, copper is used for bell wires. Why do people use copper instead of iron wire? I have seen wire made of iron.

M. It answers the purpose better than iron, because it will not rust, or corrode in water, as iron will. Even the dampness in the air will cause iron wire to rust; but, the dampness would only tarnish the copper, and cause it to look dull.

W. I will tell you, Ion, another quality of copper which you learned at Pontifex's. You learned that it is *sonorous*—that is the name given to a metal when it makes a good sound. I wonder why metals *sound*?

M. You can easily tell. Sound is caused, partly, by the motion in the air. When you strike a bell, at first the bell shakes about from side to side; but if you notice it afterwards, you will see that although, at a distance, it may seem to be quite still, yet the whole bell has a trembling motion, which we call a *vibration*.

L. I have noticed that.

M. As the bell vibrates in the air, it causes the air to vibrate also. The vibrations in the air surrounding the bell are very strong; and, if you were to be close to a large bell when it is ringing, the vibration would make such a sound in your ear, that you would be almost stunned:—but, if you went a long way off, you would find these vibrations in the air becoming weaker and weaker, until, at a great distance, they would make only a very gentle sound. Shall I tell

you when you have *seen* vibrations, which are like the vibrations in the air?

Ion. Yes, mamma, do!—for I do not quite understand how the air can vibrate.

M. You may have seen it in the ripples in the water, after you have thrown a stone into it. These ripples become gradually weaker, until at a distance you can hardly perceive them. It is just so with the air. Now, what sort of a substance would be the best to produce sound?

L. One that would shake and make *vibrations*. Now I see why metals are sonorous, for the same reason that harp and fiddle strings make sounds—because they are *elastic*.

M. That is the reason. What a bad bell you would make of wood!

W. Or of lead. We never use lead to make sounds with, because it is not elastic. But copper is used for kettle-drums; and brass (which is made from copper) is used to make trumpets and other wind instruments—and to make bells.

M. No, Willie. Bells are not generally made of brass, but of another compound of copper. One part of tin and three of copper are mixed, and form a compound called *Bell Metal*. A little zinc or silver, when added, makes it more sonorous. You may say of copper that it is the *most sonorous* metal.

W. Then we have learned three or four of its qualities. It is of a *reddish colour*—it is *very malleable* and *ductile*—and it is the *most sonorous* metal. Is it a heavy metal, mamma?

M. No, it is rather light. I will

get one of my books, and will look for its exact weight. Here it is. The *specific gravity* of *GOLD*, you may remember, is nearly 20 times its weight in water; of *SILVER*, nearly 11 times; and, of *COPPER*, it is nearly 9 times.

Ion. Then it is lighter than the other two metals. But I know a *bad* quality in copper; it makes a green rust, which is poisonous. You told us that it is the copper in the German silver spoons which causes them to change their colour so much.

M. This rust, which is called *Verdigris*, is caused by the action of acids on the copper, so that when copper vessels are used for cooking food, unless great care is taken to keep them bright and clean, they are dangerous. Persons have lost their lives by eating food which has been left standing some time in a copper vessel.

W. That is because the verdigris from the copper has mixed with the food. Can copper be easily melted, mamma?

M. Yes. But when fused it loses its weight; part of it combines with the oxygen, and (as I explained to you before) it forms an *oxide*, which is consumed in the fire; so copper is called an *imperfect* metal.

L. I remember one more quality. I once saw an engraver cut a copper plate with a sharp tool made of steel. I was surprised to see how easily he cut it. He said that it was because it was so *soft*.

W. That makes eight qualities in the copper. Listen to them. Copper is very malleable, ductile, and sonorous; of a reddish colour, light, and soft. It is soon affected by acids, and forms a poisonous rust; and, it is an imperfect metal.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

LANCASHIRE (*Concluded*).

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I have not time to give you many more words about this great city of Liverpool. The docks are not the only large places here. I should like you to get the railway map, and see the railways from this town—not only the railways from Liverpool to Manchester, and to Hull, by which the goods from the West Indies and America are sent across England to the northern countries of Europe—but there is a railway to Birmingham and London; railways to Sheffield, and Preston, and on further northward: part of one of the railroads is underneath the town of Liverpool itself.

"There are many handsome streets here, and fine buildings, such as the Town Hall, the Exchange, the Lyceum, and the Athenæum. The Mechanics' Institution, where there are schools for young and old, of such an extent that they would surprise you very much—the Botanical Gardens, and the Cemetery, you would like very much to see.

"And yet, although Liverpool is so large a town, not much more than 200 years ago it was little better than a fishing village; and before then, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was so poor that the people could not pay the tax imposed upon them. They sent a petition, praying for the relief of "the poor decayed town of Liverpool!" The place was first brought into notice during the reign of Henry II., whom you have learned of in your English History; and who, you may remember, conquered Ireland. He found that, as Liverpool had an excellent port, and

was so near to Ireland, it was the best port for his troops to embark from. Since that time the great continent of America has been discovered (in the year 1492); and as the trade from America and from Ireland has increased, and the busy steam-engines have increased our manufactures,—so has the town of Liverpool itself enlarged; and now there is almost as much commerce here as in London; and Liverpool is said to be the second commercial town in England.

"I send you herewith, dear children, my notes on Lancashire, and remain, in great haste,

"Your affectionate friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

LANCASHIRE.

(Shape)—*Lancashire has a long irregular shape, and is divided by an arm of the sea.*

(Boundaries)—*It is bounded on the north by Cumberland; on the south by Cheshire; on the east by Yorkshire; and on the west by the Irish Sea.*

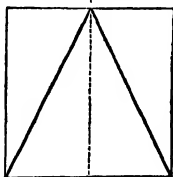
(Soil)—*Lancashire is on the whole rather damp, as the clouds from the Irish Sea break on the western range of hills, and cause frequent rain; the soil is, therefore, not so well fitted for growing corn, as for potatoes, which are largely cultivated. There are large coal districts in the south.*

(Rivers)—*The principal rivers are the Mersey, the Ribble, and the Lon.*

(Towns)—*The capital is LANCASTER, a town which, on account of its position, has not much importance. The principal towns are the cotton manufacturing towns, viz., MANCHESTER, BURY, ROCHDALE, COLTON, BLACKBURN, WIGAN, WAR² RINGTON, and STOCKPORT, a town in Cheshire. PRESTON is also a large town, but the largest is LIVERPOOL, the second commercial city in the kingdom.*

ON DRAWING CURVED LINES IN PERSPECTIVE.

P. We learned some time ago to draw a triangle in perspective. Suppose, Ion, that you draw it again.



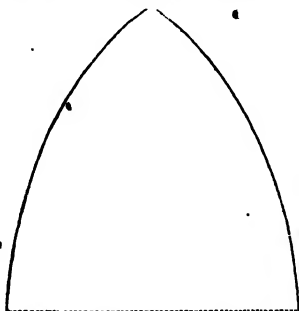
Ion. I remember how it was done. First we made

a square, and divided it by a vertical line; then we drew the triangle inside. We next drew the square in perspective, with the line through the middle. Thus—



Then it was easy to draw the triangle in perspective.

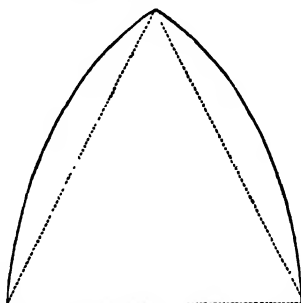
P. Now that you have drawn the triangle in perspective, you may make use of your knowledge to draw other objects in perspective with curved lines. How would you draw this arch?



Ion. I can see how it is to be done.

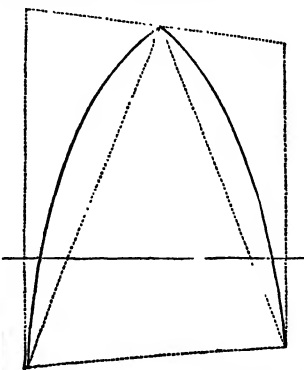
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I should draw a triangle first, and then draw the two curved lines which form the sides of the arch, *on the sides of the triangle*. Thus—just as we did in our first lesson on curved lines—

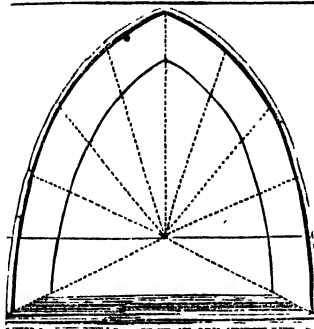


P. You can see now how easy it will be to draw that arch in perspective.

Ion. Yes, we will draw the triangle in perspective, and draw the arch on it. Let us all try.



P. I will now draw the arch of a bridge. I once told you that when an object is opposite to your



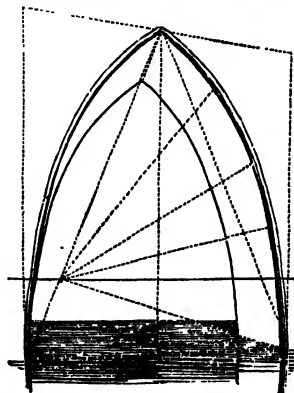
eye—opposite to the point from which you look at it—

L. Which is called “the point of station.”

P. Yes, we call such a *front view* of any object an “*elevation*.” Of one part of this drawing, however, you only have a side view.

Ion. You mean, papa, the sides of the arch—the piece of wall that shows how thick it is. That is drawn in perspective, and the lines, I see, incline to a point of sight, in the centre.

P. That is correct. Let us now



take a *side view* of the arch. We will suppose that you move from your position in front of the arch, and go to the left-hand side of it.

Ion. I can see a great difference, papa. I cannot see the thickness of the left-hand side of the arch.

W. That is because you cannot see round the corner; the front edge of the arch hides that side from you; I can see it still from the place where I am standing—in front.

Ion. But then, again, I see more of the right-hand side of the arch:—it appears to be rather thicker than it was before. Why is that?

P. You know that when an object is seen “in perspective,” it appears narrower than it really is. The surface of that side of the arch seems to you to be broader than it was before, because, now that you have changed your position, it is more directly opposite to your eye.

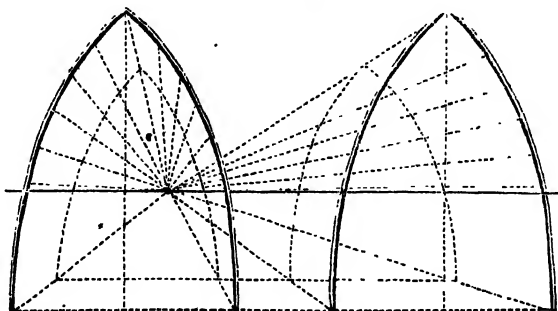
At the top of next page is a picture of two arches for you to copy.

You can see that, when making this drawing, I was not standing opposite the *middle* of the left-hand arch, for the point of sight is at the right of it. All the lines which represent the thickness of the arch are “in perspective,” as before. I have not drawn all the lines which represent the stones of the arch, but have left some for you to draw.

Ion. I can easily draw them—they must all be ruled up, to the *point of sight*. But how much thicker than the other the right hand arch appears to be!

L. That is because it was more nearly opposite to papa’s eye. How can you be sure, papa, that it is drawn exactly of the right thickness?

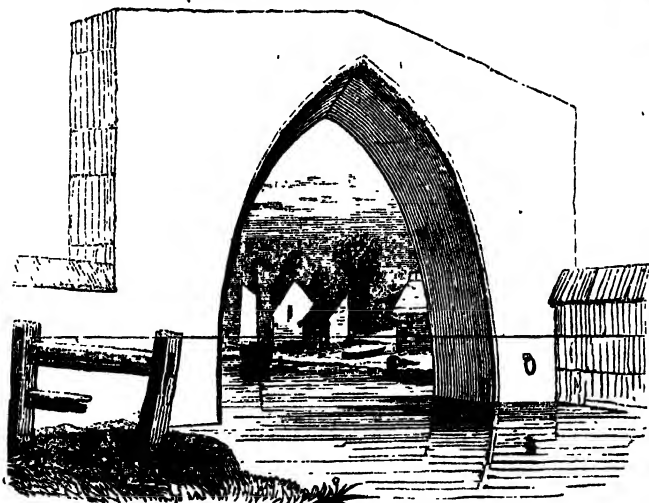
P. By the two horizontal lines at the bottom of the picture. Having measured by my eye the thickness of the left hand arch, I drew the upper horizontal line (or *ground line*, as it



is called) through the picture—and, in drawing the right hand arch, the point where the perspective line of the base of the arch, and the ground line, meet, shows where the line for the other side of the arch must

begin. There is a long sentence for you! Sit down and read it over again, and (if you think) you will soon be able to understand it.

As soon as you can do so, here is an easy drawing for you to copy.



Remember that you must first draw your horizontal line. Then see which lines are "in perspective." Some are ruled to a vanish-

ing point at a long distance outside the picture, and those in an opposite direction incline to a point of sight in the picture.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM. •

10th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

"Hold fast that which is good."

W. We are to learn to-day how that man killed his neighbours—I think that he was *too* kind to do so. How surprised Reuben must have been to find that he would not be angry.

P. Yes. Listen—

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest, but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon more than all the rest of the town put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see everything in his neighbour's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to his own. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame his bare walls. But he didn't care—not he! He wasn't going to be fool enough to rot his boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The roses smiled, the horse neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea that they were insulted by Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home his geese, and bark at them

through the bars. Reuben told his master the next day, and swore he would bring an action against him if he did not keep that dog at home; and Simeon answered very quietly, that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but not a solitary how-wow furnished cause for a lawsuit.

The new neighbours not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances toward a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine cherries. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell your mother it was very kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her." Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney corner, listened to this message once without any impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were repeated, he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg. They want to give us a hint to send a basket of our pears; that's the upshot of the business. You may send 'em a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongue folks." Poor Peggy, whose arid life had been for the moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and the halo that radiated round the ripe glowing cherries departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighbourhood, some labourers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog, occasioned by a long-continued rain. The poor oxen were unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish neighbour, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business." The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few minutes, being answered in the same surly tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbour.

The men, who were left waiting with the patient suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill-nature, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, "If he does, we will do our duty and help him out." "There's such a thing as being too good-natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"Oh, wait a while," replied Mr. Green, smiling. "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I don't kill him."

It chanced soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it from a neighbouring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer requested. 'You are in a bad

situation, neighbour," said Simeon, as he came alongside the foundered team; "but my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben quickly. "I don't want any of your help." In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have a very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark, I don't ask your help," replied Reuben emphatically. "I wouldn't help you out of the bog the other day when you asked me." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to help others in the same situation. Don't let us waste words about it, neighbour. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. —When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually thoughtful. After smoking awhile in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, "Fig, Simeon Green has killed me!"

"What do you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting, with a look of surprise.

"You know when he first came into this neighbourhood, he said he'd kill me," replied Reuben; "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have him

lend me a hand; so I told him I did not want any of his help; but he answered, just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had happened, that he was not willing to leave me in the mud."

"He is a pleasant-spoken man, and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighbourly body, too."

Reuben made no answer; but after meditating awhile, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon at the bottom of the garden? you may as well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But, when the morning came, Reuben walked back and forth, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity often manifested by hens and fashionable idlers, who feel restless and don't know what to run after. At length the cause of his uncertain movements was explained. "I guess I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen. In my flurry down there in the marsh, I didn't think to say that I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had ever happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quick, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stopped to reconsider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent you,

and we reckon it's a ripe one." Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and, without raising his eyes, said, "May be Mr. Green isn't in this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, "I am glad to see you, neighbour. Take a chair—take a chair."

"Thank you, I can't stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort—"The fact is, Mr. Green, I didn't behave right about the oxen."

"Never mind—never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again, some of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know who to call upon."

"Why you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild clear eye—"you see the neighbours here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbours as you are, I shouldn't be just as I am."

"Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon. "You know the good book says so. I have learned by experience, that *if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes*. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make others happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbours round in time. Who knows?—let

us try, Mr. Black, let us try. And come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some scions from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away into the barn. From that day henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towzer on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow!"

Simeon Green was too magnanimous to repeat to any that his quarrelsome neighbour had confessed himself to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, "I thought we should kill him after a while."

Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrines. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, "Skin Green's a fool. When he first came here, he talked very big about killing folks, if they didn't mind their P's and Q's. But he don't appear to have as much spirit as a worm; for a worm will turn when it's trod upon."

Poor Joe had grown more in-temperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water-

melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstance to any one but his wife; and they both had reason for suspecting that Joe was the thief. The next week, the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the newspaper of the county:—

WHOEVER STOLE a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind.

This singular advertisement, of course, excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a green-horn if he did; for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who had committed the dishonest deed alone knew whence that benevolent offer came; and he knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow-creatures.

A few nights afterwards, a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family were retiring to rest. When the door was opened, Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without raising his eyes, he said in a low humble tone, "I have brought them back, Mr. Green. Where shall I put them?"

"Wait a moment till I can light a lanthorn, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. "Then you will come in, and tell me how it happened.—We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had become accustomed to the stimulus of rum.

She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat and pie.

When they returned from the barn, she said, "I thought you might feel better for a little warm supper, neighbour Smith." Joe turned his back towards her, and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after a moment's silence, he said in a choked voice, "It was the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I didn't think once I should ever come to what I am. But I took to quarrelling, and then to drinking. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble, and my children starving. You have sent them a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them, the first chance I could get. But I tell you, Mr. Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young, and can make up lost time. Come, now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you to-morrow at good wages. Mary will see to your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. It will keep you from wanting to drink anything stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain at first. Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, and it will soon become easy."

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him.

He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table, and wept like a child.

After awhile, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water; and he ate and drank with a good appetite. When he went away, the kind-hearted host said, "Try to do well, Joseph, and you shall always find a friend in me."

The poor fellow pressed his hand, and replied, "I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbours."

Joe entered into Mr. Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and faithful man.

W. And that is the end, I suppose? Then he killed *two* men—Reuben and Joe.

L. But you must not say that he killed them—he only killed their bad tempers.

P. Yes. Just in the same way that Hitty conquered the bad feeling in Tom Smith. So you now may understand what these new Waterloo weapons are for. They will, if God bless them, help you to conquer evil in the new way that Jesus Christ has taught us.

Try, dear children, always to act in the spirit of our Saviour Jesus, as Simeon Green did.—Keep on in one good course. If you see an enemy, try to kill everything in him that is bad, but never try to kill his body; we have no right to do that.

W. Besides, it does him no good!

P. No good—Would that all the world would remember it! Let us try to *hold fast that which is good*, and our neighbours will soon learn from us. If half the world teach this to the other half, there will be no people left to quarrel; then—all the world will dwell in peace.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 4. INSECT-EATING ANIMALS (*Insectivora*).

W. Mamma. I know another use of the Hedgehogs—they are useful in the underground part of the house, in the *kitchens*, because at Uncle John's farm there was a hedgehog kept on purpose to eat the black beetles.

M. That is true; and they are of service more particularly in large cities, where there are great numbers of cockroaches and crickets. They would be very useful to the bakers, to kill the swarms of cockroaches which are found in the bakehouse, and sometimes even in the bread; but they are apt to get under the fireplace, or in the warm oven to go to sleep, and thus are soon killed.

I have read that in some parts of the Continent the hedgehog is also used as food, and was formerly eaten in our own country; it was either roasted or baked in a pie.

W. How nice, mamma! Is it of any other use when it is dead?

M. Yes. I believe that its *skin* is sometimes used to form a muzzle for the mouths of young calves who have had too much milk, and require to be weaned.

Ion. And I can tell you a curious thing that Cleeve's papa told him about the hedgehogs. He says that whenever they make holes in the ground for their nests, they are sure to make the openings *towards the south*. I think that that is a curious instinct—to know the north from the south! So, during all the long winter, when they are asleep, and the north wind is blowing, they are protected from it!

W. Now, mamma, please tell us about those *Shrews*. What are they?

M. They are country animals. I dare say we may find one, one day, if we go into the fields. They live, generally, near the water, in "sunny banks covered with grass and vegetation;" or they inhabit old walls, heaps of stones, haystacks, and manure beds. I have found in a book a passage describing their habits, written by a gentleman named Dr. Barnard Clarke, who paid much attention to these little animals. You shall hear it.

"Whilst walking," he says, "by the side of the river Gipping, my attention was arrested by several water-shrews actively engaged in a dyke that runs parallel to the river. These little creatures were in such rapid motion on the water, that its surface was thrown into a state of quick undulation, though the dyke was at least four feet wide. At times they would be upon the surface, moving at a rapid rate between the blades of the aquatic plants that grew from the bottom; then they would dive, and for a while remain beneath; but always, on returning to the top, display the greatest rapidity in their movements. Whilst above water, they were constantly repeating their faint squeak, which appeared as though expressive of pleasure. On visiting the spot the following evening, I hid myself—and was thus able to remark the movements of these little animals on land. I found, beneath a bank and close by the water-side, a long gallery, which, though in a great measure naturally formed, yet had been much laboured at by the shrews to render it a convenient viaduct between one hunting-place and another; the grasses and other plants had been removed, as well as here and there small portions of earth, in order to render this passage, in their movements from end to end, as commodious as possible. I observed the shrews continually passing backwards and forwards through this passage, which

enabled them to travel from one part of the ditch to another. This passage was, evidently, the common property of many shrews, as several were continually running backwards and forwards along its whole extent, and ultimately taking to the water, swimming up and down the ditch, diving, and performing various evolutions in search of their insect prey. On emerging from the water, the coat appears perfectly dry, but this is further ensured by the little creature giving itself a sudden shake on arriving at its landing-place. When a shrew secured an insect, it quitted the water, and ascended a convenient stone, or the projecting root of a tree, or a clod of earth, where at leisure it devoured its prize, steadying the insect with its fore-paws, while it nibbled it with the greatest enjoyment."

L. I should like to see some shrews very much. Look at the picture.* They have a long snout, like the mole and the hedgehog. I suppose that is given to them to bore holes in the ground with.

M. It is used for that purpose.

W. But, mamma, they have external ears. Poor fellows, I should think it must be very unpleasant to go into the water so much, with external ears!

M. No. You may be sure that as God has intended the shrew to live in the water, He will make it comfortable; it will be fitted for the circumstances it is placed in, just as the mole, that lives under the earth, is. It is found that it has a muscle which enables it to shut up the opening of its ear, and to keep out the water, whenever it wants to swim.

W. Are there any other insect-eating animals besides the mole, the hedgehog, and the shrew?

M. Yes, there is another family, which I have not seen. I have read of an insect-eating animal which has a long pointed snout and a bushy tail, like the squirrels! Instead of living in the earth, like the other animals of this order, I believe that it climbs the trees, and eats fruits as well as insects. Indeed at a distance it could hardly be distinguished from the squirrel, if it were not for its long snout. It is called the *BANKSIA*.

L. How is it you have never seen one, mamma?

M. Because it lives so far off. It is found in the islands of *Java* and *Sumatra*. Look at your map of *Asia*, and you will see that these islands are beyond India.

You may now get your slate, Lucy, and make the lesson.

Lesson 17. MAMMALS. ORDER 4. INSECT-EATING ANIMALS (*Insectivora*).

1. This order is composed of animals formed to live upon the insects found in the earth. Their habits, therefore, resemble those of the third order, for most of them catch the insects in the evening time, or at night, and sleep during the day. Like the bats, they are also torpid during the winter.

2. As they feed at the same time, and eat the same kind of food as the bats, they are like them in their SENSES with which they find the insects; and in the TEETH with which they eat them. As, however, they live and find the insects in a different place, they differ in their LIMBS with which they pursue them. They have not wings, fitted for flying, but claws, for running, swimming, scratching, and digging under the earth.

4. The principal families of this order are the *MOLES*—the *SHREWS*

—the HEDGEHOGS—and the BANXINGS.

W. Now we are going to learn about the *fifth Order*!

M. I think that instead of beginning the history of such an important order, we will to-day talk of something else. Do you remember my telling you once, that all the divisions of animals were

connected together like the parts of one great chain? .

W. I remember, mamma—when we had our first Natural History lesson.

M. Then let us now look at some of the mammals which connect the different orders together. What do you say of these? Are they monkeys or bats?



The Flying Lemur

W. They look like both. ^

M. These animals are placed in the *second order*; they belong to the lowest family of monkeys—the Lemurs.

W. What is the animal's name, mamma?

M. It is called the Flying Lemur, or *Galeopithecus*. Although it cannot fly as the bats can, the skin between its limbs assists it to take long and sweeping leaps from tree to tree. It has many habits like those of the bat—such as its hanging with its head downwards, and sleeping during the day in the

deep shady places of the forest. Therefore, the proper place in the scale of nature for these animals, would seem to be between the second and third order of mammals—as a link to connect them.

Ion. But are there any animals to connect the second order with the *first* one—with *man*?

M. None of the lower animals can be very much like man, because of his mental distinctions, and immortality; but if we were to begin with the lowest tribe of monkeys—the Lemurs, and trace them upward, we should find them

gradually approaching to man in their structure and habits, until we reached the Ourang Outang and Chimpanzee, who can chatter,

laugh, cry, drink tea, and imitate man in very difficult actions.

Here is another animal of the second order.



The Aye-aye

W. It looks very much like a squirrel. What order does the squirrel belong to?

M. The squirrel belongs to the seventh order. If I were to describe to you this animal's teeth, tail, and other parts, and were to tell you of its *habits*, you would find that it is like the squirrel in more than its appearance, and that it really forms a link between the second and the seventh orders. It is, I believe, called the *Aye-aye*, from the little sharp sound it makes, as it hops about on the trees.

L. You told us, too, mamma, that the *Banxring*, which belong

to the fourth order, were not unlike the squirrels; having bushy tails, and living on the trees, so that the *Banxring* connects the fourth and the seventh orders.

M. It does, I believe, form a link between them.

W. Then we have learned of three animals connecting different orders—

The *Flying Lemur*, connecting the second and the third orders;

The *Aye-aye*, which connects the second and the seventh orders; and

The *Banxring*, which forms a link between the fourth and the seventh orders.

THAT thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.

COWPER.

*THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

HENRY SECOND.

P. Let us talk about better times. It was a joyful day for the English nation when the young Prince Henry came over from Normandy to reign. There was no one to dispute his claim to the crown, so that his power was much greater than Stephen's had been; and he might do much good with it if he used it wisely. He happened to be besieging the castle of a disorderly Norman baron when he heard the news of Stephen's death, but he was so sensible of the goodness of his title to the crown, that he did not give up the siege until the castle was taken.

L. Then, papa, he was a Norman king. You call him a Plantagenet king. What does that mean?

P. He was not a Norman by birth. His mother, Matilda, was, you remember, the daughter of Henry I.'s wife, who, I told you, was a Saxon nun. Thus Prince Henry (or Henry II., as we must call him now) had some Saxon blood in him. His father was *Geoffrey Plantagenet*, the Count of Anjou, and he was one of a most illustrious family. The name of the family was *Martel*, but it was changed into Plantagenet, because the Count of Anjou, instead of wearing a feather in his helmet, used to wear, in the battle, a bunch of flowering broom, or *plante de genêt*, as it was called.

Henry, when he came to the throne, had a truly large, and, what some people would call, a splendid empire to govern. From his father he inherited the territories of Anjou, Touraine, and Maine—from his mother he derived Normandy—from his wife,

Eleanor, the Duchess of Aquitaine, he received dominions from the river Loire to the Pyrenees, viz., Guienne, Poitou, Auvergne, Perigord, Angoumois, and the Limousin. To these he soon after added Brittany, and Ireland, which he conquered. He was thus monarch not only of Britain, but of the most important part of France.

W. Well! that is a number of places! How did he manage to govern so many? It must have been troublesome work, I think.

Ion. Is that why you do not call it a splendid empire, papa?

P. That is partly the reason. His empire could not be called a "splendid" one unless he governed it well. To know whether an empire is splendid, we must look not at its quantity, but its quality. We must see how Henry governed, not how much.

W. Yes; I think that is what I should care about if I were a king. I should like people to see how I would govern. It is such a curious thing for a king to give himself the trouble to govern a very large piece of the world, for what is the good of it? Our teacher at school showed us, on the map, the great piece called Russia, and said that it is all governed by a man called "the emperor"—and that he actually wants some more to govern! He must be a very stupid fellow, I think—for, instead of enjoying himself, he will even take an army of soldiers into another country, and fight the people there, on purpose that he may govern them, and call their piece of land "Russia." What is the good of calling everything "Russia," I wonder?

P. I cannot answer you very well, Willie. It would be a good thing if not only the Emperor of

Russia, but all kings, were to try and make their empire *better* instead of larger.

W. That is just what I think; because, how can they really govern the people if they have not time to see them, and talk to them, and know all about them? Oh! I only wish that somebody would make me a king when I grow up to be a man!

P. What would you do, Willie?

W. I should do ever so many things. I think I should go and see how many poor people, and starving people, there were; and I should find out why they were poor and starving. If a poor woman said to me, "Please your Majesty, I work sixteen hours a-day, and I can't get enough bread to eat;" I should say to the men who employed her, "You are wicked people, to pay her so little money; give her some more!"

And then, I should say, to my parliament, "Make some better laws! Make a law that *nobody shall ever be paid for any kind of work less than so much a-day*; and all who can't earn so much fairly must go to the workhouse, and be taken care of." Then, if there should not be enough work for the strong people, I should persuade them to go to some new land, and dig it up, and make what they call a *colony*. That's what I would do.

And I'll tell you what else I would do. I would inquire about the thieves, and other bad people—those who were often tipsy—those who were ignorant, and many others; and I would see myself about them, whether schools could not be made for them in the prisons, so that they might learn better. And I would see that my kingdom was kept clean and tidy, that the streets were clean, and the

houses well built, and I should tell the people to build plenty of places to worship God in. I would see, too, that the people should make all manner of improvements in the goods they manufactured, and in trade, and would give prizes—just as Prince Albert is doing with his GREAT EXHIBITION. And I would do, oh! a great many more things—I can't tell you what. I should be so busy if I were a king, just like Alfred the Great. I should want to make my kingdom *better*,—not larger. And if any other king wanted me to fight him, I should say that I had got something else to do.

Perhaps I should make a great many mistakes, but I should always be working inside my kingdom,—just as uncle John does in his farm. I should be looking out for anything that might want to be mended. That's the proper work for kings! They should fight with each other to see who will have the *best* kingdom—not the largest.

P. Well, Willie, you have been making a long speech, certainly; perhaps you had better send it to the Emperor of Russia, with your compliments, if you think that he will not laugh at you. Let us go back to HENRY II. You will be glad to hear that he did just as you would wish him to do. Although he had a large empire he was very active indeed, and he governed it as well as he possibly could.

When he came to England, he found many things that "wanted to be mended." 1st, He made the barons pull down many of the strong castles which they had built in Stephen's reign, because "the robbers, who stole the cattle and corn from the farmers, used to hide themselves in these castles, and the judges could not get at them to

punish them." About *eleven hundred* castles were destroyed.

2ndly, He sent away all the foreign soldiers who had been brought to England and paid to fight for Stephen and for Matilda. He gave them all the wages that were owing to them, and sent them back, along with their captains, to Normandy, France, and Flanders. He wanted *working* men, not fighting men; and he said that *English* soldiers were the best to defend the English people.

3rdly, He found that during the disorderly times some dishonest people had been debasing the coin again, and he had it all cried down.

4thly, He built up the towns that had been burned in the wars; "and the people began to feel safe, and to build their cottages, and plough the fields, so that the country was once more fit to be called dear merry England."

5thly, He did another very important thing—he granted privileges to the people which increased their power. He granted charters to those who lived in the towns. In many of these charters, the citizens were released from their service to the barons, who lived in the castles—for, having become rich citizens they wanted to be independent of the barons. He thus gave them freedom from the government of any other person but himself.

L. Just as it is now; the *nobles* do not reign—only the king.

L. Yes. This freedom of the citizens helped, with other causes which I will point out soon, to destroy the *Feudal System*. These charters were the groundwork of English liberty. The people were not such slaves now as they had been in William the Conqueror's time.

Henry by such means established peace, and the people began again to enjoy themselves. Here is a very pretty account, in "*Little Arthur's History of England*," of one of their amusements. I will read it to you—

"Instead of fighting and quarrelling with one another, the young men used to make parties together, and ride out with their dogs, to hunt the foxes and deer, in the forests; and sometimes the ladies went with them, to see a kind of hunting, that was very pretty, but it is not used now. Instead of dogs, to catch wild animals, they used a bird called a hawk, to catch partridges and pigeons for them. It took a great deal of trouble to teach the hawks, and the man who taught them and took care of them was called a Falconer, because the best kind of hawk is the falcon.

"When the ladies and gentlemen went hawking, the birds used to sit upon their left wrists while they held a little chain in their hands; and there was a hood over the birds' heads, that their eyes might be kept clear. As soon as the party got into the fields they took the hood off the birds' eyes, and as soon as they saw any game, they loosed the little chain they held in their hands, and then the birds flew after the game; and the ladies and gentlemen rode up after them to receive it when the falcon had caught it.

"King Henry loved hunting very well, but he was too wise to hunt much. He spent most of his time in going about to put everything in order, and made the wisest men judges; and he got some learned men to seek out all the best laws that had ever been made in England."

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

SPAIN—SEVILLE.

"Nought hath the hapless traveller seen,
Who to fair Seville hath not been."

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I was once looking at a very large and beautiful picture, and was wondering at the fineness of its workmanship, when I went up close to it to examine it carefully. Ah, how disappointed I was! It appeared now to be made of great daubs of paint, which seemed as if they had been laid on with a pallet knife. I was only a boy then, and the old gentleman who had brought me to see the picture, smiled, saying, 'Ah, you have to learn yet how many things look best at a distance!'

"On our way home in the evening, we were looking across the country at the hills, which, as the sun set, seemed to be of a rich purple colour; and when I told him how I wished to stand on one of those purple hills, and see the purple ground, and purple trees, he smiled again, and said, 'Ah, they look best in the distance! This very hill which we are standing upon appears in the distance to others to be of exactly the same colour as those. Yet, you see no purple ground, or trees.'

"I had not learned this lesson, even when I was a man. Ever since I was a boy I had thought of Spain as a kind of fairy land; a land where the sun always shone, where beautiful streams sparkled with gladness, where there were rich woods, roaring cataracts, craggy steepes, and mountains capped with clouds. I had imagined a paradise of beauty, inhabited by

brave knights and nobles. This picture which had been dwelling so long in my mind, I carried with me to Spain, but now I began to think I had made my old mistake again, and that Spain, like the picture and the mountains, looked best in the distance.

"You, dear children, will one day learn how many times

"Things are not what they seem."

"I was hardly disposed to give up my old ideas of Spain, even when I saw my mistake; and, as in the early part of the fine sunny morning, our steamer entered the Guadalquivir, I still had the dreamy expectation that she would bear me through a land of more than earthly splendour.

"But, *why* had I such expectations of Spain? perhaps you ask. If you do ask that question, you only show that you have not read the history of the land, nor do you know of its glowing suns, and pleasant climate, nor of its rich and fruitful—but *neglected* soil. Neither have you read of the mighty and terrible battles which have been fought here, over and over again. Shall I stop to-day and tell you something of the history of Spain, instead of describing it as it is? Suppose that we allow a little time for the steamer to travel to Seville (for she was on the water nearly all the day), and we will look back a little on the olden times.

"Think of Spain a long, long time ago,—as far back as the year 400. At that period, Spain was a province of the great empire of Rome, just as Britain was; but it was a far richer, and more important province than Britain. Four years after the northern barbarians (whom I dare say you have

read of in PLEASANT PAGES*) had rushed down to the South of Europe, Spain was overrun by Allans, Suevi, and Vandals, who in time were all conquered by the great tribes of the Visigoths. These Visigoths settled in the land, and established a great kingdom.

"Let us now suppose that 200 years have passed away. The Visigoths are still reigning triumphantly in Spain, so we will let them alone, and take a peep into another country.

"Take your map of the world and look for the *Red Sea*. On the east of the *Red Sea*—or, I should say, between the *Red Sea* and the *Persian Gulf*—you will see a large tract of sandy desert called *ARABIA*. Here, about the year 600, dwelt a wild race of men, the descendants of Abram's son Ishmael. They were a restless and roving race, even as they are now, dwelling in tents, and wandering with their camels, horses, and sheep, from one green spot in the desert to another. They were fond, too, of war and plunder, for God had said that "their hands should be against every man;" but although every man's hand had been against them, and armies had tried to subdue them, no one had been able to do so,—they were still unconquered and independent.

"But, at this period, there arose amongst them an extraordinary man—a man more wonderful than all the other Arabs, for he caused

them all to obey him. This man's name was *MAHOMET*; he brought to them a new religion, and when the scattered tribes of Arabia believed in him, he bound them all together in the one idea that he taught them, which was this—

"There is only one God, and Mahomet is the last and greatest of his prophets."

"Before Mahomet came, the poor Arabs, who had much imagination, worshipped many gods—gods which their imaginations had made. They worshipped the sun, and moon, and silent stars, which shone with so much beauty in the clear sky above their desert. They had some ideas about gods from other nations, from the idolators and the Jews; but all their old thoughts and objects of worship they gave up, when they learned the ideas of Mahomet.

"One thought they learned from Mahomet was, that his idea was the *only truth*;—that, if they found any nation who did not believe as they did, the people *were not fit to live*; and that they must either believe in him or die.

"So they determined to spread Mahomet's religion with their swords—and we shall soon see how they thought that even the old Visigoths, who were comfortably settled in Spain, and even all the world, might be made to believe in Mahomet.

"But you shall hear more of them in my next letter.

"Believe me, dear children,

"Your affectionate

"*UNCLE RICHARD.*"

* See page 88

CURVED LINES.

PERSPECTIVE.

P. You may now, *Ion*, draw three arches in perspective. Where would you stand to get this view?

Ion. I should stand, *papa*, at the left-hand side of the bridge.

P. Where would the point of sight be?

Ion. There would be no point of sight in the picture, but the lines of the bridge would incline toward a vanishing point; and the lines with which we draw the sides of the arches (I mean the lines which show how thick they are)—as all those lines are parallel, they would incline towards another vanishing point.

P. Where would you fix those vanishing points?

Ion. I should make the horizontal line much longer at each end, and fix each of the vanishing points at some distance outside the picture.

P. How is it that the distant arches become smaller?

W. I was noticing the reason—the squares become smaller as they are more distant; so, the triangles in those squares must be smaller, and the arches drawn on those triangles must be smaller also.

P. After you have drawn these arches, you may next copy the drawing of the bridge which I have made for you.

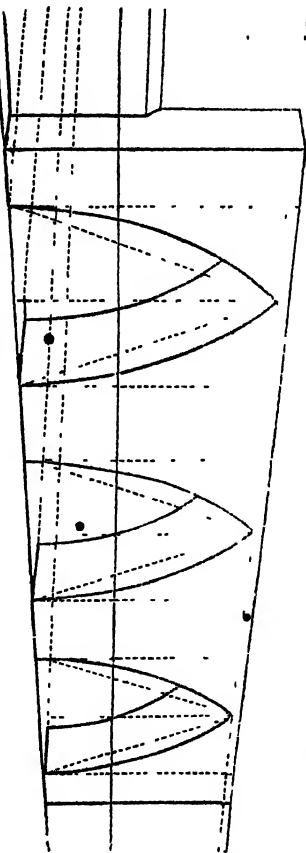
L. I do not think, *papa*, that it is very difficult.

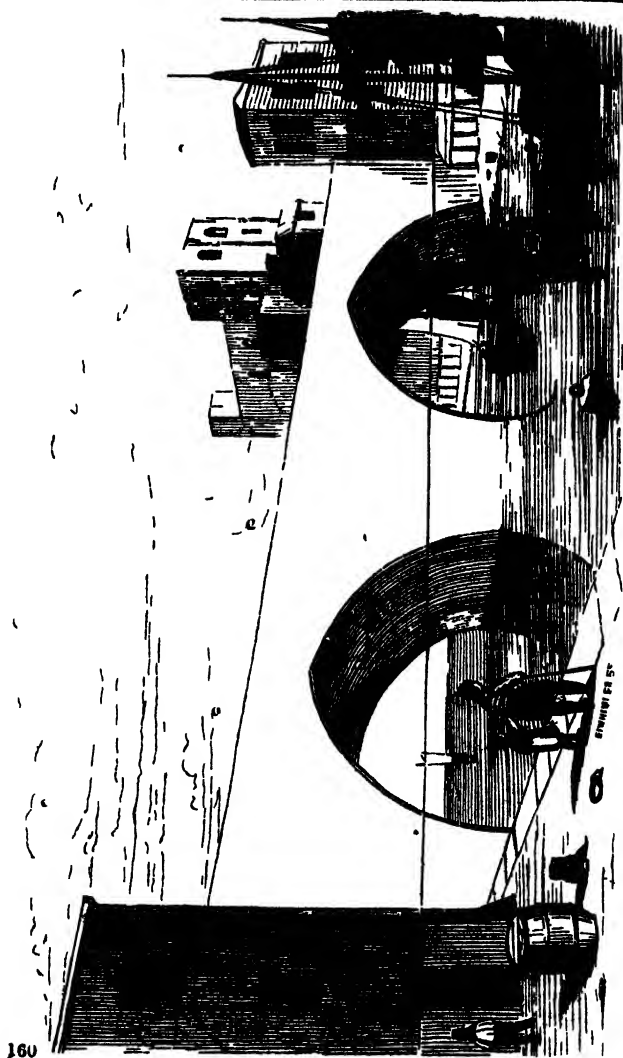
P. You will not find it difficult if you remember the rules that you have learned. When you have fixed your vanishing points, tell me which lines would incline toward them.

L. To the vanishing point, on the right-hand side, which would be a long way off, I should rule the lines for the bridge, and the lines for the squares in which the

arches would be drawn; and, to the vanishing point on the left-hand side I should incline the lines for the sides of the arches—for the end of the bridge, and—the lines for the shore on each side of the water.

P. You may now draw it.





PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

11th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

W. Papa, I am so glad about something.

P. What is that, Willie?

W. I have heard that you are going to begin another course of Moral Lessons. I don't know what they are to be.

P. Then you shall hear. Sit down. There was once a great boy, about fifteen years of age, who had just left school, and had read the Moral Lessons in "PLEASANT PAGES."

W. Ah! I have read some of those lessons. There is something about a boy named Willie.

Ion. And about another called Ion.

L. And about a girl called Lucy.

P. Yes. And you shall find that there will be something about a boy called WALTER.

Walter had been reading in "PLEASANT PAGES" the lesson on *Principles*. After he had shut the book, he put his elbow on the ledge of the window at which he was sitting; and as he looked through the glass he began to think about his own principles. "Well," he thought to himself, "I have just left school and am going into the world; I have made up my mind to something—I will be respectable!"

L. Oh! that was not much to try for.

P. But listen. He knew that he would have a large sum of money when he should become a man.

W. Well, then he would be

respectable of course!—without trying at all. At least, he would if he had very much money—if he had £1,000. I think that £1,000 would make him respectable!

L. What nonsense, Willie!

P. Oh, for shame, Willie! How can money make any one respectable? Money is only "a mineral substance"—and it has very little to do with being respectable.

W. Then it has something to do with it, I suppose?

P. Yes. For instance—there are some people who are very poor indeed, without clothes, and without money to buy them, for as soon as they earn a little money they spend it in beer.

W. In what, papa?

P. In beer, and sometimes they become tipsy—so their want of money shows, that they have the bad habit of *drunkenness*, and are not respectable.

L. How do they get that habit, papa?

P. It grows out of a bad principle—"the principle of excess."

Again,—a man, who once lived not very far from us lost nearly all his money; and his wife and little children are all poor now because he was not a *careful* man—he would run risks with his money—he bought a great many things that he did not want, such as railway shares, and some farms in the country, and other things which he thought he could sell again for more money; and he was obliged to sell them for a very little—so that now he is rather poor.

L. That showed that he had not

the *cautious* principle; "the *incautious* principle," I think he had.

P. Yes, or you might call it the principle of *carelessness*.

W. And he had the *covetous* principle—he wanted to get rich too fast.

P. True. Now, whenever any one sees that this man is poor, they remember that he had the principles of *carelessness* and *covetousness*—so they think that he is not respectable.

There are other people without money because they have not the principle of *perseverance*—others are poor because they have not the principle of *punctuality*—others because they have not the principle of *self-control*.

W. I understand, now, papa. When men see others without any money, they think—Ah! perhaps they have not good principles—

Ion. Or else, that they have *bad* ones; so people say to themselves, "If that is the reason why such a man is poor, he cannot be respectable."

P. For the same reason, when people see a man very rich, who was once poor, they say, "Ah! he is a respectable man." They think it is most likely that he gained all his money by his good principles.

Your mamma's grandpapa was a "director" in a Bank. He became rich because everybody trusted him very much; for they knew that he had the *cautious* principle, and the principles of *order* and *exactness*. He had not the principle of *excess*, but the principle of *moderation*.

W. I do not understand the meaning of all those principles, papa.

P. We will talk about all of them one day. I will tell you of one more respectable man. He is

a young man, and a lawyer. All who know him can depend on his word, for he fears God, and has the principles of truth and honesty; he would be ashamed to cheat any one; and then, he is a hard-working, industrious man—so a great number of people bring him business to attend to.

L. Is he rich, papa?

P. No, he is rather poor; but he will be rich—he is almost sure to be—he cannot help it, for his good principles and habits will bring him riches.

Ion. Ah, now, papa, I see very clearly indeed why we think that people are respectable when they are rich. You know that we learned about the *effect* of anything—its consequence, as we called it. Well, then!—riches come in consequence of good principles—they are one of the effects; so we say a rich man is likely to be respectable, because we think his riches *may be* the effect of good principles. What is the exact meaning of respectable?

P. Respectable means "worthy of respect." It means—to be such a man that you can respect yourself, and other people can respect you.

Ion. Then of course *riches* do not make us respectable. Our principles make us respectable; and our "respectableness" *makes* the riches.

W. "*Respectability*," you should say. Well, that is worth remembering! Respectability does not depend upon riches, but upon our *principles*.

P. That is true, and it is exactly what WALTER thought. He thought—"When I am a man, I shall be rich. I shall have *three* thousand pounds! But no,—the pounds will not make me respectable!—

they will not *make any difference whatever*. People will say, "Oh, it was left to him in a *will*, he did not earn it. If they should show me any respect, they will be paying it to my money, and not to me."

Ion. And that would not be true respect, for people cannot respect money. They only *pretend* when they say they do, I'm sure.

L. And a bad man might get money in that way without earning it. It might be left to him in a will; then he would be rich and not respectable.

W. Yes. I have read, in history, of men who had much money left to them by their fathers. They were rich and were *noblemen*, but they were not respectable men.

P. Then, they were not real noblemen. The true *nobleman* is the *working-man*. Listen, Willie. You and Ion may become noblemen—true noblemen—without any money at all.

W. By working?

P. Yes. If you work very hard to conquer evil wherever you find it. First, conquer the evil within you; then try to conquer the evil around you. Help those that are suffering, and teach those who are ignorant. You may not be called noblemen; but if, dear children, you really work hard to keep down the evil in yourselves,—if you strive against all bad tempers and habits, and can say, "I am the master of my own spirit," and if you really strive to drive out all that is bad by learning what is good, then, by the help of God, you may in time become real noblemen.

But let me tell you more of *WALTER's* thoughts. He thought, "How I should like to gain some good principles—something better than money, that I may be really respectable! I have read of *TRUTH*

and *HONESTY*. When I go into the world, men shall see that I *practise* them. But I feel another feeling within me. I would not only like to be honest, but I would like to be very just. I would like to pay to every one just what he ought to have. I would like to love every one just as much as he ought to be loved—to honour and obey every one as much as he ought to be obeyed. I should like always to do just what is fair and right—I wonder what that feeling is!"

L. I could have told him—it was the feeling of *Justice* that he loved.

P. True—he did not happen to know its name; "but," he said to himself, "I will cultivate this feeling until it forms a good principle; then shall I have within me three good principles to take care of. These principles will be three great treasures, which, if I keep them, will make me more respectable than the three thousand pounds can do. Oh, what real treasures these will be!—the inward treasures of *TRUTH*, *HONESTY*, and—

W. *JUSTICE*. I should think that you are going to give us a course of lessons about *Justice*, papa.

P. That is just what I am going to do. Here is a book with a picture in it, and a little story, which I will read to you.

W. But let us look at the picture, papa, please. Ah! there are a large tree and a number of men.

L. Yes; and look, Willie—some of them are white men with broad-brimmed hats, and a number of Indians have come to meet them. They have not any spears, or bow and arrows; no shields, either.

Ada. But look at the feathers on this man's head!

Jon. Yes. They all seem to be talking about something; they are quite in earnest, and this man with the feathers is the chief. Here is the chief of the white men, too, with a band round his waist. I think that there is something the matter.

P. But let me read you the story:—

"To this day, when a civilised people go into a savage country to form settlements in it, either they take the land by force, or they do not bargain for it in such a way as to satisfy the original people. Where a satisfactory arrangement has not been made at first, the settlers are almost sure to fall sooner or later into disputes with the natives; and thus wars arise, which are sure to occasion them great misery. An invariable course of justice would have a very different effect, as was proved in the noble instance of William Penn and his followers when they founded the state of Pennsylvania.

"Penn, who was one of the society of Friends, or Quakers, went to America in the reign of Charles II., and determined to deal with the Indians as he would with any of his own people. He bought their land, and paid them for it; and always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance 'is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase; and as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands if they were willing. They returned for answer that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited; but, 'to please

their father Onas,' as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they agreed that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, 'beginning at the great river *Cosquanco*, and ending at the great river *Kallapingo*;' and in return, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried; for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far, as to greatly astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. 'The walker cheated us,' said the Indians.

"Ah, how can that be?' said Penn; 'did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?'

"True,' replied the Indians; 'but white brother make a big walk.'

"Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it: and if not, should be compelled to it.

"Compelled!' exclaimed Penn; 'how can you *compel* them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?' Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said—'Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?'

"This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and the number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians shaking hands with Penn, went away

smiling. After they were gone the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, 'Oh, how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain; that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them; and all about a *little piece of land*."

W. And how cheap a thing is *justice*!—because, you see, it would not have been justice to have kept them to their bargain—for they

would not have had the just value of their land, and that was what they wanted and ought to have had.

Ion. And how comfortable and pleased that Mr. Penn must have felt in himself! for I dare say he said as he went away, "I have done what is right and fair."

P. And the Indians thought so too: no doubt they said to themselves, "Brother Penn is a respectable man."

THE MORNING MIST.

Look, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene;
Nor house, nor hill, canst thou behold,
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapours shroud;
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the grey wood and meadows green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The clouds shall pass away—
The light that struggles through them now
Shall beam eternal day.

FOOTNEY.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter gadfly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass by the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there was the gnat, and the dragonfly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth, in his plumage of down,
And the hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance,—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner look'd up to the skies;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle, oh! shocking to tell!
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell;
Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in his head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glowworm, came out with his light;
Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

T. ROSCUE.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

HENRY THE SECOND.

P. I told you in our last History lesson that Henry did much to restore peace in his kingdom, but it was some time before he could establish good order.

I said, also, that Stephen, being an usurper, had been compelled to allow too many castles to be built in England, which Henry destroyed. Henry found, too, that to purchase the assistance of the nobles. Stephen had given them the greater part of the riches belonging to the crown; so that there really was barely sufficient property left to maintain his royal dignity decently. He, therefore, called a great council of the barons, who declared that as Stephen had no real right to the crown, he had no power to give away its possessions, and that they must all be returned. This Henry forced the barons to do, and he thus became richer and more powerful than ever. At this time he went over to his large territories in France and Normandy, accompanied by a splendid and powerful court, which could not be equalled by that of any monarch in Europe. On his return he marched into Wales; and although, when amongst the Welsh mountains, his army was nearly cut to pieces, he at length defeated the people, obliging them to surrender the territory they had taken from England in Stephen's time, and to do homage to him for their own country.

Henry's ambitious disposition did not allow him to be at peace for a long time. He soon after engaged in a war with the King of France, in order to extend his kingdom to the southern parts of

that country, and to gain possession of *Toulouse*, a town which you may see on the map of Europe.

I told you how Henry had, at the beginning of his reign, given charters to the people living in the large towns, by which they gained many privileges. I said, too, that by this act he did much to weaken the feudal system, for he gave importance to a class of people who soon became rich and powerful, and claimed a share in the government of the country. So that there were soon four powerful classes in the nation—the Serfs, the Barons, the Citizens, and the King.

Henry, in his contest with the King of France, adopted a plan which soon became a general practice with kings, and at last tended to overthrow the feudal system. I said, in one of our former lessons,* that the system of government was changed from the allodial to the feudal system, partly by the different method of paying the serfs. You had better look back and read once more how the barbarians received their "sold," or payment in money instead of land, and what were the consequences. In Henry's time, the feudal system was well established in England. The barons and their serfs were settled on the land; and, when the king went to battle, the barons were obliged to serve him in person, bringing their vassals with them, who, you may remember, were obliged to follow their masters to the battle-field, and to serve them for forty days. Now, the king thought to himself, "If I summon my barons and their vassals to this war in the South of FRANCE, they

* Vol. I., page 324.

will only be obliged to follow me for *forty days*, and most of the time will be consumed in marching so long a distance." He saw, too, that he would require a very large army. He therefore made the same agreement with his barons as they used in former times to make with their serfs—that instead of following him to battle, they should each pay him so much money. This proposal was agreeable to the knights, and to their serfs also, for they all wished to remain at home and attend to the land. It was quite as agreeable to Henry, for he thought, "With the immense sum of money which they will pay me, I will raise a large army of *soldiers*, who will serve me for the sake of their daily pay. The men of this army will all obey *my* orders, without the trouble arising from having also to obey their feudal lord; and again, I will choose men who live near the seat of the war." This was not a new idea; such soldiers had, you may remember, been brought from Flanders in Stephen's reign, and had been used in the wars between Matilda and himself. The king had been advised to take this step by his friend *Thomas à-Becket*, a clergyman who took an active part in the war, and of whom, on account of his importance, I shall soon give you a long history. The war with the King of France did not last long—it was ended by a treaty, soon after which the chancellor, Thomas à-Becket, came to London with the little daughter of the French king—with whom he performed a strange ceremony. He married her to the king's little son Prince *Henry*, who was seven years old. The little princess was named *Margaret*, and had reached the motherly age of *three years*!

L. Oh, papa! But was such a little baby really his wife?

P. She did become his wife when they were both grown up.

The war with the French king was no sooner concluded than Henry had to engage in a new war at home. This trouble was a serious one. Henry had established good order amongst the barons and the people, but found that it was now necessary to reduce the power of the *clergy*, which was overgrown.

The pretensions of the priests to authority were at this time most insolent; and had been too readily submitted to by the people and kings. For instance, HENRY, the king of England, and LOUIS, the king of France, were two of the greatest kings in Europe. At a meeting between them and the POPE, the two kings, on his arrival, descended from their horses; and, to pay him reverence, each of them held one of the bridle-reins of his mule; and, walking by his side, they conducted him to their castle.

Perhaps they wished particularly to show the pope this honour, because he had been driven away from Rome by another pope who was living there.

W. Were there *two* popes at once, papa?

P. Yes; VICTOR IV. and ALEXANDER III. Each pope hated the other with all his heart, calling him *Antichrist*, and *Antipope*. If you had asked one of the people who were then Catholics, he would have told you that the pope was *infallible*, which means that everything he says is true. According to this account, it was true that they were both "Antichrists." Such an event has happened at several other periods in history.

But to return to King HENRY II. He now determined to correct the vices of the clergy, but found himself suddenly and violently opposed by the very man whom he had engaged to assist him in his purpose. This man, Thomas à-Becket, is worthy of notice, and I will read you a part of his history from a history book.*

"Becket was born at London, in or about the year 1117. His father was a citizen and trader, of the Saxon race—circumstances which seemed to exclude the son from the career of ambition. The boy, however, was gifted with an extraordinary intelligence, a handsome person, and most engaging manners; and his father gave him all the advantages of education that were within his reach. He studied at London, Oxford, and Paris, in which last city he acquired a perfect mastery of the

French language. While yet a young man, he attracted the attention of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sent him to the then famous school of Bologna. On his return to London, his powerful patron sent him to conduct some important negotiations at Rome. The young diplomatist (for he was then only thirty-two years old) acquitted himself with great ability, obtaining from the pope a prohibition that defeated the design of crowning Prince Eustace, the son of Stephen—an important service, which secured the favour of the house of Plantagenet. On Henry's accession, Archbishop Theobald had all the authority of prime minister, and, being old and infirm, he delegated the most of it to the active Becket, who was made chancellor of the kingdom two years after, being the first Englishman since the Conquest that had reached an eminent office."

* Knight's Cabinet History of England.

(Continued at page 184.)

EPITAPH ON A HERO.

HERE lies one who never draw
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obeyed;
At his signified desire,
Would advance, present, and fire.
Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him;
And to all this fame he rose
By only following his nose.
Neptune was he called, not he
Who controls the boisterous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrowed land;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
*Painter to Sir John Throckmorton.**

COWPER.

* A friend of Cowper, who lived at Weston, near Olney, Buckinghamshire.

COPPER (*Continued*).

W. Please, mamma, we have lately found out something about Copper—it is *odorous*. I on had a halfpenny which he happened to hold in his hand for a long time; and he found that when it was warm it had a peculiar smell.

M. That is true. It is a peculiarity of copper that if you rub it or warm it, it gives forth a smell. Now you shall hear something of the history of copper.

Once when I was a little girl I went with my mother to see an aunt, who lived in Wales. The place in which she lived is called *Swansea*; and, not very far from the house, there were some “smelting works.”

These smelting works were a number of large buildings, which I sometimes used to look at from our bedroom window. Very early in the morning I used to watch the Welshmen, and count them as they came to their work and went through a little door; and, as I often used to wonder to myself what sort of a place it was inside that door, and where the men went to, and what they were doing all day long, I asked my aunt, who said that she would take my mother and me to see all about it.

On our entering the yard of these works, we saw underneath a shed a heap of earthy-looking lumps, which were pieces of ore dug out of the ground. They had been brought all the way from the mines in Cornwall; and I noticed that the workman who was with us, instead of calling them copper ore, said “copper *pyrites*.”

The man took up one of the lumps and showed me that it not only contained copper but very much iron, and sulphur, and arsenic,

and phosphorus, with plenty of earth and stones. “Well, miss,” he said, “before we can separate the copper from all these things it has to undergo many processes, which are very *complicated*,” and which I thought was a long word for a man to say to a little girl like me; but when we saw the works, I soon understood what he meant.

We went first to a large furnace, in which there was a brick floor covered with the copper ore. “Here,” said the man, “we have just placed a quantity of ore, which will be burned for twelve hours. We do not burn the ore enough to melt it, but with a very strong heat sufficient to burn it to a cinder.”

“What is the good of that?” I asked.

“I’ll tell you, miss,” was his reply. “Look here—here is some ore that *has* been calcined. It is all black and powdery—the heat has driven away the arsenic and the sulphur. When we burn the ore to a cinder in this way, we are said to *calcine* the ore.”

W. Yes, I remember, mamma, that you told me about the flints being calcined into powder when they were used for making cups and saucers.

M. The man next led us to another furnace. “This, ma’am,” he said to my aunt, “is the next place where the calcined ore goes to—this is the furnace where we melt it. It has, you see, an opening at the top, which we shut up when we have put in the ore. But, as soon as this great fire has melted it, we open the furnace again; and if we see that the burning mass is liquid, we *rattle* it well.”

W. What is that?

M. That means “stir it.” “If, ma’am, the ore is well ratted, the

earthy matter in it rises to the surface, because it is lighter than the metal,—then we skim it off, and throw in some fresh ore. We keep on in this way, skimming off the dross (or slag, as it is called), and throwing in fresh ore, until there is a great quantity of liquid metal in the furnace—just enough to reach up to the door here, without flowing out. And now, ma'am, if you'll wait a few minutes, we are going to empty this furnace, and you shall see it done." Shortly afterward there came some other men, who opened what they called a tapping-hole in the side. "There, ma'am, look!" said our guide, "Isn't that beautiful!" "What a bright red stream it is!" said my aunt; and I thought that I should like to put my finger into it, if it were not so burning hot.

Ion. What sort of a place did the metal flow into, mamma?

M. It flowed into a pit of water which had a large pan at the bottom of it. This pan, when it was filled, was lifted up by a crane. The metal collected in it was "granulated," and was called *coarse metal*.

L. But I suppose that it was pure metal, then?

M. Indeed it was not yet. Only one-third of this metal was copper. It consisted chiefly of copper, iron, and sulphur. Although the greater part of the earthy matter was got rid of, yet the metal had to undergo seven or eight more processes. This coarse metal was next calcined; just as it had been when it was ore. It was then called by the name of "*calcined coarse metal*."

The "calcined coarse metal" was then melted again, and became "*fine metal*."

The fine metal was then calcined afresh, and thus became "*calcined fine metal*."

The calcined fine metal was then melted once more, and thus was changed into what was called *coarse copper*.

Ion. Ah, it was only called "metal" before, not *copper*. That was because it contained so much of other metals, I suppose; but what was the use of calcining and melting it so often?

M. To separate it from the iron and sulphur. Only one third of the coarse metal was really copper,—that is, about three parts out of ten; but, in the *coarse copper*, nearly all the iron and sulphur had been burned away, so that nine parts out of ten were real copper.

W. What was done to the coarse copper?

M. It was roasted, in order to oxidize the iron and sulphur. An *oxide*, I think I once told you, is a substance formed by mixture with the oxygen gas in the air. When by this process nearly all the iron has been driven off from the coarse copper, the tap-hole is opened, and the metal flows into holes or moulds, in a bed of sand; all the while, it is bubbling and making large blisters on the surface. Because of these black blisters, the copper is called "*blistered copper*;" but it is now almost pure.

L. But what troublesome work it seems to be! Is anything else done to it, mamma?

M. Yes; it is next refined and *toughened*; but it would be too tedious to tell you of all the processes I saw. To refine the copper, it was melted as before, and the scum (or slag, as it is called) was ladled from the surface. In "the toughening process," the surface of the metal was first well covered over with charcoal, and a pole, made of birch, was held in the liquid metal. "Look now, miss!" said the man

to me; and then I saw that as the man held the pole in the burning metal, it bubbled up much more: this was in consequence of the gases, which were continually rising.

Whilst the man continued the operation of *poling*, and constantly added fresh charcoal to cover the metal's surface, there was another man outside, who every now and then took out a small ladleful of metal, to try if it was brought to the *proper pitch*. He told us that he was "an assayer," and that he was assaying the metal, which means that he was trying it. When it was cold, he examined whether it was tough or brittle, and was not satisfied with it until the grain of the metal was fine and close. "Now, miss," he said to me, "if you will come here, I will show you. I will cut this piece in half. You can see that where I have now cut it, it has a silky polished appearance, and has a light red colour. Now, see me beat it out on this anvil with a hammer. You see that it is soft, and does not crack at the edges, so that it is now fit for use." The men then ladled the copper out of the furnace, and poured it into moulds of sand, by which it was formed into little cakes.

L. And what next, mamma?

M. I think I have told you all that I saw at Swansea, except that I saw a very large number of these copper-cakes. Such cakes are afterward transformed into sheets of copper.

W. Please let us hear how that is done, mamma?

M. It is not done at the smelting works, but at the various *copper mills* in different parts of the country. Here the copper is heated and then *rolled* between heavy cast-iron cylinders; or it is

planished—that is, it is beaten with heavy hammers such as Ion saw at Mr. Pontifex's, in Shoe Lane. It is then called sheet copper.

Jon. Well! I must say that when I saw a sheet of copper at Pontifex's I never supposed that there would be so much trouble in bringing it to a good state.

W. Let us count up, Ion, how many different states it passed through before it was called "sheet copper." It had plenty of names.

1st, It was called *copper pyrites*—or ORE.

2nd, It was called *calcined ore*.

3rd, It was called *melted calcined ore*.

4th, It was called *coarse METAL*.

5th, It was called *calcined coarse metal*.

6th, It was called *melted calcined coarse metal*—or FINE METAL.

7th, It was called *calcined fine metal*.

8th, It was called *melted calcined fine metal*—or COARSE COPPER.

9th, It was called "*blistered*" copper.

10th, It was called *refined and toughened copper*.

11th, It was called *cake copper*. And.

12th, It was called *sheet copper*.

Now, let us get out the old halfpenny. Here it is. Old rusty halfpenny! Listen!—You were called by twelve names before you could be called *halfpenny*. We can see now, mamma, why the man said that copper was made pure by *complicated processes*. Who would have thought that it would undergo so many changes before it was fit for use?

Perhaps it is so with a great many more things that we use. We use them very readily and easily; but we know nothing of the trouble they cost in making.

M. True; but we must not talk any longer to-day. We will adjourn until next week.

(Continued at page 186.)

THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

MOUNTAINS (*Continued*).

P. I've mentioned in the last lesson some of the uses of mountains.

Ion. Yes, papa. Please let me count them. 1st, They attract and break the clouds.

2nd, Some of them collect snow on their summits, which melts, and, in hot weather supplies the rivers with water.

3rd, They also supply rain in the summer time; for the melting snow changes into vapour. These vapours form clouds, which break, and form rain.

4th, They shelter the plains and lower lands from the cold winds.

P. These are very important uses, particularly their use in distributing the fresh waters over the surface of the land. We may now discover another object for which the mountains were made. Suppose that all the layers of *aqueous* rock were cleared away from the rock which forms the solid globe; then, suppose that you could look at the world from a distance and see all the high *ridges* of rock which form the bases of the mountains drawn on this map,—what should you think of them?

W. I should think that they were like *bones*. I should say that each hard ridge of rock was useful for the softer rocks to be fastened to, just as the hard bones of our body are useful for the soft muscles and flesh to be fastened to.

P. That is true, Willie. The world has a framework, just as you have. The mountains are the world's bones, around which its flesh gathered,—or rather, was de-

posited by the water. "Some of the chains of mountains which, on the map, are in the middle of the land, were once surrounded by the ocean; and their summits, standing up above the water, formed islands. In the course of time, the strata deposited by the water around their bases, filled up the cavities between them, and formed dry land, as you heard in our Geology lessons. Thus you see that the size of the large continents must depend very much on the size of the chains of mountains. So also the *shape* of the continents arises principally from this cause."

L. Just in the same way as the shape of Willie's body, and its size, depend upon the shape and size of his bones. Here is an instance. Look, Willie, at the map of America. Look at the very long chain of mountains from the north to the south—the Rocky Mountains and the Andes;—so we find that America has a long shape.

Ion. And look in this part—in South America. Where it is broader there are two other chains of mountains, in a parallel direction, from north to south, as though more *bones* were wanted for such a broad tract of land. I notice, too, that in North America the ranges run in the same direction—from north to south. But, if you notice the chains of mountains in the eastern hemisphere, you will see that they are in a *horizontal* direction. Here, in Asia, is a great chain of mountains; it runs in a horizontal direction, but it has ranges branching out to the north and south,—just like the limbs branching out from the spine.

P. You may notice in these mountains, that although they are of such different heights, they

have a certain regularity of form. You very seldom see a single mountain; except, now and then, one which has been raised by the action of a volcano beneath, or a mountain that is itself a volcano.

Mountains are sometimes found in groups, but more frequently they are arranged in ridges, which are parallel, and form what are called mountain *chains*.

In a large chain of mountains, the mountains' ridges contain a vast number of peaks. Peak after peak arises, in endless succession, farther than the eye can see. Between these rows of peaks are a number of long narrow valleys. The valley in the centre is the highest ground; and the parallel valleys on each side become gradually lower and less bold in their appearance, until we reach the outside ridges, which are only gentle rises and swells.

L. Are the tops—the summits—of the mountains always of the same shape, papa?

P. No; they have very different shapes—and the shape depends on the nature of the rock of which the mountain consists. Some kinds of rock are more easily worn by the weather than others; or are worn into different shapes. Some have the form of peaks, like *saw-teeth*—some assume the form of *needles*, as in the Alps. Slate, and other rocks have the form of triangular pyramids. Chalk, and other calcareous rocks have a rounded shape. Thus, by the form of the mountain, something of its geology may often be known."

It has also been found, in noticing the slopes of mountains, that in most of the principal mountains one of their sides is very steep, and the other a more gradual slope. Here, for instance, on your

map of Europe may be seen a large range, called the *Alps*; the descent of these mountains on the side of Italy is much more steep than on that of Switzerland. It is so with the Pyrenees between Spain and Portugal, and in many other ranges.

We will not now talk any longer about mountains in *general*, but will begin to describe particular mountains. Come, all of you, and stand before this large map. Let us look at the principal chains of mountains in the world, and see if we cannot connect them in one long line, or *mountain system*. At the most southern part of South America, you may observe a cape, called Cape Horn. Here begins a long and almost uninterrupted range of the highest mountains, extending through South America, the Isthmus of Panama, and North America, to Behring's Straits. From Behring's Straits, the range is continued through Asia in a S. W. direction. The course is a little interrupted as you turn southward toward Africa, but it may still be said to be continued in the mountains of Persia and Arabia Felix. From a cape in Africa, which is very near to Arabia, and is called Cape Gaurdafui, there seems to be a chain of mountains which extend irregularly to the Cape of Good Hope. This system of mountains forms an immense, irregular curve; it is the longest series of mountains in the world.

We may, however, take another line. Let us notice the mountains on which the form of the great eastern continent depends.

W. Do you mean the continent of Europe and Asia, papa?

P. Yes. We will begin our lessons on mountains with the

Pyrenees, between Spain and Portugal, proceeding along the Alps, and across the mountains of Asia to Behring's Straits, noticing on our way the different ranges which branch off. We can then, 2ndly, proceed from Behring's Straits to the Rocky Mountains

and the Andes, which long and lofty range determines the shape of the western continent.

This great mountain system shall be the subject of our next lessons, and we shall, I think, find very much in their history which will interest us.

FRUITS.

THE roses are bright, in their summer days' light,
With their delicate scent and their exquisite hue;
But though beautiful Flowers claim many a song,
The Fruit that hangs round us is beautiful too.

When Midsummer comes, we see cherries and plums
Turning purple and red when the glowing sun falls,
They hang on the stems like a cluster of gems,
In ruby and coral and amethyst balls.

How delicious and sweet is the strawberry treat,
What pleasure it is to go hunting about,
To raise up the stalks all besprinkled with dew,
And see the dark scarlet eyes just peeping out!

Don't you think we can find in the nectarine rind
A colour as gay as the dahlia's bloom?
Don't you think the soft peach gives an odour as fine
As the hyacinth, potted and nursed in the room?

The apricot, yellow, so juicy and mellow,
Is tempting as any fresh cowslip of Spring;
And the currant's deep blushes come through the green bushes,
Or hang in white bunches like pearls on a string.

The mulberry tree is enchanting to see
When 'tis laden with autumn fruit, pulpy and cool,
And those other rich berries so guarded by thorns—
Oh, who loves not the flavour of gooseberry-fool?

The woodbine's fair leaves and clematis that weaves
Round the window, are pleasant to all that pass by,
But I'm sure the full clusters of grapes on the vine
Are as lovely a sight for the traveller's eye.

The apple's round cheeks, with their rose-coloured streaks,
And the pears that are ready to melt on the spray,
I am sure we must own they have beauties that vie
With the daisy and buttercup spread in our way.

Then the brown nut that drops as we push through the copse,
Till busy as squirrels we rest on the sod,
Oh! I think it has charms for our gathering hands
To match with May blue-bells that sparkle and nod.

So though poets may sing of the blossoms of Spring,
And all the bright glory of Flowers may tell,
We will welcome the berries, the plums, and the cherries,
And the beautiful Fruits shall be honoured as well.

ELIZA COOK.

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—SIGNS OF SPRING.

Words by W. Sugden.

Gentle breezes softly blow, Sparkling wa ters brightly flow;

Gentle breezes softly blow, Sparkling wa - ters brightly flow,

Song-birds gal - ly round us sing, In the plea - sant days of spring.

Song-birds, gal ly round us sing, In the plea - sant days of spring.

Forth the buds be - gin to peep, Bursting from their win - ter sleep,

Forth the buds be - gin to peep, Bursting from their win - ter sleep,

Flow'rs and blossoms bright ex - pand, O - ver all the, smiling land.

Flow'rs and blossoms bright ex - pand, O - ver all the smiling land.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

12th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE WIDOW AND HER LODGER.*

(BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.)

L. Mamma, dear, where is papa?

M. He is gone out, and is very busy indeed; so I am going to read you a tale which a lady has written on purpose for you. (*Mamma reads.*)

"The Widow Watson and her little son Billy, as she called him, lived in a pretty row of cottages, having little gardens before them, in the outskirts of London. She was left a widow when Billy was quite a baby; but being an industrious, notable woman, she earned a decent living and kept herself out of debt by taking in needle-work. She added a little to her earnings, however, by letting two of her rooms.

"But Mrs. Watson was not only industrious, honest, and clever in her way, but she was a pious woman. Some people do what is right because it is creditable to do it, and they like to be thought well of by their neighbours; but she had a better motive, she did what was right because it is pleasing to God, and is commanded in his holy word. She loved her Bible, and read in it every day, and there was one verse in the New Testament she was so fond of, that she got a neighbour to write it out for her in large letters, and then she put it up over the chimney-piece in her little parlour."

L. What verse was it, mamma?

* This is a true tale.

M. Look to your Bible, to Luke vi. 31.

W. Oh, that is, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

M. Yes; she thought that if she always did to them as she wished that they would do to her, she should then always do what is just and right towards her fellow-creatures, but she did not try to do so only on purpose to get to heaven.

W. No; she did it to please God, like a good woman. I suppose she taught Billy that text too.

M. That she did; you shall hear. "No sooner was the little fellow able to put letters together into syllables than she taught him to spell it, but long before he could spell it he knew what it meant, and she tried to teach him to practise it too.

"I am glad to tell you that Billy was a very good boy. He was dutiful and affectionate to his mother, and willing to do anything he could to help her. He often used to carry her work home for her, and, he never stopped to talk or play with other boys by the way, so she could trust him with it without any fear. Then the ladies his mother worked for used to give him a penny or twopence for himself, sometimes; but this he always offered her when he got home, and if she did not want it, he put it aside to buy a book, or something else that is as useful.

"But I told you that the widow let lodgings. She had one lodger who staid with her for a good many years, but at last he got married, and took one of the houses

in the row; and then, she put a bill on a pole and stuck it up in her garden, to let the people who passed that way know that her 'Apartments' were once more 'to let.'

"The bill had not been up many days when a respectable but odd-looking elderly man knocked at her door, and asked if he could see her lodgings. 'Yes, sir,' she answered; and she led the way up the clean carpeted stairs into her two neat little rooms on the floor above. The one in front, which was furnished for a sitting room, overlooked some gardener's grounds, and, for the neighbourhood of London, it was very pleasant and airy. The stranger seemed to think so, for he decided to take the lodgings at once."

W. But in what way was he odd-looking, mamma?

M. You shall hear. "He was dressed in the manner people were dressed forty or fifty years ago—people are odd-looking when they don't follow the fashions of the times a little. He wore a very large-flapped waistcoat, and a coat without a collar, and he had large silver buckles in his shoes, like the dresses of some gentlemen you may have seen in old prints."

L. Oh yes, mamma. And I have seen old gentlemen dressed like that myself. Well, he *was* odd-looking. What was his name?

M. I will read—"Mr. Jeremy Brownlow."

L. That was an odd name, too, I think. Was there anything else odd about him?

M. Yes, listen. "He was a man of very few words. To hear him, you would have thought that he was under an engagement to say only as many words as were absolutely necessary to make himself understood. All he said to Mrs.

Watson on this occasion was, 'Can I see your rooms, ma'am?' 'What are they a-week?' and, 'I'll have them.'"

L. Well, he was an odd *man*, also; and was he always as silent?

M. Yes. "He took possession of his lodgings in the course of two or three days, and he lived in Widow Watson's little rooms for six years; but at the end of that time she knew no more of who he was, and where he came from, than she did the first day she saw him. He paid his rent regularly, and gave very little trouble, and she thought it was not her place to pry into his concerns; indeed, she had too much good sense and right feeling to do so. But some of her neighbours, who were gossiping people, were very curious to know all about him, and they thought the widow knew more than she chose to tell."

"One thing the good woman *did* want to know, and that was, whether her lodger loved and feared God. He went to church very regularly, and read his Bible sometimes; but people will often do that, supposing that they shall go to heaven because they do it,—and this, it appears, was the case with poor Mr. Brownlow. However, when he had been with the widow about six years, he was taken dangerously ill. She was then very kind to him, and as she nursed him she found an opportunity of talking to him about religion; but she was grieved to find that he was as ignorant of the true way to heaven as a heathen."

"I may now tell you something about the widow's son. He had by this time grown a great boy, and he was no longer called Billy, but William. He was very steady and industrious too, and he had

got a situation as 'doctor's boy.' By this means he helped his mother a little, and it was well he was able to do so, for the poor woman was getting very weakly, and her eyes were beginning to fail her, so that she could not do so much needlework as she used to do. Now, Billy—I forgot, William I should say—often saw his master trying experiments in chemistry, and he thought he should very much like to become a chemist. Some people said it was ambitious of him to think of such a thing, and that a poor boy like him ought to be satisfied with a humble business. Now, if he had only fancied chemistry because it was a genteel business, it would have been wrong; but that was not the case. He really had a natural taste for it. He used to talk to his mother about it in the evenings, but she could not give him any hope of his ever being able to follow it, because no one would take him as an apprentice to such a business without a large premium."

W. What is that?

Ion. I can tell you. A premium is money. When any boy is apprenticed to a master, and has to live in the house, his father pays a premium for his board and lodging.

"His father had been a cabinet-maker, and Mrs. Watson always thought that William would like to be a cabinet-maker too. Indeed, a person who knew his father had offered to teach him that trade when he was fourteen. It was, therefore, a great trouble to her when she found that his mind was bent on something else; however, she did not urge her wishes on him, thinking that something else might, perhaps, turn up for him.

"Now we must go back to Mr. Brownlow. When he felt himself

so very ill that it seemed likely that he would die, he was very willing to listen to what his kind nurse had to say to him about God. Through God's blessing on what she said to him and read to him from the Bible, he learned the true way to heaven. He was very grateful to her, therefore, for having been the means of bringing him to see the truth, as well as for all her kind attentions; and, one day when she was standing by his bedside, he begged her to sit down, telling her he had something very important to say to her.

"After being silent for a minute or two, during which time Mrs. Watson was wondering what all this would lead to, he said, 'I dare say, my good woman, you have always taken me for a poor man.'

"Yes, sir," she answered, 'I did not suppose you were very rich, or you would not have taken my lodgings.'

"Well, I'm not very rich, still I have got some hundreds of pounds in the bank, and I mean to leave all my money to you."

W. Oh, mamma, was not that good news for her? What did she say?

Ion. I dare say that she was so amazed that she did not speak.

L. Well, I should not wonder at that. I suppose she would begin to think about her son William and his chemistry, and she would say to herself, "Now, I can pay a premium for him."

Ion. And her second thought would be to thank the good old gentleman. Oh, no; she would thank God before she thanked him, so pious a woman as she was.

M. No; she did not do either. Next week you shall hear what she did.

(Continued at page 193.)

MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS

(Carnivora).

M. We will learn to-day about another order of Mammals.

Ion. I wonder whether they eat insects. I think we have had enough insect-eating animals. Let us recapitulate again—

Order 1. MAN is omnivorous.

Order 2. The MONKEYS are omnivorous, living chiefly on fruits, nuts, &c., which they find on the trees.

Order 3. The BATS are insectivorous, finding their food chiefly in the air.

Order 4. The MOLES, &c., are insectivorous, finding their food chiefly under the earth.

Order 5. —

M. They live chiefly on the earth.

Ion. Where they find a different sort of food, I dare say.

W. Yes. Grass, and vegetables, such as turnip-tops, cabbages, &c.

M. They might also find other food. It is not only good for some of the insects to be eaten up, but even for some of the mammals themselves to be eaten.

L. Oh, mamma! It is not good for us to be eaten, I suppose.

M. You must form your own opinion about that; but there are some mammals which, if they were not eaten by the others, would multiply at such a rate that they would be as bad as one of the plagues of Egypt—the Rabbits, for instance. A pair of rabbits might dig a hole in the ground, which we call their burrow. When they had established themselves there, the female might in the course of a year have from twenty to thirty young ones—say twenty.

Before the year is passed away, many of these young ones will have grown up; and about six of them, perhaps, may have had five young ones each.

W. That would make thirty more, so that there would be *fifty-two* rabbits then.

M. True; and suppose that they were allowed to go on in this manner for another year, there would, at such a rate, be nearly two thousand rabbits at the end of the second year. In the course of time there would be *thousands of thousands* of these rabbits; and if all the rabbits in this country, now, were to start, and multiply thus, before you could become an old man, *Ion*, there might be a million of millions—too great a number for you to think of. The hares, which belong to the same tribe as the rabbits, are, I believe, even more fruitful.

L. And what mischief would they do?

M. Very much. The hares and rabbits, even in their present number, do immense injuries. When the moon is up, out limps the hare from his "form," and the rabbit from his burrow. If they live near a field of young corn they will often ruin it totally; they will kill the young trees by gnawing off the bark, and will enter the farmer's garden, where, being vegetable feeders, they will eat any amount of cabbage, turnips, turnip-tops, spinach, or other vegetables, and never take the trouble to pay for it. Suppose that a million or two of these creatures were allowed to do so!

W. Then they would soon have to grow their own vegetables, for the farmers would not take the trouble to cultivate them; and we should have to go without.

Ion. And the cattle, too. Ah, I see! we should have no beef or mutton either; we should all die.

M. Then, do you think it is a good thing for these hares and rabbits to be eaten?

W. Yes—that's my opinion. I ate some hare-pie once.

M. And many other animals eat them without the ceremony of making a pie. Their numbers are thinned by the weasel, the polecat, the hawk, the owl, the fox—

L. And even a *hedgehog*, you said, would attack a young hare, mamma.

M. Lastly, man consumes them in great numbers—not only for the sake of their flesh, but for their fur; but to-day we will talk of the lower animals which live on the flesh of others.

Let us begin. The fifth order of mammals are *flesh-eating* animals, living, as I said, chiefly on the earth, where the animals which form their food are found.

L. In what part of the world do they live, mamma?

M. Some of this order are found in all climates. In some parts of England, when the country folks are gone to bed, there is one sly fellow who comes forth and with silent steps walks round the farm-yard, dragging his bushy tail behind him. When he is sure that all the lights are out, and that the watch-dog is nearly asleep, he jumps over the palings and anxiously searches for the hen-house. As soon as he finds the sleeping poultry, he kills one of the hens, and carries her off to his home in the woods.

Ion. That animal is a *Fox*.

M. Yes; and there are other *flesh-eating* animals in this country. You will shortly hear of some smaller animals, with long thin

bodies, fitted for entering very narrow holes. They also come out at night, and attack the hen-roost, or the nests of partridges and other birds.

W. They are called *Weasels*. I have seen one.

M. We shall soon find other *flesh-eating* animals living in this country; but let us see if there are any in foreign parts. There is one great shaggy fellow living where there are fields of ice—

Ion. That is a *Polar Bear*! *Brown Bears*, too, eat flesh; and *Seals*—they eat fish.

M. And there is one mammal greater than any we have yet mentioned. It lives entirely in the water, on small fish.

L. That is the *Whale*, mamma. You told us, I remember, that the whale is a mammal.

M. Yes; and in the deserts of Africa, or on the sultry plains of India, there lives a fierce *flesh-eating* animal, whom you all know very well. While the burning sun scorches the face of nature, during the hot *day-time*, this animal hides himself in the dark woody borders of the plain. There, in some shady den, he shuts himself up, and sleeps. But, after the sun has set, and the light has nearly all gone, this animal wakes up, and shakes his shaggy mane. Then he looks forth from his den and gives a loud roar, as much as to say to the other animals, "Take notice, I'm coming for something to eat."

Ion. And he should say, "My name is *Lion*"—we all know that. But we know the names of plenty of *flesh-eating* animals.

W. Ah, I'll tell you one that we all know. Here's its *description*. Down in the dark back kitchen—where little strips of light glimmer through the area railings—there

'(except on washing-days) sits near a hole in the floor,—which is just under the sink,—a patient, watchful—

Ion. Cat, of course. But I think we are wasting our time. Mamma, may we see how many flesh-eating animals we know of, and make a list of them before you begin the lesson?

M. Yes, if you wish.

Ion. Then Lucy will write. Begin, Lucy. (*Lucy writes.*)

There are many flesh-eating mammals, such as the Lion, Tiger, Leopard, Bear, Whale, Seal, Fox, Wolf, Jackal, Hyæna, Dog, Cat, Weasel, and Ferret.

L. I do not think that we know any others.

M. What animals do they feed upon?

W. Such animals as Sheep, Cows, Horses, Goats; and I have heard of their attacking Elephants, Cameleopards, Zebras, Buffaloes. Geese too, Hens, Turkeys, and all poultry they eat, I dare say; and anything else that is nice.

L. There, mamma! we have made a list of flesh-eating animals, and a list of animals for their food—on each side of our slate.

M. Now let us notice how all these animals on the left-hand side are fitted to live upon the animals on the right-hand side. Instead of making you think for yourselves, I will describe for you.

W. Yes, that will save trouble.

M. The first point by which you will distinguish them from the fourth order of Mammals, is their *size*. As they live on food which is more bulky than insects and worms, they must themselves be much larger—

Ion. And much stronger, I suppose?

M. True—they must also be

stronger. 2ndly, They find their food by means of their senses. I cannot tell you anything of the senses of these animals which will relate to all of them. Their senses differ according to the circumstances in which they are placed. Most of them find their food by their power of smelling—others by their power of hearing—and others by their sense of sight.

3rdly, Let us think of their *limbs*, with which they pursue their prey. The uses of their limbs are to form rapid and active movements on the earth, such as running, leaping, &c. In order to pursue such animals as the deer and the ox, their limbs are generally long, and are moved by means of powerful muscles. Did you notice, Willie, when learning the history of your framework, how your fore-limbs are kept apart?

W. Yes. By a pair of thin bones, called *collar-bones*.

M. I once told you that the shape of the collar-bone differs very much in different animals. It is large like that of man in the animals which move their fore-limbs in many *different* directions; but the principal motions of these animals are running and leaping. For such actions the limbs require simply a backward and forward motion, and do not so much require to be separated, therefore—what?

Ion. They have very small collar-bones.

M. Yes, in some of them these bones seem to be wanting altogether. One of these animals, however, has a much larger collar-bone than any of the others. Which animal do you think it is?

L. It must be an animal that uses its fore-limbs for other motions besides running and leaping.

W. Oh! I know one—a heavy

fellow who cannot run or leap much—he climbs the trees, and hugs the trunk of the tree with his fore-limbs.

M. Yes, and climbs the pole in the Zoological Gardens. It is the Bear;—in this flesh-eating animal the collar-bone is much larger than in the others because of his different actions.

But, 4thly, they have not only to pursue their prey, they have to catch it, and hold it fast. Would they have *hands* for such a purpose like those of the monkey?

Ion. No; such *extremities* (I have remembered that word) would not be strong enough. They have sharp claws, I suppose, like the cats.

M. Yes; they all have such claws, which are not only sharp and strong, but are usually curved, so that their owners may better thrust them into the body of an animal to seize it. We shall hear more of the strength of these claws when describing some of the *tribes* of the order.

But, 5thly, They have not only to find, pursue, seize, and hold fast their prey, but they have to kill and eat it. Their senses, their swift limbs, and their strong claws, would be of little service for such a purpose.

W. They must have peculiar *teeth*, I suppose—terrible teeth, I should say.

M. No doubt they are. If you take the cat and examine her teeth, you will find that her *tearing teeth* (which I described to you some time ago*) are very large, strong, and pointed, and they project in front of the other teeth.

To the cat they answer the purpose of a spear, with which she can at once kill a mouse or rat,

and tear open its body. The teeth of the cat are, however, very small when compared to the *terrible tearing teeth* of the lion, with which he can rip up the side of a buffalo. The surface of some of their grinding teeth is also peculiar; their grinders (which are called *carnivorous*, or *flesh-eating teeth*) have sharp, cutting edges, and are beautifully fitted for dividing animal flesh. These teeth also have a peculiar motion, so that the cutting edges of those in the upper jaw act against those in the lower jaw, like the blades of a pair of scissors, grinding the flesh into shreds.

Let us now point out another distinction—6thly, and lastly; after they have eaten their animal food, before it can do them any good they must *digest* it. Animal food is of such a nature that it is more easily digested than vegetables; the gastric juice of the stomach soon brings it to a fluid state. We find, therefore, that they have not a large stomach, like the cow's, but that the stomachs of these animals are very simple in their form, and small. Now, shall we make the history into a lesson?

W. I do not think that we shall have time, mamma. Shall we make just a short sentence to "wind it up"? *Ion* will make one.

Ion. Yes, I will make a sentence.

The order of flesh-eating mammals are distinguished, not only by their size and strength, but by several peculiarities in their senses, limbs, extremities, teeth, and stomach, with which they find, pursue, seize, kill, eat, and digest their prey;—and these peculiarities enable them to subsist on other animals living on the surface of the earth.

There's a short sentence!

* See page 20.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

HENRY THE SECOND.

P. Let us proceed with the history of ~~the~~ Becket. Not only did he become Chancellor of England, but "Henry at the same time gave him many other valuable appointments. His revenue, flowing in from many sources, was immense: and no man ever spent more freely or magnificently. His house was a palace, both in dimensions and appointments. It was stocked with vessels of gold and silver, and constantly frequented by numberless guests of all goodly ranks, from barons and earls to knights and pages, and simple retainers—of which he had several hundreds, who acknowledged themselves his immediate vassals; his tables were spread with the choicest viands, and the best of wines; and the richest dresses were allotted to his pages and serving men.

"The out-door appearance of the chancellor was still more splendid, and on great public occasions was carried to an extremity of pomp and magnificence. When he went on his embassy to Paris, he was attended by two hundred knights, besides many barons and nobles, and a complete host of domestics, all richly armed and attired, the chancellor himself having four-and-twenty changes of apparel. As he travelled through France, his train of waggons and sumpter-horses, his hounds and hawks, his huntsmen and falconers, seemed to announce the presence of a more than king. Whenever he entered a town, the ambassadorial procession was led by two hundred and fifty boys singing national songs; then followed his hounds, led in couples; and these

were succeeded by eight waggons, each with five large horses, and five drivers in new frocks. Every waggon was covered with skins, and guarded by two men and a fierce mastiff. Two of the waggons were loaded with ale, to be distributed to the people; one carried the vessels and furniture of his chapel, another of his bed-chamber; a fifth was loaded with his kitchen apparatus; a sixth carried his abundant plate and wardrobe, and the other two were devoted to the use of his household servants. After the waggons came twelve sumpter-horses, *a monkey riding on each, with a groom behind on his knees*. Then came the esquires, carrying the shields, and leading the war-horses of their respective knights; then other esquires (youths of gentle birth), falconers, officers of the household, knights, and priests; and last of all appeared the great chancellor himself, with his familiar friends. As Becket passed in this guise, the French were heard to exclaim, 'What manner of man must the King of England be, when his chancellor travels in such state!'

"Henry encouraged this pomp and magnificence, and seemed to take a lively enjoyment in the spectacle, though he sometimes twitted the chancellor on the finery of his attire. All offices of government, not performed by the king himself, were left to Becket. The minister and king lived together like brothers; and, according to a contemporary, it was notorious to all men that they were *cor unum et animam unam* (of one heart and one mind in all things). Becket was an able minister, and his services were not only advantageous to his master, but, on the whole,

extremely beneficial to the nation. Most of the useful measures in the early part of the king's reign were attributed to his good advice—such as the restoration of internal tranquillity, the curbing of the baronial power, the appointment of good judges. He certainly could not be accused of any lukewarmness in exacting the rights of the king. He humbled the barons whenever he could, and more than once attacked the extravagant privileges claimed by the church. He insisted that the bishops and abbots should pay the taxes for the war of Toulouse, like the other vassals of the crown. This drew upon him the violent anger of many of the bishops, who accused him of plunging the sword into the bosom of Mother Church, and threatened him with excommunication.

"All this tended to convince Henry that Becket was a proper person to become an archbishop, as one who had promised to be of the greatest service to check the growing power of the priesthood:—an object which, in common with other European sovereigns, he had much at heart. Accordingly, in 1161, when his old patron Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, died, Becket was appointed Primate of England.

"From that moment Becket was an altered man: the soldier, statesman, hunter, courtier, man of the world, and man of pleasure, became a rigid monk, renouncing the service of his friend and master, and resolving to perish by a slow martyrdom rather than suffer the king to invade the smallest privilege of the church. He discarded all his former companions and magnificent retinue,—he threw off his splendid attire,—he discharged his choice cooks and his cup-bearers,

to surround himself with monks and beggars (whose feet he daily washed), to clothe himself in sack-cloth, to eat the coarsest food, and drink water rendered bitter by the mixture of unsavoury herbs. The rest of his penitence, his prayers, his works of charity in hospitals and pest-houses, soon caused his name to be revered as that of a saint, and his person to be followed by the prayers and acclamations of the people."

"By these actions of Becket, all people saw that he was now trying to gain even greater power than that of the king, so as to prevent him from correcting the clergy. That body had carried their independence of the civil power so far, that now they seemed to aim at nothing less than a liberty to commit all manner of crimes without being punished. We accordingly find upon record, not less than 100 murders committed by men in holy orders, in the short period since the beginning of Henry's reign. Not one of these crimes was punished, while the bishops themselves seemed to glory in this horrid indulgence. Among their many inventions to obtain money, they had told the people that to get pardon for their sins, they must pay large sums of money. The sins of the people had thus become a revenue to the priests; and the king computed, that, by this invention alone, they levied more money from his subjects than all the funds and taxes of the royal exchequer. The king had not made any attempt to stop this wickedness during the life of Theobald, the late archbishop, for he had expected that if, after the old man's death, he raised Becket to power, he should gain his assistance for this purpose."

(Continued at page 188.)

COPPER (*Concluded*).

L. We have heard, mamma, the history and qualities of copper. Please, will you now tell us all its uses.

M. If I were to try and relate all its uses, Lucy, you would find them to be so numerous that their history would fill a volume. Let us first think a little of the compounds of copper—that is to say, of the substances formed by the union of other substances with copper. Who would think on looking at a piece of copper, that a bright blue colour could be made from it! By combining it with nitric acid, it forms what is called *nitrate of copper*; from this we get a light blue colour, called *blue verditer*. Again, when combined with acetic acid, or the sour juice of vegetables, it forms what is called *acetate of copper*. This, which we call *verdigris*, is of a bright green colour.

W. I have a blue verditer colour in my paint-box.

M. From copper we also are supplied with a *medicine*. Sulphuric acid when combined with copper forms what is called *blue vitriol*.

L. Is that used as a medicine, mamma?

M. Yes; but it has other uses, such as glass-staining and dyeing. As a medicine, it is given in very small doses in cases of *Asiatic Cholera*, &c.

Ion. Well, I should never have thought, when looking at a plain piece of copper, that it had such curious qualities hidden within it.

M. Copper has also another remarkable quality. It unites with other metals, and forms what, you may remember, we call an

alloy. It is this property which renders copper so highly useful. When eighty parts of copper are combined with twenty parts of a metal called Zinc, they form a beautiful yellow alloy called *Brass*, which you know has many uses.

When a small quantity of copper is mixed with about twenty times as much Tin, it forms the metal called *Pewter*, of which the quart, pint, and half-pint measures for containing beer are made.

Two parts of copper and one part of tin, with one or two other metals, form the *Speculum Metal* anciently used for looking-glasses, and now used for telescopes.

Eighty parts of copper and twenty of tin form an alloy which is used by the Chinese to make their *gongs*.

Copper, you know, is useful to make the alloy called *German Silver*; and it is also useful to harden gold and silver for money.

Three parts of copper, and one of tin, constitute what is called *Bell-metal*, which is very sonorous; and is used for making bells. I think you would like very much to hear an account of the casting of a bell, if I could only stop to relate it to you. Some people have a strange fancy for making large bells; and in Germany the casting of the bell is attended by rejoicings and merry-makings. You shall one day hear of the great *Tom of Oxford*—a bell which is as tall as your papa, and requires several men to ring it. In Russia, there is a monstrous bell twenty-one feet high, or nearly four times as tall as your papa! Four papas, standing on each others' heads, would only be as high as this bell.

Ion. Please, mamma, to give us its history.

M. No; it does not properly belong to a lesson on *Copper*. You shall hear of it another day; for when we have finished all our lessons on metals, we will perhaps have lessons on some of the principal articles made from each metal.

L. Yes, I should like that, mamma.

M. The *alloys* made from copper were well known in ancient time. Copper or brass mixed with a small quantity of tin forms a fine hard alloy called *Bronze*. This was used by the Greeks and Romans for shields, helmets, swords, and other weapons, before they knew anything of the use of iron. Besides the alloys I have mentioned, there are others which you may one day meet with, such as Dutch Gold, Pinchbeck, Prince Rupert's metal, Gun-metal, and indeed we frequently hear of new alloys being made, such as Britannia metal, &c.

The *uses* of copper are as numerous as its compounds. Its qualities render it useful for the bottoms of ships.

W. That is because it is malleable and flexible—it would not split against a rock, and it will not rust in the water as iron would. And I have heard that its poisonous quality and smoothness are useful to keep away the insects which attach themselves to wooden ships.

M. Let me hear you tell me some of the *uses* of copper.

Ion. It is used for money; for kettles and cooking utensils; for copper-plates for engravers; for

coverings of some houses; for kettle-drums, and other musical instruments. It is used for wash-house boilers, and for steam-engine boilers; and the alloy *Brass* has perhaps even more uses.

W. Such as clock-works, door handles, candlesticks, fenders, &c., &c., &c., &c. Now, let us make up a lesson.

L. Do you know, mamma, *why* copper is so called?

M. I think so—the name copper is said to be derived from the island of Cyprus.

Lesson 16. COPPER.

1. (Qualities.) *Copper* is distinguished by being very malleable, ductile, and sonorous; it is of a reddish colour, light, and soft. It is easily affected by acids; it forms rusts which are highly poisonous; and it has a peculiar odour.

2. (History.) England has copper mines in DEVONSHIRE and CORNWALL. The ore of these mines is taken to the smelting works of SWANSEA and other parts of Wales, where it is purified by most complicated processes.

3. (Different sorts.) The compounds of copper are very various. It not only forms colours and medicines, but many useful alloys, such as Brass, Pewter, Bronze, Bell-metal, Speculum-metal, Gun-metal, Britannia metal, Dutch metal, &c.

4. (Uses.) Its well-known uses are as various as its compounds.

5. (Name.) Its name is said to be derived from the Isle of Cyprus.

ON Folly's lips eternal tattlings dwell;
Wisdom speaks little, but that little well.
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

HENRY THE SECOND.

P. Instead of our Geography lesson this morning, let us complete the history of Thomas à-Becket, which we left unfinished on Wednesday.

"In the course of the following year, Henry had completed his plans. He resolved that if a clergyman committed a murder, or became a thief, or did any other such wicked action, he should be tried before a magistrate, and punished for it. After many disputes on this and other questions, with Becket and his friends, the king summoned an assembly of all the prelates in England; and put to them this decisive question, *Whether or not they were willing to submit to the ancient laws and customs of the kingdom?* The bishops unanimously replied, that they were willing, *saving their own order.* The king was provoked to the last degree at this equivocal answer, and left the assembly with evident marks of displeasure. The prelates were terrified; but Becket continued inflexible: however, he was at last prevailed upon to promise without any reserve to observe the ancient customs.

"The king was not now to be satisfied with general promises from the clergy: he was determined that the ancient laws and customs should be defined, as well as the privileges of the clergy. He therefore summoned another great council of the clergy and nobility at Clarendon, to whom he submitted this important affair. A number of regulations was there drawn up, which were afterwards well known by the title of the *Constitutions of Clarendon*. By these it was

enacted, that clergymen accused of any crime should be tried in the civil courts; that the archbishops and bishops should be regarded as barons, and obliged to contribute to the public expenses like other persons of their rank; and that the goods forfeited to the king should not be protected in churches or churchyards by the clergy. These, with some others of less consequence, to the number of sixteen, were subscribed by all the bishops present, and even by Becket himself; who, however, at first, showed some reluctance.

"Nothing now remained but to get the constitutions ratified by the pope; but in this the king was disappointed. The pope rejected them with the utmost indignation; and, out of sixteen, admitted only six, which he thought were not important enough to deserve censure. On this, Becket refused obedience to the king, who being exasperated beyond all patience, commenced furious prosecutions against him. He first sued him for some lands belonging to his primacy. Another suit was commenced against him for £300. The next day a third suit was commenced against him for 1,000 marks, which the king had lent him upon some former occasion: and immediately following these, a still greater demand was made; namely, that Becket should give an account of the money he had received and expended during the time he was chancellor. The money was computed at no less than 40,000 marks. The primate, unable either to give an account, or find securities, took the following extraordinary method of evading the king's designs. He arrayed himself in his episcopal vestments; and with the cross in

his hand, went forward to the palace. Having entered the royal apartments, he sat down, holding up the cross as his banner and protection. Becket then put himself, in the most solemn manner, under the protection of the supreme pontiff, and leaving the palace, he asked the king's immediate permission to quit Northampton. Being however refused, he secretly withdrew in disguise, and at last found means to cross over to the Continent.

"Becket was received with the greatest marks of esteem, first by the King of France (who hated Henry on account of his great power), and then by the pope, whose cause he had defended in England. Henry at the same time sent ambassadors to the pope, who were treated with coolness and contempt, while Becket was honoured with the greatest marks of distinction. These favours bestowed upon an exile and a perjured traitor (for such had been Becket's sentence of condemnation in England), so irritated the king that he resolved to throw off at once all dependence upon the pope. On the other hand, the pope and the archbishop did not fail to issue forth their threats in such a manner as to shake the very foundation of the king's authority. Becket excommunicated by name all the king's chief ministers, and even threatened to excommunicate the king if he did not speedily repent; and had not the pope himself been threatened every day by another *antipope*, whose pretensions he was afraid the King of England might support, the sentence of excommunication would certainly have been denounced.

"At first, Henry paid little regard to these threats; but afterwards,

when he found that his authority over his subjects began to decline, he began sincerely to desire a reconciliation. This the pope and Beckett also became desirous of, so that at length all differences were adjusted, and Becket was reinstated in the see of Canterbury.

"On the recovery of his dignity, the primate behaved with his usual arrogance. When he landed in England, he made a progress through Kent with all the splendour and magnificence of a sovereign pontiff. As he approached Southwark, the clergy, the laity, and all ranks of people, came forth to meet him, and celebrated his triumphal entry with hymns of joy. Being thus confident of the people, he resolved to make his enemies feel his vengeance. He suspended the archbishop of York, he excommunicated the bishops of London and Salisbury, and some of the principal nobility. One man he excommunicated for having spoken against him, and another for having cut off the tail of one of his horses."

"When the king heard of Becket's behaviour, his anger was without bounds. He broke forth into the most violent expressions against the priest whom he had raised from the lowest station to be the plague of his life. The archbishop of York and his friends came to inform the king that they were 'excommunicated,' and remarked to him that he would never enjoy peace so long as Becket lived. The king himself burst out into an exclamation, that he had no friends about him, or he would not so long have been exposed to the insults of that ungrateful hypocrite. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'is there not one of

the crew of lazy, cowardly knights, whom I maintain, that will rid me of this turbulent priest, who came to court but t'other day on a lame horse, with nothing but his wallet behind him?" These words excited the attention of the whole court, and armed four of his attendants to gratify their monarch's secret inclinations. The conspirators proceeded to Canterbury with all that haste their bloody intentions required. Advancing directly to Becket's house, and entering his apartment, they re-

proached him very fiercely for his conduct. During the quarrel the time approached for Becket to assist at vespers, whither he went unguarded, the conspirators following, and preparing for their attempt. As soon as he reached the altar, where it is just to think he aspired to the glory of martyrdom, they all fell upon him; and having cloven his head with repeated blows, he dropped down dead before the altar of St. Benedict, which was besmeared with his blood and brains."

THE DEAD SPARROW.*

TELL me not of joy! there's none,
Now my little sparrow's gone:
He would chirp and play with me;
He would hang his wing awhile—
Till at length he saw me smile,
Oh! how sullen, he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then,
Sporting, let it go again;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip;
He would from my trencher feed;
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry "*philip*" when he'd done!
Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt, though he did bite!
No more did pass,
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let them fall;
And then straightway sleek them too.
Now my faithful bird is gone;
Oh! let mournful turtles join
With loving red-breasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone!

CARTWRIGHT.

* The author of this piece died in the year 1643, so that it is now more than 200 years old.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

CHESHIRE.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"What is cheese?' I said to myself, as I sat on the back of Peg, who stood for the first time on the shores of Cheshire. 'What is cheese?'—'*Cheshire is famous for its cheese*,' I repeated to Peg, just as I used to repeat it when I learned it out of book at school.

"But, what is cheese?

"Cheese is a hard and rather indigestible substance, consisting of the curds procured from milk. The cream of milk contains an oily substance which we call butter; the whey of the milk contains a considerable amount of sugar, which gives the milk a pleasant taste, and the curds contain *casein*, which is an albuminous substance, (by which I mean a substance that nourishes the body and forms new flesh.) 'But then,' I thought to myself, 'you had better go to a farm-house and see some old woman making cheese—then you can tell the children how it was all done!' So, 'Peg! trot on!' I cried, 'and find a farm-house where the folks make cheese.'

"And,' I said, 'while Peg is finding out the farm-house, I'll get my map and will begin to make a regular description of the country for the children. 1st, Its name; 2nd, Its shape; and 3rd, Its boundaries.' Here is the account.

"1. *Name*. CHESHIRE is said to be so called from the Latin word *castra*, a camp—so that it might be called *Castra-shire*. In the old Saxon language, it was written *Cestre-seyre*.

"2. *Shape*. Cheshire has the shape of a teapot. (This you will find is quite true if you look at your map.

One part of the county represents the handle—another part the spout—another part the feet of the pot. Some writers, who have noticed the two pieces which resemble the handle and the spout, say that Cheshire is 'like the wing of an eagle stretched forth at length;' but, don't you believe them! Cheshire has the shape of a teapot.)

"3. *Boundaries*. Cheshire is bounded on the north by Lancashire—on the south by Shropshire and a small piece of Flintshire—on the east by Derbyshire and Staffordshire—and on the west by Denbighshire, Flintshire, and the Irish Sea.

"It was not very easy to remember these boundaries, but I learned them by heart, and I suppose, dear children, that you will like to do the same.

"I think I once told you of the names we give to land where corn is grown, and to grass land. There are two Latin words—*arare*, to plough; and *pastor*, a shepherd. All the land which is ploughed up every year, in order to sow corn and other seed, is called, from the word *arare*, 'arable land;' and the land which is not ploughed, but is used by the shepherds for cattle or sheep to graze upon, is called, from the word *pastor*, 'pasture land.'

"In consequence of the climate of this county, and the skill of the people in making cheese and butter, by far the greater part is used as pasture land. The soil is rather clayey, with quantities of marl. It is never too dry in the summer—for, being part of an extensive plain, which has the Derbyshire mountains on the east, and the Welsh mountains on the west, it has—You can tell me what, if you

have been learning *Physical Geography*.

"This dampness of climate is very suitable for meadow and pasture lands. Almost the only arable land to be found is that which is thought too sandy for pasture. Grass land is thought to be so valuable, that in many of the farmers' leases there is an agreement 'that not more than one-fourth of the farm shall be ploughed,' while many farms contain little or no arable land.

"Just as I was thinking over these facts, I overtook a man and his son, who were riding together in a cart, and I asked them to guide me to a farm-house where I should find a dairy.

"'Well, sir,' was the reply, 'you won't see many a dairy just about these parts of Cheshire. I should advise ye to put up at my town, *Frodsham*, to-night, and go on again early in the morning. You see that all along the banks of the Mersey here, the soil is sandy and turfy, and is used for growing potatoes. We grow *very large* quantities; and we soon sell them all, sir, at Liverpool, and the large cotton towns in Lancashire.

"'Thank you,' I replied; and then I thought to myself, 'I will get some more information out of you.' So after pulling at Peg's bridle to make her trot slowly, and keep pace with the cart, I said to the man, 'You have a very good soil in this county, I believe?'

"'Yes, sir, a beautiful soil. I don't know a better county in England; but it might be much improved.'

"'How is that?'

"'Why, you see, the people here have such old-fashioned ways of doing things. They may be a little better now, but if you had seen them ploughing even a few years ago, with a heavy, awkward, "ram-shackled" thing, which they called a plough, drawn by four or five horses in a straight line—they managed, with the heavy soil, to get through about as much as three quarters of an acre a day. And there are even some farmers who plough in that style now. But I likes to see improvements myself—I *do*. I think it will do some on 'em good to go and see the Exhibition this year.

"'But we are getting on, and improving faster now, sir. The soil is *drained* a good deal more than it used to be: the soil is also *manured* a great deal with marl; and where it is very heavy, lime and sand are used. The *salt* which is thrown away from our salt mines is also all used up now for manure; and the number of little rivulets that we have here are beginning to be turned to account to water the land. Some of the streams have been turned so as to flow through the farm yards.'

"'Ah!' I said, 'that is just what is done with the farms in Switzerland. Is this place before us *Frodsham*?'

"'Yes, sir; we are going down this turning. I'll wish you good night, sir.'

"'Good night, friend,' said I; 'thank you.'

"I must wish you 'Good night,' too, dear children, as I want my supper.

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

It is a virtue to improve the mind;
And if for truth we labour we shall find.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

13th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE WIDOW AND HER LODGER.

(BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGENT.)

W. Well, I wonder what that Mrs. Watson *did* think.

M. I will read you the rest of the story. "Her first thought was, 'This is very good news;' and her second thought was, 'Will it be *just* for me to take Mr. Brownlow's money? Perhaps he has relations who have a greater right to it than I have; and they may have been expecting, for a long while, to receive this money at his death.'"

W. Ah, mamma, I did not think of that.

L. But if the old gentleman *chose* to give her the money, I should have thought it would be rightly her own, mamma.

M. No, my love. If he was tempted, just at that moment, to treat his relations so very badly after they had been depending on receiving the money, that did not justify her in *allowing* him to do it.

Ion. But then, she would have made such a good use of the money, and it would have set up her poor son.

M. True; but we must never do evil that good may come.

W. And, after all, we don't know yet, whether he *had* any relations. Let us hear some more.

M. "When she was able to speak, she said, 'All these years that you have been living in my house, sir, I never once asked you a question about your family—thinking it was not my place to

inquire into your affairs; but now I feel it right to ask you whether you have any near kin who have claims upon you.'

"It was the old gentleman's turn to be surprised now. 'What! you don't mean to say you won't have the money?' he cried out.

"'Yes, sir, I do.'

"'Well, you are a woman of a thousand.'

"'I hope not, sir,' she replied.

'I hope that any Christian woman, or man either, would do the same.'

"'If they would,' said Mr. Brownlow, 'to be a Christian does indeed change the nature, for it is in our nature to love money. However, as you are so scrupulous, I will tell you; I have a sister living, and she has a son and two daughters. They would be here fawning and pretending to be very fond of me, if they knew where I was; but they used me so very ill, that I've kept aloof from them for a good many years, and I don't wish them ever to hear of me any more.'

"'I am sorry to hear you say that, sir,' said the widow; 'you would surely wish to die at peace with all your fellow-creatures?'

"'Oh, I don't bear them any ill-will,' he replied, 'but I don't wish to see or hear anything of them; and I would much rather leave my money to a worthy woman like you—one who has been so very kind to me, too—than I would to people like that.'

"'In what circumstances are they?' she asked.

"'Oh, I really cannot say, but it does not matter very much.

They expect to become rich when I die. Now, I know that you would make a good use of the money.'

"I should try to do so; still, I should never expect God's blessing upon it if I became possessed of it by unjust means."

"Finding the good woman would not listen to his arguments in favour of her having the property, Mr. Brownlow said no more. He begged her, however, to give him pen, ink, and paper, and then he wrote a letter, and directed it to a lawyer, telling her to let William post it as soon as he came in to his dinner."

L. And did she tell William what had passed?

M. Yes. "When they were sitting together in the evening she told him all about it. At first he looked very sad, and seemed almost ready to cry. And when she asked, 'What are you looking so sad about, my dear?' He answered, 'Oh, mother, that money would have paid Mr. Gregory for taking me as his apprentice.'"

Ion. Ah, poor boy, I don't wonder at his thinking that.

M. "One of her neighbours who came in at the time, and heard the story, thought so too. She said to the widow, 'Ah, Mrs. Watson, now I am sure it is quite a providence! God provided the money on purpose for your son that he might be a chemist! I feel quite sure that he did.' But Mrs. Watson loved God too much to talk of His providence in that way. God might have inclined the old man's heart to say what he had said on purpose to try her principles; 'but,' she said, 'that does not show that God wishes me to give up my principles.'"

Ion. She would only have had

to give up the principle *justice* still, that was worth more than the money.

"When William said to her, again, that he thought she might take the money, she could not speak, for her heart was full; but she pointed with her fore-finger to the text over the chimney-piece—*AS YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO UNTO YOU, DO YE ALSO UNTO THEM LIKEWISE*. Then, after a little while, she said, 'William, my dear, suppose I had had a brother who was rich, and that when he died he had left all his money to some stranger, who had no claim whatever upon him, instead of leaving it to me and to you; would you have liked that?'

"Oh, no, mother."

"Then, if we were to take Mr. Brownlow's money, it would, of course, be doing as we *would not* wish to be done by."

"Ah, mother, I see, I see," cried the boy, 'you are quite right! I will not look sad any more. I should not like to be a chemist with money that was not got *justly*.'

"His mother was then much pleased; she threw her arms round him, and hugged him so, and called him her own dear, dear son."

L. And I dare say William felt more happy in doing what was right, and in pleasing his mother, than he would have felt if he had been told he should have the money.

M. Yes, my dear, I am sure he did; for nothing can give us so much real happiness as the feeling that we are doing what is right.

W. Go on with the story, if you please, mamma; we want to hear the end of it.

M. "Mr. Brownlow died a few days after, and his relations came

to his funeral. They were rather stylish people—for they made a great show, though they were really very poor—and they looked down on good Mrs. Watson and her son.

"When the will was opened by the lawyer, after the funeral was over, it was found that the old gentleman had left the widow a legacy of a hundred pounds; 'as,' he said, 'a small testimony of gratitude for her kindness to him whilst he lived in her house.'"

W. Oh, I am so glad! He did quite right, I think.

M. "Those selfish people, who had all the rest of his money, were very angry when they heard of this. They did not know that they owed all of their share to her goodness; but the truth came out, though Mrs. Watson did not say a word about it herself. The lawyer told the whole affair, just as Mr. Brownlow told it to him."

L. And were they not ashamed of themselves, then?

M. I should think they were; but perhaps they only laughed at her behind her back as a simpleton, for people who don't make the will of God the rule of their own actions, often think it folly in those who do.

W. But tell me about William, mamma; would a hundred pounds be enough to pay the premium for him to be a chemist?

M. Yes, the tale says so. "Mr. Gregory was so fond of him, and so pleased with his conduct when he heard of it, that he took him for a little less than the hundred pounds, so that his mother should

have a part of the money. Thus both William and his mother were very happy."

God rewarded them, you see. God always will reward those who try to do his will, in some way. But not always by giving them just what they have set their hearts on.

"William was so diligent and persevering in his business, that he could scarcely fail of succeeding. After some years, he was able to provide for his dear mother without her working at all, and he took her from her little cottage to a larger and more comfortable house, and there they live so happily together; they are living there now, for it was not very many years ago that it all happened."

W. I know, mamma, what we may learn from this story. We may learn that God blesses and prospers those who act *justly*.

Jon. Yes; how much happier the widow must have felt than if she had received all the money! She not only had £100, but she still had the principle of justice. She had the respect of all her neighbours, too, I should think.

M. And, above all, she still had the love of God. You, too, may have this if you will learn to obey Him. Learn, dear children, that we must act *justly*, not only because it is right, but—because God commands that we should act so, however it may seem to our own injury; and the most easy way to find out what is just is to try our actions, as good Widow Watson did, by that beautiful text, "*As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them likewise.*"

MAMMALS.—ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE CAT TRIBE—(*Animals of the Old World*)



MAMMALS.—ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE CAT TRIBE—(*Animals of the New World*).



MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE CAT TRIBE.

L. Mamma, you have drawn a great many flesh-eating animals. Are these in the picture only one *tribe* of the order?

M. Yes. You may remember my telling you that, just as a Class may be divided into *Orders*, so an Order may be divided into *Tribes*. We shall give longer time to the consideration of this order than to the others, for this reason:—The orders which have come under our notice hitherto, are capable of living on a mixed diet; they eat both vegetable and animal substances. This order, however, consists of *purely carnivorous* animals: they eat not insects, worms, &c., but only the *flesh* of larger animals. We shall in time come to another order, living on vegetables only; they are *purely herbivorous* animals. To these also we shall one day give peculiar attention.

The animals of this 5TH ORDER may be compared to the eagles, the falcons, &c., which are the *purely carnivorous birds*.

You will notice in the history of these animals that their whole attention is given to attacking others; therefore they may be said to live an *offensive* life. Those which are only vegetable eaters, generally have not parts well fitted for attacking; these live a *defensive* life; whilst those which we have noticed as eating both animal and vegetable food, are both *offensive* and *defensive* in their habits.

We will now speak of the first tribe—the *Cat* tribe. You may go down stairs, Willie, and bring up the cat. The habits of the cat you are perhaps well acquainted with;

but I will point out something with respect to its food which you may not have observed. You may, perhaps, when in the street, have seen a dog gnawing a dirty bone, or tearing to pieces some of the offal thrown out from a butcher's shop. A dog, and the animals of the dog *tribe*, will even eat meat which is putrid. This, however, you cannot say of the cat; the habits of *domestic* cats may differ a little, but the animals of the cat tribe prefer the flesh and blood of animals which they have just killed—they like fresh meat, and reject carrion. You may now take up the *cat*, and may notice her different parts.

W. We will first notice the parts with which she finds and catches her food—her senses and limbs.

Ion. I will speak of her *senses*. First, she has eyes which enable her to see in the dark; that is, because the pupils become larger in the night, while, when the sun shines very much, they look like little specks—they contract.

W. And then, her eyes *glare* very much in the dark.

Ion. I will notice her ears. She has a very good sense of hearing, and nice ears. Look how she can move them—she is moving them forward!

M. Yes; all the cat tribe can move their ears in a forward direction, to hear the sound of the animals which they may wish to pursue. The animals which lead a *defensive* life have, however, the power of moving their ears backward, to hear any animal which may pursue them.

Ion. *Hares* do so, mamma. Horses and cows do—I often notice them as they move back their ears.

M. And you will find that the rabbit and others that live in the

field—such as are likely to be attacked by birds of prey from above—can move their ears in an *upward* direction. But notice puss's other senses.

Ion. She can not only hear but can smell well. But I have heard that this tribe cannot smell so well as the dog, who can scent the hare's footsteps. I don't know anything about her tongue, except that it is rather rough.

L. And long; so that she can put it out to lap up the milk.

M. This roughness in the tongue has some purpose, especially in the larger animals. In the Lion and Tiger, the rough surface enables them, by licking the bones of their prey, to scrape off small pieces of flesh.

Ion. I wonder whether the sense of feeling enables the cat to find its prey.

M. The sense of feeling is useful to her in the dark, to enable her to find her way. In order that she may not knock her head against any object which may be in her way, she has very delicate and sensitive organs which project to some distance on each side of her mouth; they receive an impression from the slightest touch.

Ion. Do you mean her *whiskers*, mamma?

M. Yes; they are sometimes called *feelers*. I will now point out the other parts myself. Under her *feet* you may observe that she



has soft pads or cushions, one under each toe, to enable her to move toward her prey with silence. I have copied for you, from one of Mr. Knight's books, a little

drawing of the pads under a lion's foot. You have often noticed the cat's hooked and sharp talons. The same kind of instruments may be found in the claw of the lion; a drawing of which I have also copied for you.

These claws, you know, when they are not in use, are not visible; being drawn back into the sheaths provided for them.

W. Just as you take care of your scissors in sheaths to preserve them

M. These claws of the cat tribe are, on this account, said to be *retractile*; the bones, &c., of the claw are so arranged that, without, any trouble on the animal's part, the talons are kept from touching the ground; they are, therefore, always sharp and ready for service.

The bones of the toes are also so arranged that the animal rests not on the sole of her foot, but on her toes; she is therefore able to run swiftly. Which part of your foot do you use when running, Willie?

W. My toes, I think; if I were to put the flat sole on the ground each time, I should waste time, and I could not run on my heels.

M. The cat tribe, because they move in this manner, are said to be *digitigrade* animals (from *digitus*, a toe, and *gradus*, a step); while others, which walk steadily and slowly on the sole of the foot, are said to be *pantigrade* (from *planta*, the sole, and *gradus*, a step). The



teeth of the cat we have spoken of before.

You would, I think, like me to describe the habits of the animals which I have drawn for you. Suppose we begin with the Lion. We will imagine the history of a lion in pursuit of his prey; I shall then be able to show you how all the parts we have just noticed are brought into use for that purpose.

I told you that the lion sleeps during the heat of the day. We will suppose that the sun has gone down, and that the lion, waking up, has set forth from his hiding-place in the jungle, to find some herbivorous animal on the plain. You should be there to watch him as he begins to move. His whole framework is very vigorous, yet agile; his limbs are short; his joints are well-knit and firm, yet they are supple; and every motion is ever free and graceful. As he proceeds through the wood, in the dusky glimmer, the pupils of his eyes enlarge (or *dilate*, as we say), so as to collect all the scattered rays of light; and, as he turns his eyes around to seek for his prey, they glare like two balls of fire. His ears are brought forward to catch the smallest sound—any rustling of the leaves or boughs; whilst his nose is ready to detect the scent of any animal that has lately been that way. His whiskers, too, are useful in the darkest parts of the jungle; by their great power of feeling they guard him against projecting boughs or trees, that he may not make a noise, or alarm his prey. But, if he finds no food in the woods, he proceeds to the open plain, where, perhaps, he may see in the distance a herd of buffa-

loes feeding. As the darkness is coming on, and the night wind is rising, the heavy clouds may pour down rain, and soon the flashes of lightning burst through the gloom, and are followed by loud claps of thunder. This is the time for the lion! it is to him a season of joy!—amused and delighted, he answers the thunder with a jovial roar. Now is the time for the lion! He watches the buffaloes in the distance, who are seized with terror and confusion; he gives forth one of his loudest and longest roars to frighten them more, so that they scatter themselves in all directions, and numbers blindly run towards him.

Now, again, is the time for the lion! He looks out for his chance, and hides in ambush behind some heavy rock, where he stands with his tail outstretched, and his eyes glaring more than ever, his hooked claws are extended, while the muscles of his limbs are drawn up all ready to spring;—then, as one of the largest buffaloes comes within reach he presses his elastic pads on the ground, and with an enormous bound, he leaps on his prey, dashing him to the earth by the force of his stroke and the weight of his body.

The rest you can imagine. There might be another loud roar, and a groan—a sound of struggling and a crushing of bones which would show that the lion had now brought into exercise his sharp teeth, and was trying the strength of his enormous jaws. Then, in the dark you might just manage to perceive him dragging along with perfect ease a black shadowy mass much larger than himself.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

HENRY THE SECOND.

P. We will now turn from the history of à-Becket, to that of Henry.

In the same year that à-Becket was murdered, Henry added a new kingdom to his extensive dominions—the kingdom of Ireland.

If you take the map of Great Britain, you will see that Ireland is a large island, on the west of England, separated by the Irish Sea. The distance between the two islands is very short, particularly at two narrow passages which you may notice. One, called the *Northern Channel*, is between Scotland and Ireland; and the southern strait, between Wales and Ireland, is called *St. George's Channel*.

In the time of Henry, the natives of Ireland were in a very barbarous state. They sprung from almost the same race of people as the ancient Britons, and, indeed, many of the Britons had been driven to the island as a place of refuge from the Romans and Saxons; therefore, they were a very different race from the half Norman, half Saxon people in England. The Irish people had been heathens, just like the ancient Britons, until they were taught Christianity by a good man called St. Patrick—a saint whom the Catholics in Ireland love to honour to this day.

The island was, in Henry's reign, divided into five small kingdoms, namely, Leinster, Meath, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught, and there were, therefore, five kings, who fought with each other, as the seven Saxon kings had done when England was a Saxon Heptarchy.

One of these kings usually possessed more power than the others, just as the Saxon *Bretwalda* had; and I dare say that all five of them would have fought with each other until one became sole king, just as Egbert had been, had they not all been conquered by Henry.

I cannot suppose that the natives of Ireland had learned much of the true gospel of Jesus. Their minds at this time were in great darkness, for no doubt the truth had been hidden and covered over by the superstitions which the priests who came from Rome had taught them. So savage were they, that we read many horrible accounts of kings who put out each others' eyes. There was one king who wished to teach his barons that they must be more obedient to his authority; and accordingly, seizing seventeen of them, he put out the eyes of some, and put the remainder to death. It is also related of this man, that after a great victory, in the wars between the English and the Irish, *three hundred* of the heads of his enemies were brought to him and laid at his feet;—the monster turned them over one by one, taking them up by the hair and ears, and with a loud voice thanking God most heartily. Among these heads was one of an enemy whom he mortally hated; and to show his horrible joy he took it up and treated it in a manner too shocking for me to describe.

Indeed, the whole account of this war is too dreadful for children to listen to. The conquest of Ireland means, just what, alas! is often meant by other conquests; marching up and down the length and breadth of the land, murdering, spoiling, burning, laying waste, and

behaving like savages. They fought, too, in a revengeful manner. I will only therefore tell you, 1st, That the conquest of Ireland began by the flight of the wicked man whom I have just spoken of; he was the King of Leinster, and was named *Dermot M'Murrough*. Being driven out of Ireland by the other kings, he fled to King Henry for protection. 2ndly, Some of King Henry's knights, with his permission, took up his cause, and the Earl of Pembroke, surnamed *Strongbow*; Robert Fitzstephen; and Raymond Fitzwilliam, surnamed *le Gros*, which means "the fat man," went over to Ireland at different times, with horsemen, archers, and foot soldiers. These men performed their cruel work so vigorously, that it is said, when entering the city of Waterford they killed the people in the streets without pity, leaving their bodies lying in great heaps; and again, that, "weary of killing, they cast numbers of their prisoners headlong from the rocks into the sea, and so drowned them." 3rdly, That, at length, King Henry himself came over, with about 500 knights and 4,000 soldiers, and completed the conquest, so that

Ireland has ever since belonged to the English crown—forming part of the kingdom of Great Britain.

The remainder of Henry's reign was a time of continual anxiety and distress to him, on account of the wicked conduct of his sons. His wife, *Queen Eleanor*, was, I am sorry to tell you, a wicked woman, not loving her husband, as all good wives do; but this was, perhaps, the king's own fault, for he did not love her; and he knew before he married her, that on account of her wickedness he could not love her as much as he ought to do. He only married Eleanor on account of the territory she possessed, which was a very bad reason for doing so. And now when he was becoming an old man, he reaped the consequence of his foolishness. He had four children, named Henry, Richard, Geoffrey, and John. God had given him these children, so that when they grew up to be men, they might love him, and help him; but their mother, Eleanor, instead of teaching them to do so, taught them to rebel against their father. The account of their doings is a very sad one, which you shall hear in our next lesson.

AN APRIL SONNET.

Now blue-eyed April, smiling through her tears,
Comes, half in shadow, half in sunshine drest;
A wreath of violets on her brow she wears,
And cowslip bells are nodding on her breast:
With face now upward turned, and now deprest,
She moveth slowly on, like one that fears
She may not meet the objects of her quest—
The bright and beautiful of former years.
Her brother, March, resigns his throne to her,
And blusters out a boisterous farewell;
She, with a voice like lute or dulcimer,
Softly replieth, while in every dell
The fair trees blossom, and the bright flowers spring,
And gentle birds pour strains of welcoming.

H. G. ADAMS.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

CHESHIRE.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"Since writing my last letter I have been to one of the Cheshire dairies. I am afraid, however, that the history of Cheese-making will take up too much of our time; so that I must defer it until I write your *history of manufactures*.

"It was a pleasant sight to see the old contented cows coming in to be milked; and, as the farm I was visiting was a very large one, there were a great number of them. There seemed at first to be many different breeds, but on noticing them more particularly, I found that the greater part of the herd (or *pack*, as the Cheshire people say) were of the short-horned breed, which are better than the other kinds.

"Where," I said to one of the dairy maids—"where do you get your milk from, when the cows have calves? I should think that the calves would drink all of it."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "they would, perhaps, if we didn't kill them; but we kill many of them when they are very young, and make veal of them, so as to save the milk. Some of our calves are weaned when they are three weeks old; we then use the whey which is separated from the curds when we make cheese, and we warm it for them to drink. Sometimes we give them warm whey and oatmeal gruel mixed. Sometimes we soak linseed in hot water, and make what you would call "linseed tea" for them. It is not very profitable work, sir, to fatten the calves for veal; we can't sell the veal so well in this county, as we

could if we were nearer to London."

L. I could have told the dairy woman what to do,—the people should keep *pigs*. The pigs could be fed on the buttermilk. When we were at uncle John's farm, I heard him say, that people who have a dairy can keep pigs without much expense.—Let us hear what Mr. Young says.

"You must," I said, "rear a great many calves, so as to have a fresh supply of cows. When are they old enough to give milk?"

"Why, sir, when they be about three years old; when a cow is nearly five years old she is in her prime, and she gives us milk until she is ten or twelve years old."

"And what do you do with her then?"

"Then, sir, we makes her fat for the butcher, who kills her."

"That is a nice cow," I said, "the one that is coming in at the gate now."

"No, sir, we don't call her a good *milker*—she is too fat. That is a better cow, the brown one with short horns. You see, she is not at all fat; her hip-bones stick out, and you can see her ribs under her skin. She has a white horn, a thin face, and a lively eye,—those are the signs by which we know a good milker. Such a cow as that one, sir, gives ten quarts of milk per day; we have got a cow as gives fourteen quarts; and once, sir, not many years ago, one of our cows gave *twenty-four quarts* per day,—but that was not for a long time."

"And what is the average quantity—how much does a cow generally give?"

"Each cow in our farm, sir,—I should say that each cow gives about eight quarts per

day. About four quarts, sir, make a pound of cheese; but we use from twelve to fifteen quarts to make a pound of butter. The milk, sir, depends very much on their food; when November comes, we generally house*them, or keep them in yards, and feed them on dry food. We let them out for an hour or two each day into a paddock, or meadow; they don't find anything to eat there, but it gives them an appetite.'

"After seeing the cows milked, I went to another part of the farm, where some people were making cheese. I can only stop to tell you that there was a hearth-stone with a large fire, made of wood, burning on it; and, that over the fire was a large vessel, with more than sixty gallons of milk in it. This milk was made very hot, and a piece of the dried stomach of a calf was put into it. This was called rennet; and it served to curdle the milk—that is, it separated the curd from the whey. The curd was then boiled again, and the whey was strained off; it was then rapidly stirred, and beaten up, and salted; then it was squeezed very tight in a cheese-press, and was salted again. This process was repeated for two or three days, and then the cheese was taken out of the wooden hoop, which gave it its shape, and put on one of the shelves. For the next six or eight weeks the cheeses were turned and wiped every day; and fine powdered salt was rubbed into them.

"The day after my visit to the dairy, I travelled southward, along the banks of the river Weaver. As soon as Peg and I reached a town called Northwich, I put her in a stable, and went to see a mine in which men were procuring rock-

salt. The Cheshire salt, and the brine springs, I know you have read of in your lesson on Salt.* In this mine at Northwich, the first stratum of salt is very hard, like brown sugar candy. The men blast it—that is, they break off enormous masses by means of gunpowder. Underneath this stratum of brown salt there is a stratum of hard stone, about thirty yards thick; and beneath this stratum is a bed, about forty yards thick, of perfectly white crystal salt. Besides Northwich, two other towns, named Nantwich and Middlewich, are particularly famous for their salt.

"Before the time of the railroads, goods were conveyed principally in barges, which were drawn along by horses on artificial rivers called *Canals*. Some of these canals were made with great skill, and were very famous. They are very numerous both in Cheshire and Lancashire; the most noted was the *Grand Trunk Canal*, made by the Duke of Bridgewater. It flows through Cheshire, for about twenty miles.

"The principal rivers of the county are the Mersey, the Weaver, and the Dee.

"The capital of Cheshire is CHESTER, a very old and interesting place. On reaching the town, I was very much pleased with the ancient walls surrounding it; they have been kept in perfect repair, and indeed Chester is the only town in England whose walls have been preserved. They are very pleasant places to walk upon; and form a promenade which is nearly two miles in extent. The view of the country from some parts of the walls is very fine. If

you will look at your map, you will see that Chester is on the borders of Wales; and, as in former times Wales was not united with Great Britain, these walls were very useful and necessary as a means of defence. The town was a most important military station in the time of the Romans, and was in the possession of the Britons for a long time after the other parts of the island had been conquered by the Saxons. It was continually taken by the Saxons, and re-taken by the Britons, until the year 830, in the reign of Egbert, when it finally became a Saxon town.

"I was also pleased with the old Rows at Chester, which are even more striking objects than the walls. The two principal streets have a row on each side of the road; they have a curious appearance, because the path which you walk upon is not on the same level as the roads, like the pavement in large towns, but it is up higher. A piece is cut out of each house in this manner; the streets



have an appearance such as one of the London streets would have, if the front room in the first floor of every house were cut away. The shops are at the back

of the row, and all along the front there are old wooden railings to keep the passengers from falling, except in the parts where there are steps by which you go down to the road, or come up again. They are very nice places, because, being covered over, you can go out for a walk, and look at the shops, on rainy days, without an umbrella."

W. Ah, I should go out on the walls on fine days, and walk in the rows on rainy days.

"Like the walls, however, they were not always used for such peaceful purposes. In the ancient times of war, the people of Chester would attack their enemies from these high places, and pour melted lead and throw stones on the heads of the folk below. The houses themselves would, I think, please you as much as the rows. How often you would want, if you were here, to stop and look at the different-shaped roofs and windows, the curious old carving, and the great quantity of wood-work, which gives the buildings such a heavy lumbering appearance! There is not very much commerce here now. You can see by the map, that, on account of its position, Liverpool is a much more convenient place for shipping than Chester, whilst the navigation of the river Dee is not good; therefore, as the trade of Liverpool has increased that of Chester has decreased. The town has a small manufactory of gloves.

"Chester is a cathedral town; but the cathedral, which is built of a reddish stone, is by no means a fine one. The interior is very plain.

"On leaving Chester, I visited other large towns in the county, none of which have much that is remarkable. *Stockport* I spoke of in our lesson on Lancashire.

"*Macclesfield* is another manufacturing town, noted for silk.

"*Altringham* is about eight miles from Manchester, and supplies Manchester with fruit and vegetables.

"*Congleton*, like *Macclesfield*, is noted for its silks. It is beautifully situated in a deep valley, on the banks of a river, and it is perhaps almost as old a town as Chester; the streets contain many of the same kind of houses—ancient structures, built entirely of timber framework and plaster.

"There, dear children, I have told you all that I know about Cheshire. So, good-bye.

"Your affectionate friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

CHESHIRE.

1. *Cheshire* is so called from the Latin word "*Castra*," a camp.

2. *It has the shape of a teapot.*

3. *It is bounded on the north by Lancashire; on the south by Shropshire and Flintshire; on the east by Derbyshire and Staffordshire; and on the west by Denbighshire, Flintshire, and the Irish Sea.*

4. *The greater part of the soil of Cheshire is pasture land, suited for cattle. The county is, therefore, famous for its cheese. It is also famous for its salt-springs and mines.*

5. *The Duke of Bridgewater's Canal flows through this county.*

6. *The principal rivers are the Mersey, the Weaver, and the Dee.*

7. *The capital is CHESTER, one of the most ancient towns in England, famous for its old walls and its rows.*

8. *The other noted towns are MACCLESFIELD, STOCKPORT, ALTRINGHAM, CONGLETON, NORTHWICH, NANTWICH, and MIDDLEWICH.*

A SONG FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

In the days when stern dominion stalked, a giant, through the land,
Panoplied in steel, and clutching threat'ning lance, or naked brand;
Then full oft the herald's trumpet slung defiance to the world,
Then hot steeds in haste were mounted—knightly pennons were unfurled.

Far and near unto the tourney trooping came the men of war,
Seeking fame and seeking glory, in the battle's shock and jar;
Many bright eyes then were tear-dimmed, many blooming cheeks grew wan,
As upon the gory green sward, horse and rider rolled anon.

Now again the trumpet soundeth, and the challenge is sent forth,
Penetrating every corner of the fair and fertile earth;
But it stirs no angry feeling, fills no bosom with alarms,
Wakes no sound of scorn or menace, prancing steeds, and clashing arms

But it calls the world to enter in the lists, and win the prize
Due to steady perseverance, skill, and peaceful enterprise:
Friendship springs from such contention; every philanthropic heart
Gladly views the scene where combat SCIENCE, INDUSTRY, and ART.

O my country! how much better is the new plan than the old!
Glorious visions of the future to my raptured glance unfold.
I can see the nations gather, not with clang, and boom, and swell
Of the clarion-call to battle, making of this earth a hell;

But with friendly looks and accents, one in word and one in thought,
Each instructing each, and breathing brotherhood, as brothers ought.
It will be thy greatest glory, that thou wast the first to send
Forth the peaceful invitation, unto foe and unto friend!

H. G. ADAMS.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

SPAIN. SEVILLE.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I have not been able to send you a letter for a long time. You may remember that, a few weeks ago, I told how I was travelling in a steamboat up the river Guadalquivir to the town of SEVILLE;—and you may remember, that on my passage I began to tell you some of the history of Spain. I spoke also about a false prophet called Mahomet, who taught his doctrines to the people in Arabia, and then, resolved to spread his religion with the sword.

"The Arabs (or *Moors*, as they were called, because they came immediately from Mauritania in Africa), when they had ended their conquests in Africa, resolved to conquer Europe; and landed in Spain in the year 711. A leader named *Tarik* landed secretly with a small army at the foot of the rock which is now called the rock of Gibraltar, and determined to conquer the country. The *Moors* always *had* conquered in battle; and therefore they supposed that they should conquer Spain, as a matter of course. Accordingly they did so. *Tarik* was rapidly joined by fresh troops, who took possession of the villages and strong places round about, until *Roderick*, the King of Spain, seeing that the country was rapidly filling with these *Moors*, engaged in battle with them, and was defeated.

"This was a great battle; and the victory was so important that the *Moors* soon overran the whole country. They met with little resistance, conquering Seville, Cordova, and the other large towns with surprising expedition; and, in the course of three or four years,

they completely established themselves. This conquest of Spain was even a more sudden one than the conquest of England by William I. (which happened about 350 years after), and it was a much less cruel one.

"The different Moorish kings spent much of their time, and vast sums of money, in improving the country. Like the Romans in Britain, they constructed roads, bridges, &c.; founded schools and hospitals, and built splendid places of worship for their prophet MAHOMET, which they called *Mosques*.

"At Cordova they built a mosque with 1,000 columns, and 4,700 lamps. They built most delightful dwelling-houses for themselves, paying little attention to the outside appearance, while everything inside was ingeniously arranged so that they might enjoy ease and comfort. The appearance of their rooms was truly magnificent;—the greatest skill and labour was exercised in ornamenting the walls and ceiling; the tiles were glazed with blue, and their paving-bricks were blue, white, black, and yellow, so arranged as to form striking and beautiful effects. Their houses, palaces, and mosques, were furnished with very large cisterns for water. The *Athambra*, or palace of the Moorish kings, which we shall say more about soon, is the wonder of travellers even in this day. This palace contained very large sheets of water, whilst, in most of the large sheets, beautiful fountains played, cooling the air. In one palace was a large pond, and in the middle of it was a room made of stained glass, and adorned with gold. Here the caliph would sit and read untouched

by the water, with tapers burning before him.

"The *durability* of the Moorish buildings is one of their chief merits. The stucco composition on their walls has become as hard as stone. Even in the present day, after hundreds of years, there are some parts without a crack or a flaw in the whole surface. The wood-work has also been wonderfully preserved, after being neglected for nearly 700 years; the pine-wood floors and ceilings of the Alhambra are perfectly sound, without any mark of dry-rot, worm, or insect. The white paint is still so bright and rich that it may be mistaken for mother-of-pearl.

"The size of some of these cities furnishes fresh causes for wonder. Think of a city *twenty-four miles* long! The city of Cordova was of this length, and six miles in breadth. The shores of the Guadalquivir were occupied with palaces, streets, gardens, and public buildings; and for ten miles the citizen could travel through the city by the light of lamps. This city had at one time 270,000 houses, 80,455 shops, 911 baths, and 3,877 mosques, with a population of 80,000 people.

"The remains of these cities and buildings still exist in Spain, to remind us of the industry of the Moors; but their conquest of Spain was of importance to all Europe. Just as the Romans introduced civilisation into Britain, so did the Moors to Spain. Their forcible entry of Spain was like 'the breaking open of a door, through which there rushed a flood of new knowledge and new ideas into Europe.' It would be difficult to tell how much less civilised we northern people of Europe might have been now, if that handful of tawny Moors and their leader Tarik had not

leaped ashore under the rock of Gibraltar, in the year 711. They taught us astronomy, our system of ciphering and figures, and algebra. They gave us a philosophy, a new style of architecture, the notion of public libraries, of police, the telegraph, gunpowder (as some say), paper-making, the pendulum, the mariner's compass, and morocco leather. They gave us the principle of rhyme in verse, and many improvements in music, in working metals, weaving silk, dyeing, and other arts too numerous to mention. The Moorish physicians discovered many of the drugs which are in use even now.

"The learning of the Arabs was even more remarkable. They had their "*hundreds of thousands* of authors;" Bagdad, it is said, became the resort of poets, philosophers, and mathematicians from every country. Ambassadors were sent to Armenia, Syria, and Egypt, to collect the most important books they could discover. Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with Greek, Hebrew, and Persian literature, many of which were translated into the Arabic language, that all classes of people might read them." Thus the Moors lived on in Spain, until the year 1492, when the Spaniards regained possession, and reconquered the Moors.

"This, dear children, is a very small part of the long history of Spain, which I used to read a long time ago. It was this history which made me expect Seville to be so beautiful a place. My account of Seville, in its present state, you shall hear of in the next letter. Good-bye!

"Your affectionate friend,

"UNCLE RICHARD."

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM. •

14th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE BLACK BONNET.

L. Has papa gone out, mamma?

M. Yes; and I am going to read you a tale from one of his old books. He used to read it when he was a boy.

Ion. We shall like it all the better for that. And I can see that it is one of *Miss Edgeworth's* tales—that is another reason why I shall like it.

M. (*reading*)—"Rosamond was living with her mother in London. One morning, an elderly lady came to pay her mother a visit. This lady was an old friend of her mother's; but she had been, for some years, absent from England, so that Rosamond had never before seen her. When the lady had left the room Rosamond exclaimed—

"Mamma! I do not like that old woman at all. I am sorry, ma'am, that you promised to go to see her in the country, and to take me with you; for I dislike that woman, mamma."

"I will not take you with me to her house, if you wish not to go there, Rosamond; but why you should dislike that lady, I cannot even guess: you never saw her before this morning, and you know nothing about her."

"That is true, mamma! but I really do dislike her—I disliked her, from the first minute she came into the room."

"For what reason?"

"Reason, mamma!—I do not know—I have no particular reason."

"Well, particular or not, give me some reason."

"I cannot give you a reason, mamma, for I do not know why I did not like the woman; but you know that, very often—or, at least, sometimes—without any reason—without knowing why—we like or dislike people."

"We!—Speak for yourself, Rosamond; for my part I always have some reason for liking or disliking people."

"Mamma, I dare say I have some reason, too, if I could find it out; but I never thought about it."

"I advise you to think about it, and find it out. Silly people sometimes like, or *take a fancy*, as they call it, at first sight, to persons who do not deserve to be liked; who have bad tempers, bad characters, bad qualities. Sometimes, silly people take a dislike, or, as they call it, an *antipathy*, to those who have good qualities, good characters, and good tempers."

"That would be unlucky—unfortunate," said Rosamond, beginning to look grave.

"Yes; unlucky, unfortunate, for the silly people; because they might, if they had their choice, choose to live with the bad instead of with the good; choose to live with those who would make them unhappy, instead of with those who would make them happy."

"That would be a sad thing, indeed, mamma—very sad. Perhaps that woman to whom I took a dislike, or—what do you call it?—an *antipathy*, may be a good woman, mamma."

"It is possible, Rosamond."

"Mamma, I will not be one of

the silly people—I will not have an antipathy. What is an antipathy, mamma?

“A feeling of dislike for which we can give no reason.”

“Rosamond stood still and silent for some moments, considering deeply, and then suddenly bursting out laughing, she laughed for some time, without being able to speak. At last, she said—

“Mamma, I am laughing at the very odd, silly reason I was going to give you for disliking that lady. Only because she had an ugly, crooked sort of pinch in the front of her black bonnet.”

“Perhaps that was a sufficient reason for disliking the black bonnet,” said Rosamond’s mother; “but not quite sufficient for disliking the person who wore it.”

“No, mamma; because she does not always wear it, I suppose. She does not sleep in it, I dare say; and, if I were to see her without it, I might like her.”

“Possibly.”

“But, mamma, there is another reason why I disliked her; and this, perhaps, is a bad and unjust reason; but still I cannot help disliking the thing, and this thing she cannot take off or put on as she pleases; I can never see her without it, mamma; and this is a thing I must always dislike; and my knowing that this is the reason that I dislike her, does not make me dislike her the least the less.”

“The least the less!” repeated Rosamond’s mother: “by the accuracy of your language, Rosamond, I perceive how accurately you think at present.”

“Oh, mamma, but this does not depend on thinking, mamma; this depends on feeling. Mamma, I wonder—I have a great curiosity

to know—whether you took notice of that shocking thing?”

“When you have told me what this shocking thing is, I shall be able to satisfy your curiosity.”

“Mamma, if you do not know it, it did not shock you, that is clear.”

“Not perfectly clear.”

“Then, mamma, you did see it, did you? And how could you help being shocked by it?”

“Will you tell me what you mean, Rosamond?”

“Then, mamma, you did not see it.”

“It—what?”

“When her glove was off, mamma, did not you see it—the shocking finger, mamma; the stump of a finger, and the great scar all over the back of her hand? Mamma, I am glad she did not offer to shake hands with me, for I think I could not have touched her hand; I should have drawn back mine.”

“There is no danger that she should ever offer to shake hands with you, Rosamond, with that hand; she knows that it is disagreeable. If you observe, she gave me her other hand.”

“That was well done. So she knows it is disagreeable. Poor woman! how sorry and ashamed of it, she must be!”

“She has no reason to be ashamed, she has more reason to be proud of it.”

“Proud of it! Why, mamma? Then you know something more about it. Will you tell me all you know, mamma?”

“I know that she burnt that hand in saving her little granddaughter from being burnt to death. The child going too near the fire, when she was in a room by herself, set fire to her frock; the muslin

was in flames instantly; as she could not put out the flame, she ran screaming to the door: the servants came—some were afraid, and some did not know what to do. Her grandmother heard the child's screams—ran up stairs—saw all her clothes and her hair on fire. She instantly rolled her up in a rug that was on the hearth. The kind grandmother did not, however, escape unhurt, though she did not at the time know, or feel, how much. But when the surgeon had dressed the child's burns, then she showed him her own hand. It was so terribly burnt, that it was found necessary to cut off one joint of the finger. The scar, which you saw, is the mark of the burn.

"Dear, good, courageous woman!—And what a kind, kind grandmother!" cried Rosamond. "O mamma, if I had known all this!—Now I do know all this, how differently I feel. How unjust, how foolish, to dislike her!—And for a pinch in a black bonnet!—And for that very scar!—that very hand!—Mamma, I would not draw back my hand, if she was to offer to shake hands with me now. Mamma, I wish to go to see her now. Will you take me with you to her house in the country?"

"I will, my dear."

W. Well! That is a very nice tale; but what has it to do with justice?

Ion. I can tell you, Willie. Don't you see that Rosamond had an *antipathy*? The thoughts about that lady were not just; so antipathy is injustice, or something of the kind.

M. I must explain to you. The man who executes justice by law is called a *judge*; and I will tell

you why. When any question is brought before him, he hears all the facts of the case, and considers them.

W. Yes.

M. And when he has considered everything, He uses his judgment to find out what is right.

W. Yes.

M. And when he knows which action is fair and right, he causes it to be done—and that is *justice*.

W. So it is.

M. Then you must know that all of you are made to be judges—for you have every day to judge whether your actions are just or not. But, if you make your judgments in a hurry, as Rosamond did—that is, if you judge before the proper time—before you have had time to think—

L. Then we shall make *antipathies*.

M. You may; but this you will be almost sure to do—to form a *bad judgment*. I will tell you what name we give to such a judgment—from the Latin words *pre*, before, and *judicium*, a judgment, we make the name *prejudice*.

L. Yes, I have heard that word!

M. And when people have prejudice (or they judge-before) they are very likely to have *antipathies*—which are unjust feelings. I believe that next week your papa is going to tell you about some one who could not act justly because he had so many prejudices and antipathies. And perhaps we shall have some tales to show how many nations—people who are brothers—cannot do justice toward each other; they do not even dwell together in peace, because they have so many prejudices and antipathies.

° MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE CAT TRIBE.

M. We will talk a little more about the lion, and of the habits of each of the beasts which I have drawn. If I could roar like a lion, I do not think that you would like to listen! His roar has not only a fine deep sound, but is very loud and terrible. I have heard that the other beasts tremble at the sound. When a lion is angry, he is a fine sight; he shows a stern dignity of countenance, his glaring eyes seem like balls of fire, while he lashes his sides slowly with his long tufted tail. On account of his majestic aspect, he is called "The King of the beasts."

There are, in the lion's framework, other parts worth noticing, besides those you pointed out last week. The strength of his *limbs* is wonderful. With one blow of his heavy paw, he can rip up the side of an ox, or break a man's skull. A gentleman who has written an account of a lion-hunt, says—"The dogs flew boldly between us and the lion; and, surrounding him, they kept him at bay by their resolute barking. The lion, conscious of his strength, remained unmoved at their noisy attempts, and kept his head turned towards us. At one moment the dogs advanced close to his feet, as if to seize him, but they paid dearly for their imprudence; for, without discomposing the majestic and steady attitude in which he stood fixed, he merely *moved his paw*, and I saw two lying dead. In doing this he made so little exertion, that I could hardly tell by what means they had been killed."

There are other parts of the lion endued with equally wonderful strength. A lion, living near the Cape of Good Hope, in Africa, was once seen carrying home the carcass of a heifer. He had seized it with his mouth; and although its legs dragged upon the ground, he carried it off as easily and as quickly as the cat carries a rat. He soon reached a very broad ditch, but there was no hesitation—over they went,—lion and heifer together. A young lion, who had killed a horse, carried it for the distance of a mile. Another African lion seized and carried off a heifer; some horsemen set out in pursuit, following in his track; after pursuing him for five hours, they found that the heifer's carcass had only twice touched the ground. The Indian lion shows the same courage as his relative in Africa. He has been known to spring on the head of one of the largest elephants, and to pull him down to the earth, rider and all.

Now, to perform such wonderful feats, the lion must not only have great strength in his limbs, but in other parts of his frame.

Ion. Yes; his *teeth* must be very strong.

W. And his *jaws* also. If I were to try and lift up any person as heavy as myself with my jaws, the lower jaw would drop down, so that I could not hold him.

L. And, Willie, even if you could keep your jaws together and hold him tight, you could not hold up your head; the weight of his body would drag down your head.

W. So it would. I suppose, then, that the lion must have great strength in his *neck* also. Look at the picture, and see how thick it is! If it were thin like

a camelopard's, I do not think that he could carry a heifer very far.

M. No. You may stop here and think, Willie. You may see the hand of God in the lion, as well as in every animal around you. God, who gives the animals their *instincts*, also furnishes them with powers to agree with those instincts. The Lion's power of leaping and bounding—his swiftness—his sense of sight, hearing, smelling, and feeling—his soft elastic pads, and silent step—his powerful claws, and terrible roar—his still more terrible teeth—the strength of his jaws and neck—all these things assist to work out and satisfy the desire of destruction within him. At the same time they all show to us with what wisdom the Creator can provide any kind of structure for His creatures, and can adapt them for the circumstances in which He has placed them. The lion is made for an offensive life, he has within him a disposition to kill, and all that he *can* want to satisfy that disposition is given to him.

You may perceive this great truth not only in the lion, but in the cat with which you are playing. Nearly all that I have said of the lion may be said of her. Her structure is formed on exactly the same plan.

W. Let me look at her again.

M. Open her mouth, Willie, and look particularly at her teeth. Observe the tearing teeth at the corner of her jaws; you may by these understand exactly what I mean in saying that the lion's teeth act together like a pair of scissors. Some day when you are older, and are able to study *anatomy*—when you can observe the muscles, ligaments, and bones of

animals, you will understand yet more of God's wisdom.

Ion. Now, mamma, tell us an *anecdote* of a lion, please.

M. We must not spend much of our time with anecdotes of the different animals. You may find plenty in some of your books. You shall, however, hear a story which I read lately—it shows that, although the lion is justly styled the king of the beasts, he is not a king over *man*. Neither the lion, nor any other animal, can withstand the influence of the human eye; and if looked boldly in the face by a man, he is afraid to spring upon him.

"A man named Jacob Kok, of Zee-koe-rivier, one day walking with his loaded gun, unexpectedly met a lion. Being an excellent shot, he thought himself pretty certain of killing it, and therefore fired his piece. Unfortunately he did not recollect that the charge in it was damp; so that his piece hung fire, and the ball falling short, entered the ground close to the lion. In consequence of this he was seized with a panic, and took directly to his heels; but being soon out of breath and closely pursued by the lion, he jumped up on a little heap of stones, and there made a stand, presenting the butt end of his gun to his adversary, fully resolved to defend his life as well as he could to the utmost. This deportment had such an effect on his pursuer, that he also made a stand, and lay down at the distance of a few paces from the heap of stones, seemingly quite unconcerned. Jacob, in the meantime, did not stir from the spot; besides, he had in his flight unfortunately dropped his powder-horn. At length, after waiting a good half-hour, the lion rose up,

and at first went very slowly, and step by step only, as if he had a mind to steal off; but as soon as he got to a greater distance, he began to bound away at a great rate."

I once read another account of a man who met a lion near the side of a river: the man immediately faced him, earnestly fixing his eye upon him; the lion stood opposite to him, afraid to spring, and yet determined not to leave him. Unfortunately the man's gun lay on the ground at a short distance from him. The advantage of this fact the lion seemed quite to understand, for as the man once or twice put forth his arm, or moved his body toward the gun, the lion gave a sudden start toward him, and a short roar, as much as to say, "If you touch that, I will spring on you." So, for a whole day and night, and part of the next

day, I think, the two parties faced each other; and, under the influence of the scorching sun, I believe that the man lost the use of his toes, and other parts of his body.

L. Did the lion go away, mamma?

M. Yes, I believe that on the middle of the second day, a noise in the neighbouring wood frightened him, and he made off.

W. In what part of the world are lions found, mamma?

M. In Asia and Africa. The largest are in Africa. In the tropical countries of America there are other animals corresponding to the lion, tiger, and leopard of the Old World. You may observe that on one page of the drawing you have those animals which are found in the Old World; and on the opposite page, those of the New World. Their names you shall hear soon.

6

BETTER RUB THAN RUST.

IDLE, why lie down to die?

Better rub than rust.

Hark! the lark sings in the sky—

"Die when die thou must!

Day is waking, leaves are shaking,

Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—

"Better rub than rust.

Death perhaps is hunger-proof,

Die when die thou must;

Men are mowing, breezes blowing,

Better rub than rust."

He who will not work shall want;

Nought for nought is just—

Won't do *must* do, when he *can't*,—

"Better rub than rust.

Bees are flying, sloth is dying,

Better rub than rust."

BENJAMIN ELLIOTT.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

HENRY THE SECOND.

Ion. You are to tell us to-day, papa, about King Henry's wicked sons.

P. They were indeed wicked sons. Their father had always been indulgent and kind towards them, and had arranged that, at his death, his kingdoms should be divided amongst them. According to the custom of the times, his eldest son, Henry, was crowned King of England during his father's lifetime, so that the barons might come and do homage to him, and swear to obey him, at his father's death. This prince, soon after his coronation, came to his father, and requested that he would give him a kingdom to govern immediately, either England or Normandy. The king, of course, refused this strange demand; just as William I. had refused to let Prince Robert reign in Normandy during his lifetime. The prince was urged on to enforce his demand by his mother, and his father-in-law, the King of France, whose daughter, Margaret, he had married. He therefore expressed astonishment at the king's refusal, used very undutiful language to him, and at last, being joined by the King of France, he rebelled against his father, as William the Conqueror's son Robert had done before him. After a short time, the prince was joined not only by the King of France, but by other sovereigns of Europe; and he then declared that there was no other King of England than himself.

The two younger brothers of Prince Henry imitated his example; and Queen Eleanor, dressing herself in man's clothes, fled to

the court of France, that she might encourage their wickedness. The king, however, brought her back, and confined her in a castle, where she was kept prisoner for sixteen years. Numbers of the courtiers and nobles around the king deserted him, one by one, to join his son; nearly every night, some of those who had received from him the greatest kindness, stole away; and "those who attended him in the evening did not appear at his call in the morning." The king, however, had immense riches and power, and quickly obliged his children to ask for peace. A treaty was then made, but the princes treacherously broke all their promises, and, by their combined bad conduct, caused their father the greatest grief.

Henry, at this time, in order to relieve his troubled mind, resolved to do penance for his sins at the tomb of Thomas à-Becket, whom, after his death, the people had worshipped as a martyr. Accordingly, he lived on bread and water, walked barefoot for some miles toward Canterbury; spent a whole day without any nourishment, passing his time in prayers and tears, kneeling on the cold ground of the subterranean vault, and confessing his sins to the priests. He then threw off the upper part of his dress, and was scourged on his bare back by the eighty monks and bishops who were present, each giving him five lashes with the knotted cords.

After this strange act, the king was much more esteemed by the people, and his affairs became more prosperous. The barons who had revolted made submission. The King of Scotland, who had rebelled, was made prisoner; and Henry's

sons were again conquered. Soon after, Prince Henry died of a fever, showing before his death the deepest remorse for his undutiful conduct. Prince Geoffrey also died, having been trampled upon and killed by the horses at a tournament.

Henry now enjoyed a few years of peace, during which time, like a good king, he gave his attention to his country, and much improved the government. But he was doomed to further trouble, from his son Richard. After a long and weary war, Henry found his health and strength declining, and was obliged to gain peace by very hard terms. The poor king's eyes were dimmed, and his spirits were weakened with sickness and sorrow. His strength of body and mind was dwindling daily — his heart was broken. When the treaty with his son Richard had been settled, he was furnished with a list of the barons who had conspired against him, that he might pardon them. On looking it over, the first name which struck his eye was that of his darling son John. He had already borne much evil with resignation, but at the sight of his name he could not contain his anger and despair. He started violently from his bed with a sudden exclamation,—"Is it true," he cried, "that John, the child of my heart,—he whom I have cherished more than all the rest, hath verily betrayed me? Now then," he exclaimed, falling back, and turning his face to the wall, "let everything go as it will, I care no longer for myself or the world." Nothing now made any impression on him in his profound melancholy and hopelessness of heart. In a few days he laid himself down to die, exclaiming, as his mind was wan-

dering, "Oh, shame! a conquered king. *I* a conquered king! . . . Cursed be the day on which I was born, and cursed of God the children I leave behind me!" Thus died King Henry II., in his fifty-eighth year, having reigned about thirty-five years.

King Henry was a king whom you may pity and love. You may honour him, too, for he was a great, a wise, powerful, and a good king. He did many cruel deeds, and had many vices; but in those days such faults were so common, that many people did not know—or else did not consider—how wicked they were. Let us look at his bright qualities, and think of him with a kind heart; for is it not, dear children, a noble thing to spend a life in doing good for others? All the time that Henry could gain from his battles, he gave to *the improvement of his country*. He tried to improve the laws and to teach the people honesty and justice; he tried to maintain peace; to take power from those who had too much, and to give power to such as had too little; and he carefully used the talents which God gave to him. He was a working king.

The reputation of his wisdom and judgment was so great, that two of the kings of Europe, who had been fighting about the boundaries of their kingdoms for some time, determined, instead of disputing with the sword, to bring their differences before "the just and impartial English monarch." They agreed to submit to his decision, be it what it might. The king accordingly acted as *arbitrator*, and after hearing both sides of the case, and taking the opinion of many others, he pronounced a wise and conciliatory judgment which entirely satisfied all parties.

Ion. Ah! it was wise of those kings to let Henry be arbitrator. How much trouble it saved them!

P. They would have saved themselves *much more* trouble, if they had resorted to arbitration at the beginning of their dispute. King are going to be wiser soon—they will try the arbitration *first*, and fighting afterwards.

L. And those who don't have

any arbitration, or dispute either, will be called the *wisest* kings.

Besides his four sons, Henry had two daughters: the eldest, named Matilda, was married to the Duke of Saxony; and from her our own good Queen VICTORIA is descended. Henry had a grandson—the son of Geoffrey—named Prince Arthur, whom we shall hear of again.

THE WORKERS.

Who blushes for labour, for honest toil?
Who scorneth the rough, hard hand?
It is nobler far to till the soil,
Than simply to own the land.

Uncultured by man, only briars and thorns

Will the earth to its children yield;
But bless'd with his labour the wilder-
ness blooms,
And the waste is a fruitful field.

Let the titled, the rich, and the idle
scorn;

The worker cares not for them:
Who decks them with pearls from the
ocean wave,
With gold, and the priceless gem?

Who hunts for the emine? Who
weaves the silk?

Who embroiders the scarf of gold?
Who makes their soft couches and
downy beds?

Who guards them from winter's cold?

Hurrah for the worker! He decketh
them all,

He toils for the great in the land;
The rubies and pearls round the lady's
fair neck
Are twined by the labourer's hand.

The workers of old to the grave have
passed,

But their memory cannot die;
Painting, and statue, and pyramid,
Are the trophies proud and high.

And glorious gems from the spirit
mine,
Bright pearls from the waves of
thought,
Are twined in a regal diadem,
By the toil of ages wrought.

Bind the laurel wreath round the
worker's brow,
For a conqueror is he;
He hath wrestled with poverty, time,
and death,
And hath won the victory.

Still onward and upward his path
shall be,
No dangers his courage appal;
The winds and the waves are his
coursers free,
And the lightning obeys his call.

He thinks—and the mighty orb of
day
Must its mightier master own;
The glorious stars are his beacon-
fires,
From the poles to the burning zone.

Let monarchs boast, in their pride and
p ver,
Of the millions who own their sway;
The victor o'er poverty, time, and
death,
Is a mightier king than they.

E. B. F.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

SPAIN. SEVILLE.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I told you in my last letter but one that I was much disappointed with the river Guadalquivir. The shores were as flat as the marshes in the county of Essex when seen from the river Thames, and without their rich verdure. So I would not look at them; and, to comfort myself, I went down to the cabin to procure a cup of coffee. There on the sofa I perceived a lady reclining, and holding between her fingers a lighted *cigarillo*. What would you say if you saw a lady smoking a cigar in England? Even this lady seemed a little ashamed of her amusement; and, when I surprised her by my presence, she screened her face behind her fan. This habit of smoking is not general amongst the ladies in public—it is only indulged in by female servants and others.

"Long before reaching Seville I was fairly tired out—the heat on deck was intense, which was frequently the case. On one occasion, I left my drawing materials on the table while I went to dinner, and on my return found that the heat had so far melted the India-rubber that it was actually glued to the table. To pass away the time I entered into conversation with a merchant from Xeres (the town where *sherry wine* is made), who told me some particulars about the colour of wines, which, if I had not forgotten them, might have been very useful for an *Object Lesson*.

"Neither the merchant nor I was sorry when a sudden turn of the river brought SEVILLE's "gol-

den tower" in view. It was not long before we were on shore; and, in spite of its dirt, I soon felt myself pleased with the ancient capital of Spain. This city seems to connect Europe with the Eastern countries. The narrow winding streets of Seville, which are shaded with ragged awnings, on which the sun gleams so brightly, give it much of the appearance of an Eastern town. The high-barred windows seem to remind one of the ancient warlike days, when every man's house was his castle. The houses, taking them altogether (for there are about 1,200), are the most *picturesque* in the world. They generally have a large paved court with a running fountain in the middle, flowers, &c.; and all round the court are marble columns, which support the galleries or rooms above them. The family of the house live in this part (the ground floor) during the summer, throwing an awning over the court in the heat of the day, and removing it at night. In the winter season they live up-stairs.

"SEVILLE is almost of a circular shape, and the walk round it extends from five to six miles (English). It is surrounded by walls built partly by the Romans when Spain was a Roman province, and partly by the Moors. The walls have fifteen gates, and numerous towers, or fighting-places, on them. Although the streets of Seville are narrow, there are in it several fine squares.

"*The Golden Tower*, of which I spoke, is an ancient place. It is so called because it is supposed that the Romans used it as a treasury, and because the ships that returned from America, laden with gold, deposited their riches in it.

"The *Giralda* is a very beautiful square tower, now used as a belfry to the Cathedral. It is built in the Arabian style of architecture.

"The *Cathedral* is a strange mixture of Grecian, Roman, Gothic, and Arabian architecture; it has a fine organ, and many good specimens of painting. Amongst the treasures of the cathedral are a cross, and a pair of candlesticks, made of the first gold brought from America. It has a library of 20,000 volumes, founded by Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the discoverer of AMERICA.

"The *Tobacco Manufactory* at Seville is rather large. On visiting it, I saw the process of snuff-making. In the cigar department, there were more than 3,000 *sennoras*. These ladies were watched over by a stern lynx-eyed old dame, who kept close to us the whole time lest we should talk to them. They plied their fingers with wonderful quickness; each took a leaf of the tobacco, she layed a small heap of shreds upon it, and dexterously rolled it up, twisting it at the ends, and trimming it with a pair of scissors.

"The day after my arrival at Seville, there was a grand and solemn *jubilee*. It had some connexion with the Blessed Virgin, but I forget what. I only remember that a number of priests had an ugly doll, almost of negro complexion, which did not much flatter the charms of the Holy Mother. They made up for her want of beauty by covering her with ornaments made of precious metals. They had furnished the infant and

herself not only with crowns and other ornaments, but even with shoes of solid silver. As the priests carried it through the most crowded thoroughfares, each knee was bent lowly in the dust to the absurd image. 'Poor people!' I thought with a sigh, 'how must your Saviour pity your blindness and foolishness! The image of the babe who was born in a manger you dress in jewels and gold! Jesus, who wore a coat of one seam throughout, you dress in silver shoes!'

"One melting morning I was on one of the public walks, lounging under the refreshing shade of an acacia tree. I was just musing with my eyes half shut, and only rousing now and then to whiff a cigar, or to cool my throat with a sip of lemonade. Suddenly, a harsh voice grated on my ear; and starting up, I saw beside me a huge black figure, with a hat of enormous brim. Pointing to a string of mules laden with sooty sacks, he hoarsely demanded if I wished to purchase some charcoal of superior quality. Buy charcoal—and the thermometer nearly up to fever heat! Was not the fellow exercising his wit upon me? No, nothing could be more serious than the man's countenance; and it was quite in vain that I assured him I was a traveller, and that his sacks would be a great burden to me; he repeated again, and again his entreaties,—only assuring me that the charcoal was 'very good.'

"My departure from Seville you shall hear of in my next letter.

"Your affectionate friend,

"UNCLE RICHARD."

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

DERBYSHIRE.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"Fetch your map of England again, and place your finger on the Cheviot Hills. Bring your finger down in a straight line, until you reach the western corner of Derbyshire; and you will thus mark what is called the *Northern range* of mountains. This range is said to end at the celebrated mountains in Derbyshire called the *Peak*.

"Peg and I had been staying at Stockport for a few days, when we set out for the Peak. As we proceeded along the turnpike road from the east of the town, the mountains came in view. At the distance they were a fine sight. There was a long line of hills possessing every variety of form and colour; some of the forms were very beautiful, but as I came nearer to them I was rather surprised at their bleak and barren appearance. Crossing the river Dove, and travelling southward, we continued our journey all day, until the sky was lit up with the yellow light of the setting sun. I found that in the highest parts of the Peak the valleys were broad and deep; and, although the rocks and mountains on each side of them might be barren, their striking forms, and great size, gave them an interesting appearance. Some of the rocks rose suddenly from the sides of the valleys in a perpendicular direction, like precipices. One in particular had a singular turret-like shape, so that, from its form, it was called *Castle-rock*. As it towered up to a vast height, this bleak, strange-looking mass, and some of its surrounding neighbours, showed their grotesque shapes very distinctly

against the bright sky. They left a strong impression on my mind of their grandeur in the solitary stillness,—so calm and immovable were they. All nature seemed silent and reverent amongst those mountains;—not a bird flapped its wings;—even Peg moved silently, and picked up her feet gently, as though she feared to wake the echoes. All nature was afraid of these giant rocks, and as their giant friend sank down behind them in a sea of golden clouds, not even a breezy wind did venture out to sing him off to sleep. Not a whisper did *any* wind make,—indeed, the thing was done quietly, and nobody was supposed to be present; so the winds lay down in the valleys beneath, and waited for the night.

"Just about this time it occurred to me that if I waited for the night, I might stand a chance of sleeping out there, and have more of the winds about me than would be pleasant. Therefore, without caring about the mountains and the spirit of silence, I made bold to speak aloud, and gave Peg instructions to descend to the beautiful valley below. She soon made the earth and the echoes rattle with her footsteps, so as to reach the village of *Castleton* before the twilight should be gone.

"The wonders of the *PEAK*, dear children, will take a long time to describe; the first of these wonderful places we passed through on our way to the village. We entered a winding road, which in some parts was rather narrow, and on each side were precipices of immense height. These precipices are dark, rugged, and perpendicular, and as I looked up, it seemed as though their two sides would meet, and shut me up in the earth for ever. The road

was very nearly a mile in length; and as the twilight faded, the scenery above became more hideous, and caused me many a shudder. This terrible road is called *The Win-yats*, or 'The gates of the wind.'

"The end of the road led to the beautiful village of Castleton, where I was very glad to find that I could get a comfortable bed. I learned that the village is called Castleton on account of the ruined castle situated on one of the steep rocks. The ascent to it is so winding that it is nearly two miles to the top. This must have been a famous place of refuge in times of war.

"The following morning, immediately after breakfast, I proceeded to visit the *second* wonder—the Peak. Underneath the hill which the ruined castle stands upon, is a celebrated cavern, called the *Peak's Hole*. My guide was soon ready for me, and we therefore soon reached the entrance. 'Well,' I said, 'this is a beautiful beginning—what a fine archway for an entrance!' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply, 'that arch is more than 40 feet high, and more than 100 feet broad; and you will see, sir, now that we are going under it, what a long arch it is. It is nearly 300 feet in length.'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'it is like a tunnel; but, dear me, here are dwelling-places. You do not mean to say that there are any people living here?'

"'Yes, sir, indeed. Many poor people are sheltered, here; they make twine and pack thread.'

"We went on under the archway, and as we looked up we found the arch to be getting much smaller and lower; at last the archway was so low that we were obliged to stoop. We thus shuffled along for a little way, when suddenly we came out into a large open cavern, made of the solid rock. After crossing over to the opposite side, I found that there was another opening, leading to another cavern, but that a deep stream of water flowed through it. We therefore stepped into a boat which was ready for us; and, as we floated under the opening in the rock, we were obliged to lie down flat in the boat, for the roof above us sloped down to within two feet of the water. We thus reached another large cavern, and crossing it, we reached another opening with water running through it. Here we did not require a boat, for the water was so shallow that we passed under on foot. We then reached a third cavern; and, as before, we crossed it, and found an opening in the rock on the other side; but this opening we could not get through, for the roof gradually sloped down until it touched the edge of the water, rendering it impossible to pass. These caverns in the Peak's Hole are said to be, altogether, between two and three thousand feet long.

"I am going to-day to see some other wonderful places, which you shall hear of soon, from

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

ON THE VERBENA.

WHEN rudely handled, or severely pressed,
How sweet the fragrance from thy leaves expressed!
Injured by man a lesson here we learn,
For malice, love; for evil, good return.

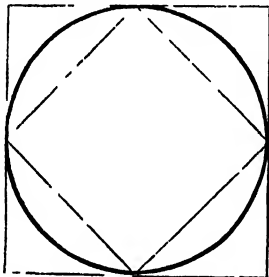
PERSPECTIVE.

THE CIRCLE.

L. Please, papa, to let us have a change to-day; instead of drawing a landscape, may we draw from objects?

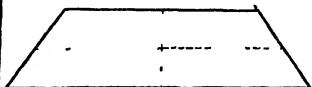
P. Yes. We must, however, first proceed to draw a circle in perspective. How will you do that?

Ion. I think that I know, papa. We wanted, the other day, to draw a circle without any compasses. So we drew a square; we then drew another square inside it, and drew the circle between the two squares. I will show you what I mean—

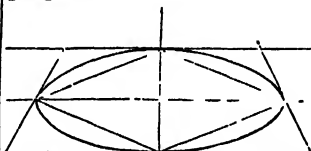


Now, if we draw that square in perspective, it will be very easy for us to draw the circle in perspective. Let us try. Here is the square;

and I have made a dotted line through the middle of each side, to mark the points which the oblique lines are to be drawn from.



I will next draw the oblique lines, and I can now easily make the curved lines on the straight ones. There!—that is a circle in perspective.

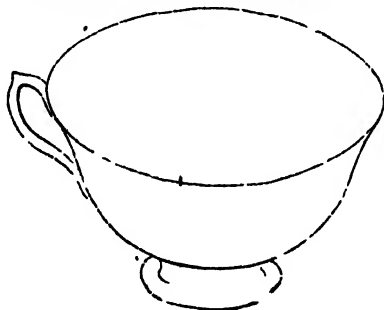


Ion. It does not look like a circle;—it is more like an oval. We might call it a *long* circle, just as we called the oblong figure a long square.

L. You mean the rectangle.

Ion. Yes. We may say that the oval is to the circle just what the rectangle is to the square.

P. Now that you can draw the circle in perspective, here is a tea-cup with a circular edge, which you may copy.



As I am now holding it before you, and you look down upon it, what shape does the circle appear to be?

W. It looks like a broad oval, papa; it is in perspective.

P. True—you may draw from this object. In doing so, first

draw the top of the cup. After this is drawn, you can easily copy the cup itself.

L. See! the line will be curved lines.

P. I will now hold the cup up much higher.*

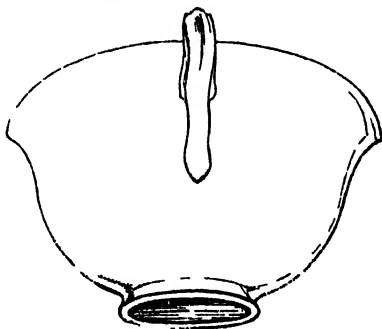


W. We cannot see so much of the top, now. How the oval is "squeezed up"!

L. The top appears narrower because, as it is placed near to the

level of our eyes, we cannot see so much of it.

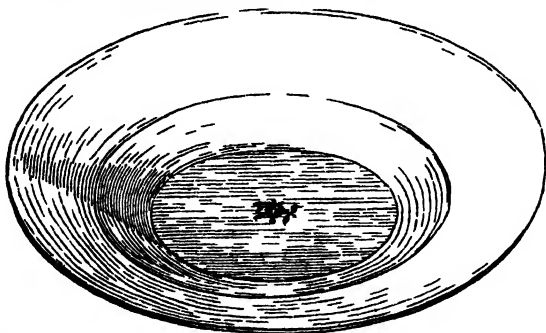
P. I will now hold the cup up above the level of your eye. You may copy it in this position also.



* It is recommended that the pupil should draw from the object itself, and not from the out, which he will use to correct his copy by; or, if the drawing be copied,

it should be only as an *initiatary** exercise to the drawing from the model. A cup of a rather more simple form should be used for the first exercise.

‘ You may next make a copy of this saucer—



As the edge of the saucer is larger than that of a cup, it will be rather more difficult to draw. In order to succeed, you must put each circle in perspective in the regular way

L Now, papa will you let us have a cup and saucer to copy together?

P Very well, I will draw them for you



PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM. •

15th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE OLD SERVANT.

Ion. Nurse! good old nurse—come here! I want my Moral Lesson! Here is a pretty state of things! Papa and mamma went out directly after breakfast, and took Lucy and Ada with them; and we are to go without our lesson. Did you ever try to tell tales, nurse? Now, do tell us a tale—I'm sure you can!

W. Oh, yes! look, she's laughing. I'm sure she knows something that she can tell us. Come, nurse—do! we'll both sit down and listen. You can tell us while you're washing baby.

Nurse. I never did tell a tale in my life, Master Willie; but I know something that's true, which I think you would like to hear.

W. Well, that's all we want—something that we should like to hear—so, begin!

Nurse. I'll tell you as well as I can—this is it.

"My dear," said Mrs. Harsh to her husband one morning as they sat down to breakfast, "I do very much dislike that girl; I have quite an antipathy to her."

"What girl, dear?" was the reply.

"The new nurse girl who came last week. She comes from a very bad quarter. They are a bad lot of people living at that end of the town, near the water."

"But has she done anything wrong?"

"Yes, she tells untruths. You can almost tell by her manner that

she is deceitful. Only yesterday, she lost one of the baby's shoes, when she took him out for a walk; and she declared when she came back that she had only put on one, and that she had not seen the other since her coming here. Listen! there's a crash, down stairs—there is something broken—just ring the bell."

Mr. Harsh rang the bell, and up came the girl herself with a rather frightened look.

"Maria," said her mistress, "what was broken just now?"

"Nothing, ma'am," was the reply; "at least—only a small plate had the corner chipped off. The cat—"

"Now, how could you be so untruthful as to lay the blame on the cat? Here is the cat, under the breakfast table!"

"If you please, ma'am, I was going to say—"

"I would rather not hear anything of what you were going to say. I'm sorry, Maria, to observe that you seem to have little care for the truth. Let me tell you, that it is not only a disgraceful thing in God's sight to speak untruths, but that it is the worst thing you can ever do for your own interest. No one can depend upon you; and, therefore, you cannot expect any one to keep you as a servant. I cannot; so I wish you to leave immediately after breakfast. I hope this will be a lesson that you will never forget."

The girl left the room quickly, and the lady and gentleman resumed their conversation.

"Are you quite sure, dear, that you have acted justly to that girl? Have you given her a fair chance?"

"Certainly, Mr. Harsh," was the reply. "I could see at once that the girl was untruthful, soon after she entered the house."

"Well, I thought, dear, but I did not like to be sure, that your *antipathy* to the girl caused you to see that she was bad too quickly—I could not help thinking that the girl *might not* have seen the baby's other shoe—and, I am not certain whether she *was* going to say that the cat broke the plate. She might have been going to say that it was used for the cat yesterday, and left on the floor—or something of the kind."

"Well, dear! the punishment, at all events, will do her good—it will teach her a lesson."

"I do not think it will. Even if she has not spoken the truth, she will see that you felt an antipathy towards her, and will think that the punishment was too great for the fault; and that you ought to have tried her a little longer."

W. Well, now!—that's just what I was thinking, nurse. One of the teachers in our school is just like that—he does not give the boys a chance; but, if a boy does wrong, he does not *try* him again—indeed, he never gives any of us a fair trial, so that he does not like any of us. I don't think that he has any friends.

Nurse. It was just so with Mrs. Harsh. Five years afterwards, she was talking to one of her friends, and said to her, "Have you still that girl *Maria* as a servant?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and she makes a very faithful nurse. I found, when she first came, that she had the habit of not speaking the

truth, so I called her up stairs, and said that I was sorry for her, but, perhaps, she had been badly brought up, and did not know how wicked such conduct was. I said that we would make some allowance for that, and give her time to learn to be honest."

Ion. Yes; that was more just; she had a fair chance. And did she learn?

Nurse. Indeed she did; and she has been in the family ever since. She has brought up all five of the children,—Lucy, Willie, Ion, Ada, and she has just finished washing this baby, and has finished her tale.

W. Ah! nurse, are you the girl? What a bit of fun! I'm so glad! Let me dance round you. We'll tell it all to Lucy and Ada.

Nurse. Let me see if I can make a *moral lesson* for you out of my history. I heard your mamma telling you how Rosamond was unjust because of her antipathies. It is very difficult to be *sure* that you do not act unjustly to others, for little antipathies often grow up within us, without our knowing it.

Ion. I dare say they do.

Nurse. So the best way is always to be "on the right side;" and give every one a little more than what seems to be justice,—give them some of that kind feeling which is called *mercy*. Here is the rule for you,—LET JUSTICE BE TEMPERED WITH MERCY.

If every one had treated me as Mrs. Harsh did, I might soon have said to myself—"Oh, it is of no use trying to be good." I should then have become more deceitful, and perhaps have been a very bad woman indeed.

Ion. Instead of being our good old nurse.

SONGS FOR THE MONTHS.

APRIL.

THROUGH a screen of tender green,
Broider'd o'er with freshest flowers,
April steps upon the scene,
In a robe that glistens sheen—
Sunbeams interweave with showers;
While sweet voices in the sky
Load the air with melody.

Verdant grasses, where she passes,
Greener look and thicker spring;
Quaking bogs, and dank morasses,
Brakes whose tops are tangled masses,
Hide each foul and slimy thing;
While the rivers as they run,
Murmur welcomes to the sun.

Through the woods she steppeth now
With her changeful mien and air,
When the cloud comes o'er her brow,
Trembles every leafing bough—
Dances when the smile is there;
While the cuckoo in the dell
Shouts of her approach to tell.

As she goeth, each one knoweth
She hath pass'd, by signs like these:
Blossoms on the ground she stroweth,
Freshens every breeze that bloweth,
Gives new foliage to the trees;
While the late-come nightingale
Tells to her the amorous tale.

By the fall of silver rain
Puttering on the forest leaves;
By the sunburst on the plain
Giving place to gloom again;
By the swallows on the eaves
You may know that April's near—
Changeful, wayward, yet how dear!

We may borrow mirth and sorrow—
Choice moralities from her;
Light to-day and gloom to-morrow,
Nothing certain, nothing thorough,
Such is human character,
Life unstable as a feather,
Changing aye like April weather.

H. G. ADAMS.

THE RAILROAD.

Through the mould and through the clay,
 Through the corn and through the hay,
 By the margin of the lake,
 O'er the river, through the brake,
 O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
 On we hie with screech and roar!
 Splashing! flashing!
 Crashing! dashing!

Over ridges,
 Gullies, bridges!
 By the bubbling rill,
 And mill—
 Highways,
 Byways,
 Hollow hill—
 Jumping—bumping—
 Rocking—roaring
 Like forty thousand giants snoring!

O'er the aqueduct and bog,
 On we fly with ceaseless jog,
 Every instant something new,
 Every moment lost to view,
 Now a tavern—now a steeple—
 Now a crowd of gaping people—
 Now a hollow—now a ridge—
 Now a crossway—now a bridge—

Grumble—stumble—
 Rumble—tumble—
 Fretting—getting in a stew!
 Church and steeple, gaping people,
 Quick as thought are lost to view!
 Everything that eye can survey
 Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvey!

Glimpse of lonely hut and mansion,
 Glimpse of ocean's wide expansion,
 Glimpse of foundry and forge,
 Glimpse of plain and mountain gorge,
 Dash along!
 Slash along!
 Flash along!
 On! on with a jump,
 And a bump,
 And a roll!
 Hies the fire-hound to its destined goal!

NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH.

THE NORMAN KINGS.

HENRY II. RICHARD I.

P. Before we begin the history of King Richard, we will make up the lesson on Henry II. and learn it.

LESSON 15. HENRY II.

Began to reign . . . 1154

Died 1189

1. HENRY II. began his reign with great advantage. As his mother Matilda was the daughter of Henry I., he had a just claim to the crown, and no one dared dispute his right. Henry also ruled over vast and numerous dominions on the Continent.

2. HENRY used his power for good purposes. He corrected the disorders which had arisen through STEPHEN'S weakness; and established peace, order, and justice. His plans of reform, however, were of greater advantage to others than to himself: when he tried to reform the clergy, he experienced severe trouble, particularly from a man named THOMAS A-BECKET, whom he had treated with great kindness.

3. HENRY, again, had much trouble from his foreign dominions, which were too large for him to govern properly. His troubles were also increased by his rebellious sons, who did not learn to obey him; but, as the king was clever, industrious, and persevering, he corrected his sons, and subdued all his enemies. He conquered the Welsh people, took the King of Scotland prisoner; and, after subduing the whole Irish nation, he even added their island to his very large kingdom.

4. The king, however, who ruled nations, did not well govern his household. His sons, encouraged by their wicked mother, continued to fight against him. They persisted in their shocking conduct, until they conquered

their father; and at last, the thoughtful, sagacious, hard-working, brave, and renowned King Henry died of a broken heart, in his fifty-eighth year
—A.D. 1189.

P. We have heard enough of kings for the present. The history of a nation does not consist only in the deeds of the rulers.

W. No, papa, we must hear about the nation itself.

P. We will therefore stop to-day, and look back on the habits and manners, the learning and religion of all the people. We enter another important period—the end of the twelfth century. Do you remember my telling you of the *Crusades*?

Ion. I do, papa. I remember Peter the Hermit.

P. PETER was the hero of the first Crusades. But, we have now to talk of a second Crusade, and of its hero, RICHARD I. We will begin the history of this king's crusade with some chat about the people who went with him.

Ion. I remember your telling us about the *people* in the times of the first Crusade—we heard about the Norman barons, the Saxon serfs, the Danes, and the Jews, all living together.

P. And since that time, all, except the Jews, had mixed up together, and people did not talk so much about the differences between Norman and Saxon, as they used to do. Their minds, too, had changed—their ideas had “mixed up together.”

Let us look once more at our old ancestors. If you had been in one of the cities, you would have seen that most of the houses were still made of wood; stone was little used except in some country cot-

tages, and large houses. You have read in one of Mr. Young's letters of some of the Cumberland farm-houses, how they were built of thick stone, and surrounded by stone walls to protect the people and their cattle from robbers.

The old Saxons and the poor people, who lived in these places, could not make much change in their appearance and dress. The government made laws (called the sumptuary laws) which prevented the people from dressing as they pleased. A Saxon, whether he lived in the town or country, might not dress in the same style as a nobleman. His appearance was much the same as that of the early Saxons, except that, instead of wearing a *tunic*, which was like the smock-frock that country people wear in this day, he wore a loose blue covering, an "over-all" of a blue colour called a *blouse*.

But the nobles and richer people made greater change. They lengthened their tunics, and many wore under-garments which trailed on the ground. Their clothing was also very *expensive*; some had cloth mantles lined with rich furs, and we read of one mantle lined with sable fur, which was worth a *hundred pounds*; the edges of their garments were frequently embroidered with gold. Their robes were fastened with girdles, which were covered with gold and jewels. One nobleman had fifty-two new suits of clothes, some of which were made of *cloth of gold*. The rich men also wore gloves; and I think I told you how they became fond of shoes with long pointed toes, chained up to the knees; they also fancied that it was good to have long hair.

Both of these last customs, however, the clergy disliked and

preached against. One of the bishops, in the reign of Henry I., was so eloquent on the subject, and so full of fire, that he caused the king and the nobles to weep tears of repentance. Accordingly, after his sermon, he drew forth a pair of scissors from under his frock, and caused some of them to have their locks shortened on the spot. Indeed, one young noble had a terrible *dream* about it, so frightened was he. He dreamt that a ghost, a terrible ghost, came to him and strangled him with his own locks, and just as he saw himself strangled he awoke. Poor fellow! he was so terrified that he jumped up, and cut off his hair immediately. He was quickly imitated by all his fellow-nobles. They soon, however, returned to their old customs. In the very next reign—the reign of Stephen—when almost every one did as he chose, they began again wearing long beards, and *artificial* hair; this was the beginning of *wigs*.

Many of the customs of the people also continued without much change. Suppose that two Saxons wished to be married, if the young man and woman agreed about it, and thought it would be a good thing—the man would go and see the young woman's *Mund-bork*.

L. What is that, papa?

P. The *Mund-bork* was an older man, her nearest relation; he had the charge of her. We should call him her *guardian* in these days. The young man would then buy his wife of her *Mund-bork*, paying the price fixed according to law. This was a very good custom if the young woman had agreed to be bought—but, sometimes, she was bought against her will. One old writer complains

that, under the Feudal System, "*Wardes are hought and solde, as commonlye as ye beastes,*" and, that "*they are forced to see with another manne's eye, and say YEA with another manne's tongue.*"

W. But suppose that the young man wanted to be married, and had *no money*—what would he do then?

Ion. Perhaps he would marry her without asking her guardian, or paying any money.

P. He would not like to do that—for if he did, the law would make him give her back again, and all her goods. But, if her guardian consented, they were married almost in the same way as people are married now. The bride would stand under a kind of veil, which four tall men would hold over her head, and would receive a blessing from the priest; the man and woman would then make almost the same promises to each other, as you may now read in the PRAYER-BOOK. After this, their relations and friends would bring them large presents of gold, clothes, furniture, &c. It is said that the Normans introduced the custom of putting on the wedding-ring, but there are some traces of its use amongst the Saxons. If the hus-

band died, and the wife became a widow, she was not allowed to be married until she had spent one year in mourning. This was the ancient custom of most of the northern nations.

W. Suppose, papa, that the two people could not agree together! Do you think that they all agreed as well as you and mamma do?

P. I dare say that most of them did. The Saxon ladies were said to be excellent mothers, and faithful wives. The ancient Britons, perhaps, did not have such happy marriages, for the law was, that a Briton might beat his wife for little faults. If she ever pulled his beard, or called him bad names, or wasted his goods—then, he might give her three blows with a stick on any part of her body, except her head.

W. But, suppose that he gave her three *very hard* blows, which hurt her very much—that wouldn't be fair!

P. Certainly not. Then, the chief would make him pay a heavy fine—a great many sheep or cattle.

But the whole proceeding was very improper!

W. Yea. The man should have joined the *Peace Society*.

Ion. Or else have signed the *Bond of Brotherhood*.

I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.
What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home:

And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last:
Heaven is my home
Therefore I murmur not;
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

T. R. TAYLOR.

IRON.

W. Here is a new metal! I have got a piece in my hand, what do you think it is?

Ion. I can't tell.

W. Guess!

Ion. Oh, what is the use of guessing, unless you tell me something about it!

W. Well, it is *bright*.

Ion. So are all the metals.

W. And sometimes it is dull.

Ion. Ah!

W. And sometimes rusty. It is also hard, ductile, tenacious, a reflector of heat, and light—a good conductor of heat, and a conductor of electricity.

Ion. No, that is nonsense. It isn't fair. You are just telling me all the qualities which you may find in every metal; and then, of course, I can't tell which you mean.

W. So much the better. Now listen. Those were *general* qualities; now you shall have its *particular* qualities. It is of a dark grey colour; *not* very malleable; very hard, may be made very brittle; *not* very fusible (and you can see that when a blacksmith makes a horse's shoe—the fire only makes it soft). So, as it is *not* fusible it is used to make stoves, and fire-irons, fenders, and sauce-pans; it is used to make knives and forks, cannon balls, needles, railings, knockers, steam-boats, ploughshares, pruning-hooks, and spears; brads, chisels, and all kinds of tools, railroads, watch-springs, bridges—

Ion. Yes, I know *now*—let me tell you.

W. No! You are not to speak. Let me tell you something that I read out of a book. "Of all the

substances from the bowels of the earth, this is the most useful. Wherever we may be, if we look around us, this metal meets our eye in some shape or other. Even where it is not *seen*, it is employed in objects which are either necessities, or comforts, or luxuries: in short, it is one of the great instruments by which the civilization of the human—"

Ion. In short, it is iron!—iron!—iron! I say iron!

L. So do I—I say iron.

W. And so do I. But then you spoke out of your turn—I hadn't finished. Here comes mamma, to tell us all about it.

M. Yes, I have been listening. I have heard something "about it" already.

W. Here is the piece of iron, mamma. It is quite warm from being in my hand so long. You see, it is one of the *castors* that came off baby's cot the other day. I thought it would *do*, for a lesson.

M. So it will. Now, listen! Here, on the map, you may observe the countries of BRITAIN, FRANCE, BELGIUM, AUSTRIA, SPAIN, and AMERICA. These are the principal countries for iron, and the quantity in these countries will, it is supposed, last to make railroads and almost everything else, for ages to come. Britain produces perhaps more than all the other countries together.

It is to this circumstance that Britain owes very much of her wealth. Iron was not known to all nations in early ages, perhaps because it was so difficult to procure. Some of the metals, you may remember, are often found in a *native* state; but the case with iron is very different. The metal

has to undergo so many changes, that, as it has been said, it is almost *created*. Now in Britain, fortunately, the iron is found to be placed close to the beds of *coal*—a substance which is required for smelting the ore in the furnaces. We cannot, therefore, wonder that the supply from Britain is large.

Formerly, iron was smelted with charcoal. In the forests of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, thousands of fine forest-trees were cut down by the charcoal burners.

W. And in the New Forest, in Hampshire, too—because, you may remember, a *charcoal burner* carried away the body of William Rufus in his cart.

M. The iron was found to be so useful, that the smelting works increased very fast; and the quantity of wood consumed in the year 1581 was so great, that the government passed a law forbidding more wood to be used. The people, before this, had been unable to smelt their iron with pit-coal, but they found at last that they *must*. What do people do, when they are in necessity?

W. They set their wits to work.

M. Yes. They *invent*—“Necessity is the mother of invention;” and now that people were obliged to smelt their iron with pit-coal, they were not long in finding out the way to do it. The trade in iron was decaying very much, when men of science came to its help—and saved it. This they did by the invention of larger and more powerful bellows, to increase the heat from the coal. The trade, in time, revived; and when, at last, the *steam-engine* of Mr. Watt was applied to the business, the iron manufactures of England increased beyond all others in foreign countries. Rather more than one hun-

dred years ago, the iron consumed in Britain was 25,000 tons; it rose from that amount to 124,789 tons—702,584 tons—1,512,000 tons, up to 2,000,000 tons per annum—and, when we consider the immense manufactures of this country, the iron bridges, steam-boats, railroads, &c., it seems likely that the consumption may even become larger than ever.

Let us now notice the qualities of the iron which serve to render it so useful to man.—Here, Willie, is a piece of iron, and here is a piece of gold of exactly the same size—hold one in each hand!

W. The iron is much *lighter* than the gold.

M. Yes. Gold is nearly twenty times its weight in water, whilst iron is not eight times its weight in water.

Ion. Then we will say, 1st, It is a light metal, for its *specific gravity* is nearly 8. I haven’t forgotten the words “specific gravity.”

M. Although iron is so light, it is the most *tenacious*, or difficult to break, of all the metals.

Ion. By *tenacious*, mamma, you mean that its particles hold together, do you not?

M. Yes, I said so in one of our former lessons. There are few other substances which have such lightness and strength at the same time; these are the two principal qualities which render iron useful.

Ion. I dare say that that is the reason why it is useful for steam-boats. If it were heavy it would sink.

M. Another useful quality is, that it cannot be easily melted. When, however, two pieces of iron are kept in a fire until they are brought to a *white heat*, they can be made to join by hammering them together. The iron is thus said to

be *welded*. This property of iron is of immense importance.

W. Yes, it is very important; for the other day when I took my iron hoop to be mended, I saw the blacksmith welding it. He held the two ends of the hoop in the fire, until they were red hot.

L. No; they must have been *white* hot.

W. Yes, I suppose they were, but I didn't notice; I only noticed that he beat them together; and, when he had finished, he put the hoop into some cold water.

L. Another useful quality of iron is its hardness. Its hardness renders it useful for knives, and brad-awls, and tools.

Ion. It must have some other quality besides hardness for those purposes. *Flint* is hard, but it would not make a good brad-awl; it would snap. You could not, either, make a good knife of a flint.

W. No; iron is useful for tools because it is hard and *tenacious*—not brittle; or, I should rather say, because it is hard and malleable.

One nasty quality of iron is that it *rusts*.

M. Iron rusts very quickly, or, as you have learned to say, it forms an *oxide*. Iron will readily unite with oxygen, especially when it is damp. The common rust of iron is called *red oxide*, and that even is useful, for it forms a polishing powder which is used to give the last finish to plate glass. Now you may count up the qualities of iron which render it useful.

L. I will count them. IRON is a most useful metal, because it is light, tenacious, strong, and very hard. It is not very fusible, and can be *welded* when it is brought to a white heat. It readily unites with oxygen, and forms a reddish-coloured rust. If it had not this property, it might be used for many more purposes.

W. Now, we have left out something. It is one of the most *elastic* of metals, and is used for watch-springs, springs of carts, coaches, and railway carriages,—and for many other springy things.

RICHES.

Off thee *Practical* will smile,
Boasting ever of the *Real*;
Little thinking all the while,
Wealth itself is but *ideal*.
If you spend what you receive,
Poverty is sure to find ye;
If you save—why, you must leave
All you stint and save behind ye.

Is that *real* which, if spent,
Vanishes in empty sorrow?
Which, if hoarded, is but lent
To a never paying morrow?
Lean'st thou on a thing so weak?
Better lean on the *ideal*;
Lean thy soul on God, and seek
Riches which are *truly* real!

CHARLES SWAIN.

MOUNTAINS.

THE SNOW-LINE.

P. I have been thinking, Lucy, how I shall make your Physical Geography interesting to you.

L. I think, papa, that geography is interesting. I should like to learn the names of all the mountains in the world, because they are the earth's bones.

P. But you will not find it interesting to learn names only, nor even to remember the *position* of the mountains, without some trouble. You must be prepared to *work*, and to look for the places on the map. But even then you will not remember the names of so many systems, chains, and ranges, unless you have some ideas concerning them, to remember them by.

W. Then, please give us some ideas, papa.

P. I will, if I can do so. We will try and discover the "distinctive features" of each range,—the rivers that spring from it, especially the large rivers on which towns have been built, the climate of the mountains, and the fruit and timber trees which grow upon them; we will also notice the peculiar animals.

L. Shall we learn about glaciers, papa, and avalanches?

P. Yes. And in order that you may understand properly the history of the snow mountains which we shall meet with, I have determined to read to you some particulars about the *snow-line*, which will be of service to you. The reading is rather "hard"—so, listen carefully:—

"One of the qualities by which air is distinguished, is its great *elasticity*; for it may be compressed,

but it expands again as soon as the pressure ceases. So, we find that a certain space near the surface of the earth (say a cubic foot) contains more air than a cubic foot at the distance of a hundred feet from it. Again, the quantity of air in a cubic foot at a hundred feet is much greater than when taken at a distance of a thousand feet from the surface, and so on. The farther we recede from the surface of the earth, the smaller is the quantity of air contained in a determined space.

"When a greater quantity of air is contained in a certain space, it is said that the air is more *dense* (or thick); and when a smaller quantity is found, it is said that it is more *rare* (or thin). The difference in the density of the air is continual and gradual; and it is not difficult to account for this. The air is compressed by its own weight—that is to say, the air close to the earth's surface has to sustain the pressure of the whole volume of air which lies above it, and extends to the very limits of the atmosphere; and by this weight it is compressed. At a distance of a thousand feet from the earth, the column of air above it is a thousand feet shorter, and is more *rare*. This cubic foot of air, therefore, is compressed by a much lesser weight, and in consequence is *not* so *dense*. Thus the density of the atmosphere decreases as we recede from the surface of the earth.

"This peculiar constitution of the atmosphere greatly affects the climate of the globe. The air in itself is neither warm nor cold, but it is gifted with the quality of becoming heated by the sun's rays. The degree of heat imparted by the sun's rays to the air depends

partly on the length of time during which the rays act on it, and partly on the degree of its density. Consequently, dense air has more *heat* than that which is rare. Places which are low are much warmer than places which are some thousand feet above the sea-level. When we continue to ascend, we at last come to places where the air is so rare that very little heat can be imparted to it. The thin air contains so little heat, that water no longer continues in its fluid state, but is converted into ice, or snow. That stratum of air where this change takes place is considered as a line marked by nature itself, and called the *snow-line*. It might be expected that the snow-line would be the same distance from the surface at every place in the globe; but this is not the case. The snow-line is much higher in the torrid than in the temperate zone, and is still lower in the frigid zone. Let us explain this phenomenon.

"The density of the air depends much on the manner in which the sun's rays act on it. The greatest degree of heat is developed where the rays pass perpendicularly through the atmosphere. A much smaller degree of heat is produced when the rays fall obliquely; and the greater this obliquity, the less heat is developed in the air. Those countries only which are situated between the two tropics are heated by the perpendicular rays of the sun. Therefore a greater degree of heat is developed in the air, and their temperature is much higher. Countries lying without the tropics, but not far from them, are only acted upon by the oblique rays of the sun, and their temperature is lower. As we recede from the tropics, the degree of heat decreases

more and more until we arrive at the vicinity of the poles, where the angle formed by the sun's rays and the earth's surface, is so small as to develop a degree of heat that would be hardly sensible if the sun did not remain for several months above the horizon.

"This arrangement of nature of course greatly affects the elevation of the snow-line. In hot countries it is much farther from the surface of the earth than in temperate and in cold countries. By numerous observations, it has been ascertained that in those countries which are near the equator the snow-line is found about 16,000 feet, or three miles, above the sea-level. In places which are equally distant from the equator and the poles, it occurs at an elevation of 9,000 feet, or one mile and three quarters. Under 60° of latitude, snow is always found on mountains which rise to 5,000 feet, or to less than a mile, above the sea-level; at 70° of latitude, at the height of 1,000 feet; and at 80°, *the snow-line comes down to the surface of the earth*, for countries which are 10° of latitude distant from the poles are covered with snow all the year round, even when their level is only a few inches above that of the sea.

"Between the snow-line and the surface of the earth is the space which is assigned to nature for its organic operations. It is here that all the plants germinate and grow, that animals find their food, and man what is requisite for his subsistence. Though man finds it too cold to settle permanently near the snow-line, he visits its vicinity during the summer with his herds. Where cattle and sheep do not find pasture, the reindeer and the yak find their favourite food. The last-named animal is little known. It

lives in the most elevated part of the globe, the table-land of Pamir, which by the natives is emphatically called 'The Roof of the World.' The yak is of the ox species. It stands about three feet and a half high, and its belly reaches within six inches of the ground. Long hair streams down from its dewlap and fore-legs, and its bushy tail sweeps the ground. Other animals require the provident care of men to subsist through the winter. The most hardy sheep would fare but badly without human protection, but the yak is entirely left to itself. It frequents the mountain slopes and their level summits. Wherever the temperature does not rise above the freezing-point is the climate for the yak. If the snow on the elevated flats lie too deep for him to crop the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes, and eats his way up again. When arrived at the top, he rolls down again, and completes his meal as he forms another groove of snow in his second ascent. The heat of summer sends the animal to the places constantly covered with snow, and the inhabitants leave their sheltered valleys and follow their herds. The milk of the yak is richer than that of the common cow, but the quantity it yields is less. Their hair is clipped once a-year in the spring: it is strong, wiry, and pliant, and is made into ropes, which for strength do not yield to those manufactured from hemp. The hair of the body is woven into mats, and also into a fabric which makes excellent riding trousers. Its bushy tail is the well-known *chowry* of Hindustan, where it sells very dear on account of its great beauty, and where it is used as a fan. It is

besides used for riding, and on the mountains which it inhabits is preferred to all other animals for that purpose. Wherever a man can walk, a yak may be ridden. Like the elephant, he possesses a wonderful knowledge of what will bear his weight. If travellers are at fault, one of these animals is driven before them, and it is said that he avoids the hidden depths and chasms with admirable sagacity. Should a fall of snow close the mountain passes to man and horse, a score of yaks driven a-head soon tread down the snow, and make a practicable road.

"The snow-mountains are rarely visited by travellers, except such as cross the foot-paths of the mountain-passes. Such persons are hasty pedestrians, and commonly do not pay much attention to nature. But several of those worthy persons who wish to make themselves acquainted with all the works of God, have not hesitated to ascend the highest summits as far as possible, to explore those regions which appear to be the abode of horror and desolation. They have not been diverted from their purpose, or terrified at the dangers among the enormous masses of snow and ice, on the edge of perpendicular precipices, and on the brink of yawning chasms; nor have they hastily withdrawn themselves from those unpleasant sensations to which their bodies were subjected by the exceedingly thin air which they breathed at such a great elevation. These sensations are not experienced near the snow-line, but only when the elevation of the mountain is considerably above it. The most remarkable is the feeling of exhaustion. When Lieutenant Wood was on the Roof of the

World, in Pamir, he wished to ascertain the depth of the lake Sir-i-kol, and for that purpose tried to make an opening in the ice. He found that the slightest muscular exertion was attended with exhaustion. Half-a-dozen strokes with an axe brought the workmen to the ground; and though a few minutes' respite sufficed to restore the breath, anything like continued exertion was impossible. A run of fifty yards at full speed made the runner gasp for breath. Indeed this exercise produced a pain in the lungs and a general prostration of strength, which was not got rid of for many hours. The human voice was sensibly affected; conversation, especially if in a loud tone, could not be kept up without exhaustion, and the pulse throbbed at a frightful rate. Sansure, when on Mont Blanc, experienced the same effects, and,

besides, he and his party complained of dizziness and headache; they lost their appetites, but were tormented by an ardent thirst, which could only be allayed *momentarily* by cold water. A complete indifference respecting all worldly objects pervaded their minds. When Humboldt attempted to ascend the Chimborazo, and had nearly attained its summit, he desisted on finding that drops of blood issued from under his nails, and from his eye-lids.

"The best known snow mountains in Europe are those of the Alps."*

But we must not begin to talk about the ALPS—we will begin our course with the *Pyrenees*, which we will take an interest in next week.

* Slightly altered from Wittich's "Curiosities of Physical Geography."

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

ANGRY looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
If spoken out in kindness.
Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood muttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past,
Forgiven—not resented.
Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let *another* feel them.

From "Leisure Thoughts," by J. BURBIDGE.

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—SPRING SONG

HANDEL.—Words by W. E. Hickson.



1st time. Hark, I hear the black - bird sing - ing In the trees of
2nd time. Loud and clear his notes are ring - ing Through the woods where



yon - der grove; War - bling sweet - ly songs of glad - ness,
oft we rove.



When spring flowers have deck'd the plain; Charm - ing hence all
When spring flowers have deck'd the plain; Charm - ing hence all

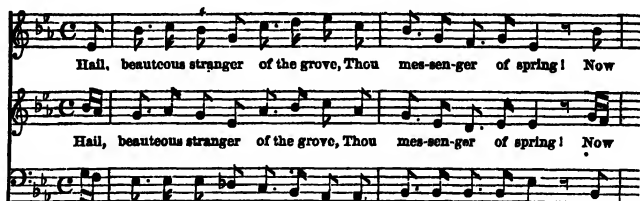


grief and sad - ness, Much I love the pleas - ing strain.
grief and sad - ness, Much I love the pleas - ing strain.

Feather'd songsters, singing gaily,
Oft among our groves are heard;
Yet, but few that warble daily,
Sing more sweetly than this bird

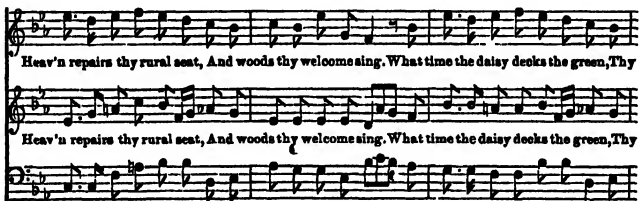
Pretty blackbird do not fear me,
Think not I would do thee wrong,
Come, and warble boldly n' a me,
And repeat your cheerful songs

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—THE CUCKOO.

Words by Logan.


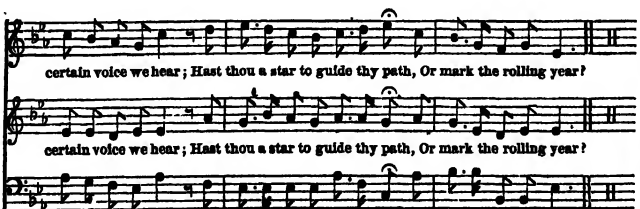
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove, Thou mes-sen-ger of spring! Now

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove, Thou mes-sen-ger of spring! Now



Heav'n repairs thy rural seat, And woods thy welcome sing. What time the daisy decks the green, Thy

Heav'n repairs thy rural seat, And woods thy welcome sing. What time the daisy decks the green, Thy



certain voice we hear; Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the rolling year?

certain voice we hear; Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet,
From birds among the bow'rs;
The schoolboy, wand'ring in the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vule,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring.
Hail! beauteous stranger of the grove
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.*

16th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE EMBROIDERED FROCKS.

P. Sit down, Lucy and Willie, I'm going to tell you such a nice tale.

W. Ah, papa, you should have heard the moral tale that nurse told us last week—you lost that!

P. Never mind; listen to *my* tale. "That's papa's knock!" said Marion Morland. "I hear him scraping his shoes. Let me go and open the door, Philip, I've something to tell him."

When papa came in he was admonished by Mrs. Morland that the tea had been waiting for two hours; while Marion added, "How could you be so late *to-day*, papa? for I have been sitting all this long time wanting to tell you something."

"Then you may begin at once," added papa.

"Well," said Marion, "mamma doesn't know anything about it, for she was out; but we have found out such a famous plan for our stall at the fancy sale. *We want you to give us half-a-sovereign!* We spent the three sovereigns we collected, as you told us, and have bought enough French merino for twelve baby's frocks, which Annie and I are going to make; and we were going to sell them at 9s. each, which would come to—12 times 9 are 108—that is £5 8s. 0d. But when mamma was out to-day there came two poor girls to the door—they were very poor—and they seemed to know that we were going to make some baby's frocks—I don't know how that was, but never mind

that; and they said to us that they could do *embroidery* work, and that it would be a new thing to have some embroidered frocks for babies. They said that they would embroider some for us at 8d. each, and that we could then sell them for 12s. 6d. a-piece; and if we let them work the whole dozen, they would do them for *seven shillings!* We shall only want about three shillings more for the silk, then see how much more profit we shall get! Don't you think it would be a good plan, papa?"

"Well," replied papa, "you may certainly get more profit, but it is not always *just* to take all you can get. It might be a very good plan for you, but it seems to me that you were only thinking about *your own* plans. Would it be a good plan for those two girls to do all that work—for each to work, perhaps, for two weeks, fourteen hours a-day, and only to get seven shillings? Don't you think that such work is too cheap?"

"Why, papa," said Annie, "they offered to do them for so much—we did not ask them to take less."

"And," said Philip, who wished to help his sisters, "it would not have been *business-like* to offer them more than they asked!"

"The soundest 'business-like' habits, dear Philip," said his papa, "are those which are *just*. Let us look into the question. For the twelve frocks you must receive 3s. 6d. each extra, that is—"

Philip. 12 times 3s. are 36s.—12 times 6d. are 72d.—42s., papa.

"Out of the 42 shillings you

would pay, say, 3s. for silk, and 7s. to the poor girls."

Annie. That would be 10s.

Papa. Leaving 32s. profit. The poor girls, who do all the work, would get 7s., and you, who only sell it, would get 32s. Does that seem fair?

"But, papa," said Annie, who, unfortunately, seldom liked to confess that she was wrong, "We shall not get it; we shall give it to the poor blind boys in the asylum, you know."

"Yes," replied papa, "and make the poor girls who have eyes starve, to feed others who have not. They had better be without their eyes. How much of their just wages do you make them give to the charity?"

"Oh, papa!" said Marion, "I wish that you were not a lawyer—you do argue so! and you nearly always beat us. But I suppose that you must be right."

"I want, dear Marion, for you to see what is fair and just. You must learn that *to take advantage of those who are poor, even when they allow us to do so, is INJUSTICE*; so now that we have finished tea, I'll tell you a tale.

"About three miles from the old town of Rochester stood a house, on a hill, containing a happy family. I do not remember the family's name. The father, who had once been a labourer, was now a clerk in a house of business; the mother was a woman who *had* been very poor, and without much learning. She *had*, however, educated herself on purpose that she might teach her own dear children.

"Oh, what happy children they were! Happy, healthy children, swinging on the gates—rolling on the grass—hurrah-ing with their loud, clear voices, or merrily sing-

ing the songs they had learned in their mother's school.

"But, just as their mother was being rewarded for her pains—when her son had reached the age of sixteen years, and her girls were twelve or thirteen—the bright days gave way to a season of gloom, and a dark cloud of misery came. The father, poor man, forgot his *principles* and his faith in God, and learned to gamble and drink; the hand of Providence sent sickness to the whole household; and as the father's 'house of business' failed, he and his family came up to London, where they lived without employment until they were nearly starved.

"You shall hear what they did in London. At the London terminus of the BLACKWALL RAILWAY, there stood a poor forlorn man, looking out for the trains. With his hands in his pockets, he walked up and down, gazing hopelessly on the ground; but at the sound of the coming train he looked with a rather brighter eye, took his hands out of his pockets, took off his hat and wiped his forehead, and walked forward to meet the train. Almost before it stopped he hurriedly opened the door of a large square carriage, marked *Luggage Van*, but he shut it again just as quickly. The van was empty; so, with a sigh, he put his hands in his pockets once more, and walked up and down with his old hopeless look. He was no other than the clerk from the house on the hill near Rochester. Ah, poor man! when I saw how quickly he dropped his head on his chest, like one accustomed to be disappointed—how my heart ached! He waited for a few more trains with the same ill success; and then went silently home.

"His son was a dear industrious lad, but he had no one to recommend him to work. As he stood near St. Paul's he saw some men with straps round their waists running by the sides of the omnibuses. These poor fellows, when they saw an omnibus with boxes or parcels on the top, would start with it from the lamp-posts in the middle of the road, and would run by the side of it all the way to the Bank, in the hope of getting one of the boxes to carry. The clerk's son imitated them, running and keeping pace with the omnibus horses to the end of their journey; but he was not so much accustomed to the work as the others were, and, soon getting out of breath and hot, the others were nearly always at the Bank before him, and they carried away the prizes. The hard-working, willing lad, alas! went home with a pocket as empty as his father's.

"And there was a dreary scene at home. In an almost empty room, there sat the mother, listening for their return, and thinking. 'We have only three-halfpence left,' she thought, 'and that will not buy enough bread for to-night; they may bring home sixpence between them; but if my husband should bring home *nine*-pence, as he did the other day, or my dear boy may have earned a shilling, then they shall even have some *tea*!' But, oh, the sad scene that followed! No words were necessary, when the husband came in, to tell his misfortune,—his wandering, empty look, told the whole tale; and he threw himself into a corner of the room, dropped his head on his knees, and cried like a poor troubled little child. The son followed to tell only the same

story; and they all wished for the return of the two girls.

"But the girls came in with brighter faces. 'Ah, father, dear!' cried the elder one; 'mother, don't cry! *we have some work to do!* A gentleman, to-day, sent us to his house; it was a long way off, but he said that his two daughters were going to make some baby's frocks, and that he thought they would pay us for embroidering them. We were not to say who sent us.'

"Then, papa, you sent them."

"Oh," said Marion, with tears in her eyes, "we never gave them anything to eat! and they have no more than three-halfpenny worth of bread between five of them."

"Yes, they have," said papa; "some one called to see them."

"Ah, you did, I'm sure, papa," said Philip. "I see, now, why you came home so late."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Annie, "now that we agreed to pay them so little money; we will give them ALL the profit on the embroidery. They deserve much more, because they have to help their poor brother, and father, and mother."

"No," replied their papa, "they do not deserve it on that account; they will deserve more money because they will earn it. To give them all the profit would, I think, be unjust to the blind boys in the asylum."

"I have given you this account that you may want to do them justice. I am anxious for you to feel what you knew before—that it is *unjust to take advantage of the poor, even when they allow us to do so.*

Next week, perhaps, I may tell you some plans by which, if we only do these people *justice*, we may enable them to help themselves.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

The Tiger, Leopard, Panther, Lynx, Wild Cat, Domestic Cat, Puma, Ocelot, and Jaguar.

W. Now, mamma, will you describe to us all the animals in the Cat tribe?

M. I will give you a few particulars about each. Let us look back at the picture. Underneath the drawing of the lion, you may see, in the distance, a rather sly-looking animal stealing along gently, which is called the TIGER. This animal is said to be much more cruel and cowardly than the lion, and to be even more bloodthirsty; but all writers do not agree on this subject. In India the tigers are the terror of man, and the animals of the jungle. The jungles of India, where sometimes the grass grows to nearly the height of an elephant, is the tiger's sleeping place. In the evening, the tamer animals wander down to the side of the river, to drink and refresh themselves after the heat of the day; then the tiger is found there too, waiting for them. Many fierce and bloody combats with lions, tigers, and crocodiles are said to take place near the Ganges and other rivers of India.

The accounts of tiger-hunts show us that this animal is not without courage. Although I cannot stop now to give you any such histories, I will read to you from one of my books a description of the end of a tiger-hunt.—

"As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I

saw him through an opening rising to attempt a charge. My servant had before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his *ankors* or goad, which I had refused to allow him to recover. The elephant was notoriously savage, and, being further irritated by the goading he had undergone, he consequently became unmanageable. He appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and, falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock that my servant, who sat behind, was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of my elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength to keep myself in the *hondah*. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to my servant's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger its death-blow. It was a very fine female, with the most beautiful skin I ever saw."

Ion. In what other countries is the tiger found besides India?

M. In countries at the east of India, and the islands at the east of Asia. Before we talk of the next animal, you must tell me what are the particulars by which you distinguish the tiger. What are its "distinctive features?"

Ion. Oh, I should know it at once by the stripes on its skin, and its beautiful colour.

L. And by its body being longer than the lion's.

W. And by its not having any mane; the tail, too, is different—it is covered with hair like a cat's,

and the lion's is tufted. Now I can give a description of the tiger—

It is—a *flesh-eating animal of the CAT tribe*, having

(1.) *a body longer than the lion's ;*
(2.) *a bright coloured skin covered with dark stripes ;*

(3.) *no mane ;*

(4.) *a tail covered with hair ;*

(5.) *a very cruel and blood-thirsty disposition ; and*

(6.) *a name, spelt T-I-G-E-R ; and pronounced, TIGER !*

Ion. There ! that one is done—now for the next.

M. Which we must *do* more quickly. Look at it, standing on the two boughs of the tree. What is the first distinction you notice ?

W. That it has *spots* on its skin. The *second* distinction is—I don't see any other ; it seems to be like a Tiger in all but its spots.

M. You may say, as the second distinction, that the Leopard (and the Panther also, which is almost exactly like it) is a very graceful, as well as active, animal. Its body has great flexibility, so that it can climb trees, or swim, or crawl on the earth like a snake. When hunted, it will rapidly spring up a tree, and stand at bay to defend itself, like the one in the picture. So quickly can it travel along the trees that, although the monkeys are such famous climbers, they have a poor chance when pursued by the leopard. When it sees an animal on the ground, it springs upon it from one of the branches. There is a very interesting leopard found in Africa and India, called the *Cheetah*, or Hunting Leopard. It has a gentle and playful disposition, like a cat ; and when carried out in the fields to catch deer and antelopes, it is hooded until nearly within reach of its prey.

L. Just as the falcons were

hooded when they were used for hunting birds. What is that animal underneath the tiger—the sharp-looking fellow ?

M. It is called a Lynx. How would you distinguish it from the others ?

Ion. 1st, Its ears are more pointed—they stick up, so ! ; and then, again, its tail is short.

M. The ears are not always in such a position, but the tufts of hair, which give that pointed appearance to the ears, are their principal distinctions ; the shortness of tail is another. The lynxes live on small quadrupeds and birds ; they have been seen to chase birds to the tops of trees. Some of them, it is said, will dive into the water for fish ; and others are said to follow the lion, and other large beasts of prey, to feed on what they leave ; but it is not usual for any of the cat tribe to eat carrion. In ancient times, a supposed distinction of the lynx was, that it had a wonderful sense of seeing—so acute, that it could even see through stone walls ; this, of course, has been found to be a mistake. I have placed the lynx with the flesh-eating animals of the *Old World*, but it is found in America as well as in Europe and Asia.

Ion. There is a small animal on the further branch of the tree where the leopard is—

M. That is the *Wild Cat*, which is perhaps the only wild animal of the cat tribe found in our country. You know that, in early times, England was nearly covered with woods and forests. In these forests were many wild cats, particularly in the mountainous parts, which no man could reach. There, in the dark places—in the cracks of the rocks, in the hollows of the old trees, in the deep gloomy thickets,

they hid themselves, feeding on birds, hares, rabbits, mice, and rats. A few of these animals are still found in some of the woods of England; also in the woody mountains of Wales, and in Ireland.

L. We know, mamma, the other animal at the bottom of the picture—it is the *Domestic Cat*, and her kitten.

M. Her habits and disposition we have already spoken of. The animals drawn on the opposite page very much resemble those of the *Old World* in their mode of life and disposition. They are the animals which in *America* occupy the place of the lions, tigers, and leopards; they *represent* them. The first, standing on the edge of a cliff, is a beautiful creature called the *PUMA*. This is the *American Lion*.

L. It is only like the lion in its plain skin—for it has not a mane, and its tail is not tufted.

W. But the lioness has no mane.

M. The second is called the *OCELOT*. It is a species of tiger-cat, having stripes *almost* like those of the tiger. It is not so large or fierce an animal, but it is the best

representative of the tiger which has been found in the west—so, we may call it the *American Tiger*. I have heard that the ocelot sometimes catches the monkeys by stratagem. It will lie down on the earth with its eyes shut, and its limbs stretched out as though it were dead. The monkeys assemble round to examine their enemy's "mortal remains," and the first who approaches within reach, pays for his curiosity with his life. Which animal does the third represent?

L. That, I suppose, represents the *Leopard*, on account of its spots. What is it called, mamma?

M. The *JAGUAR*. You may now see if you can count up the *names* of these animals. Their descriptions you shall commit to memory when you make up the *lesson*.

W. There are nine animals, mamma. I will count them. In the *Old World*—the *Lion*, *Tiger*, and *Leopard*; in the *New World*—the *Puma*, *Ocelot*, and *Jaguar*. In *both worlds*—the *Lynx*, *Wild Cat*, and *Domestic Cat*.

L. And I will add another—the *Panther*, which is so much like a leopard.

THE LION.

LION, thou art girt with might!
King by uncontested right;
Strength, and majesty, and pride,
Are in thee personified!
Slavish doubt, or timid fear,
Never came thy spirit near;
What it is to fly, or bow
To a mightier than thou,
Never has been known to thee,
Creature, terrible and free!

Power the mightiest gave the *Lion*
Sinews like the bands of iron;
Gave him force which never failed;
Gave a heart that never quailed.
Triple-mailed coat of steel,
Plates of brass from head to heel,

Less defensive were in wearing,
Than the *Lion's* heart of daring;
Nor could towers of strength impart
Trust like that which keeps his heart.
When he sends his roaring forth,
Silence falls upon the earth;
For the creatures, great and small,
Know his terror-breathing call;
And, as if by death pursued,
Leave to him a solitude.
Lion, thou art made to dwell
In hot lands, intractable,
And thyself, the sun, the sand,
Are a tyrannous triple-band;—
Lion-king and desert throne,
All the region is your own!

MARY HOWITT.

THE ANGLO-NORMAN PEOPLE.

(From 1066 to 1200.)

L. We should like to hear something more about the English people to-day, papa, instead of a king. I liked hearing how they were married.

W. So did I. Now, tell us how they were buried, papa. Tell us all about the births, deaths, and marriages, please.

P. I am afraid it will take a long time; but let us proceed. When two people had been married, if they had a baby, they would *baptise* it, as we do now. The names of the children had nearly always some meaning—particularly the Saxon names. For instance, the name EDWARD means *the prosperous guardian*; EDWIN, *prosperous in battle*; ETHELRED means *noble in council*; ETHELWOLF, *the noble wolf*. The little girls had very pretty names—ADELEVE means *the noble wife*; WYNFREDA is *the peace of man*; EDITHA, *the blessed gift*; and DEORWYN, *the precious joy*.

Ion. Now tell us about the old people, papa. When they died, how were they buried?

P. In the time of Henry II., the funerals were not very different from those of the present day, except, perhaps, that more money was spent. A body is but a piece of clay, yet the body of Henry II., as it *lay in state*, was dressed in the splendid royal robes, the golden crown was set on its head, and shoes of gold were put on its feet. The same spirit is seen even in this day; for very much money is often wasted on bodies at funerals.

The Ancient Britons and Saxons, and many of the barbarous nations, had very little feeling for their

corpses. They burned their dead, and the ashes and bones of many were covered with earth, forming a mound, or a little hill, which we now call a *Barrow*. Many of these barrows may still be seen in England, and such barrows have also been found in America. The mode of burial was practised in very ancient times, by the Greeks, which you may learn in a book written by a poet called HOMER; whilst the *Hindoo*s, and other nations, burn their dead in the present day.

L. How did the people get their living, papa? Did they *work* as they do now?

P. Of course they did. Some worked in the fields; others had shops and workshops in the towns; others were merchants. And when they had done their work they would *eat*. Many of their eating habits were rather extravagant. One of the Norman bishops, when he sat down to dinner, had, it is said, "all the sorts of beasts that roam on the land, of fishes that swim in the water, and of birds that fly in the air;" he also ate "peppered bread," which we now call *Ginger-bread*. When the Normans came to England, they altered the custom of the Saxons from four meals per day to two—*dinner* at three o'clock in the morning, and *supper* at five in the afternoon. But they soon learned to eat more. In the time of Henry II., the monks of St. Swithin threw themselves into the dirt before him, and complained to him in great sorrow—"The Bishop of Winchester," they said, "has cut off three dishes a-day from our meals!" "Has he?" said the king. "And how many dishes have you left?" "Only ten!" was the reply, with a very troubled look. "I," answered

Henry, "have only three; and I command the bishop to reduce you to the same number."

Ion. Their dinners must have cost very much money, I think.

P. No doubt they did, but their money would purchase more than it does now. Here is a list of the prices of provisions from the time of William the Conqueror to the reign of Henry:—

	£	s.	d.
1078, Bread for 100 men	0	1	0
Food for 20 horses	0	0	4
A pasture-fed ox	0	1	0
A sheep	0	0	4
1184, A fowl	0	0	0½
A ram	0	0	8
33 cows and 2 bulls	8	7	0

W. That seems to be very cheap!

P. Yes; but you must remember that, as I said, money had a different value. Henry II. allowed his own out-servants 1½d. per day, which was worth as much as a shilling is now. There was no money smaller than a silver penny, until about thirty years after Henry II.'s death. In the reign of King Henry III. a law was made against the practice of cutting silver pennies into halves and quarters; soon after halfpennies and farthings were coined. On account of this want of small coins, the Saxon custom of paying in "live money" was continued for a very long time.

The amusements of the people in those days show that they were not very civilized. The lower classes were very fond of bull-baiting—a very cruel sport which I need not describe to you. Cock-fighting and horse-racing were also much practised. They had many sports on the water, such as fighting in boats with wooden spears. When the river Thames, and the large ponds outside London, were frozen over, they used to

draw each other on the ice, and skate as we do now.

Some of the games were of a more thoughtful character—the ancient game of *chess*, in particular, was much played, especially by RICHARD I., who could also play ten different games with dice. Soldiers and sailors, however, were not permitted to play, and if they were caught doing so, they were ordered to be "whipped and ducked." Hawking and hunting, as you heard in one of the former lessons, were also favourite amusements.

But the principal amusement of the nobility was the TOURNAMENT; an amusement which all the professors of *chivalry* practised. In the description of the first crusade you heard of the profession of a knight.* The young barons who wished to become knights, had first to serve an apprenticeship of seven or eight years, just as doctors and lawyers do in the present day. They were not called apprentices but *esquires*.

L. Why, how rude some people are! Why, papa, *they call you "esquire"* when they write a letter to you—some people do. You are not an apprentice!

P. They do not mean to be rude. The name *esquire* is now given, not to people who take up the profession of *chivalry*, because there is no such profession, but to gentlemen of all professions; it is, however, becoming so common, that many people prefer being called by the plain name *Mister*.

W. And I have seen the letters of that Quaker gentleman who writes to you; he does not put *esquire* or *mister*—only your plain name.

P. True. But let us talk about

the tournaments. These tournaments were not only exercises for amusement, but for the *practice* of young esquires. They were bound to attend them, especially at Advent and Easter times, when they made great efforts to show their skill and bravery in fighting. They fought on horseback, in a large open space which was surrounded by seats, rising one above another. These seats were decorated with rich hangings of different colours, those for the ladies being covered with a canopy. The seats of the king, and the principal nobles, also had canopies. In the early tournaments, there were usually four knights, one at each corner of the space. At a sign they all ran together, trying to unhorse each other with their blunt spears or lances. This plan was found to be very dangerous, and in France, a wooden barrier was placed across the *kists*, as the fighting ground was called, to prevent the parties who fought from injuring each other. The sport, however, was still a very mischievous one; the tournaments seldom ended without loss of life.

The company, the splendid dresses, horses, and armour, increased the attractions of the scene. The curious costumes of the esquires, who attended their masters the knights, and carried their shields, were also a source of amusement; some were dressed in fancy dresses, like savages, with green leaves about their heads and loins; others were dressed like birds, or strange animals; others like griffins, palmers, or angels. The tents of the nobles who fought were also within the open space, and were fitted up with all magnificence.

Ion. I dare say it was like the *Lord Mayor's Show*!

P. The dresses were a showy sight, no doubt; but the fighting was frequently the cause of a quarrel—indeed the fights were sometimes *real* quarrels,—the parties wishing not only to show who was the bravest, but to kill each other. These tournaments, and the practice of *trial by combat*, which I spoke of before, gave rise to the wicked practice of duelling, which in the present day, even, is not quite given up. The deaths which happened at tournaments were so frequent, that the sport was forbidden by several of the popes. They even denied Christian burial to the parties killed.

L. Were all the people Roman Catholics then, papa?

*P.** Yes; and they had the same foolish spirit of superstition as ever. Not only did they blindly obey the priests, as you may learn from the history of à-Becket, but they worshipped the Virgin Mary, and bowed down to strange images, as many do now. Their priests were almost as ignorant as themselves. Those priests who were learned, instead of using their minds to know how to glorify God, would meet together to dispute about matters of no importance. They called themselves *Schoolmen*, and amused themselves with arguments on questions like these:—"Does the glorified body of Christ, whilst resident in heaven, use a sitting or a standing posture?" "Is the body of Christ received at the Sacrament dressed or undressed?" "Were the clothes in which Christ appeared real or imaginary?" These, I have read, were some of their most harmless subjects; their love of dispute soon led them to make questions which were not only absurd but blasphemous. There are, I am sorry to say, some clergy-

men, in the present day, who have been troubling their heads about matters quite as trifling; they might have spent their time better in attending to *the work of Jesus*; there is plenty of *work* to do. We need not wonder, when the people were taught by *schoolmen* instead of GOD'S WORD, that some of the par-

ticulars of their worship are very foolish. I have here a copy of a bill which was made out in the reign of Henry II., and which I believe may still be seen in the records of Winchester Cathedral. It will show you what sort of images, "graven with man's device," the poor people revered:—

ANNO 1182.

COPY FROM A RECORD IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, SHOWING
THE CHARGES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

To Work Done.		s.	d.
To solderynge and repairynge St. Joseph	0	8	
Cleynge and ornamentynge ye Holy Ghost	0	6	
Reparynge ye Virgyn Mary before and behynd, and makynge a new chylde	4	8	
Screwynge a nose on the B . . . I, puttynge a harne on his hede, glazynge a tpt on his tapt	5	6	
	11	4	

There was not much sense in the spirit of chivalry, but how could the people know better than to fight, when their minds and hearts were so darkened? In the history

of the Crusades of Richard I. you will see how the spirit of superstition worked with the spirit of chivalry in doing wrong—even calling the murderous battles a *holy war*!

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
And daily blessings from thine hand
Demand my daily songs of praise.

WATTS.

IRON (*Concluded*).

L. Now, mamma, please let us have the *history* of iron—if you know anything “interesting” about it.

M. Well, I will see. It is very interesting to know that although iron is so difficult to procure from the ore, and was not generally used by ancient nations, yet its fine qualities were discovered a long time ago! Even so far back as the days before the Deluge, there were workers in brass and iron. You may read this in Gen. iv. 22.

Iron is not only found in the countries which I mentioned before, but it seems to have been scattered by God all over the world, for the use of man. In the hills and rocks of nearly all countries there is iron; it is found even in vegetable substances, and in our blood, while it gives the shades of colour to many a delicate flower.

The description of an iron mine does not differ much from that of other mines. A gentleman who wrote an account of some mines which he visited, says:—“The mountain in which the mine was situated was composed entirely of iron ore. Familiar as I was with mines, my astonishment at beholding this exceeded anything I had ever before felt.

“I stood on the edge of a dark and dreadful gulf. The platform on which I was placed was built so that I had a view as far down as the eye could penetrate; but to my sight the yawning abyss seemed bottomless. Immense buckets fastened to rattling chains were passing up and down; and against the sides of the precipices were scaling ladders, on which were a number of work-people, who ap-

peared to be of the size of pigmies. I could not stand over this place for a long time, being almost overpowered by the noise from the clanking of the chains, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the trampling of the horses, and the beating of the hammers, to all of which were added the dreadful shocks which now and then arose from the thunders of the subterranean blasting.”

The process of smelting the iron ore is very much like that of copper, which I described to you. The scum which rises to the top of the furnace, when the metal becomes liquid, is called *slag*. When the iron is sufficiently pure, the plug hole at the bottom of the furnace is opened, and the bright stream of burning liquid flows out into deep furrows, or moulds, which are cast in the sand. When the iron is cold, the large masses which are taken out are called “pigs.” There is usually a very large mass which is called the *sow*, and a number of smaller masses branching out from it—these are called its *pigs*. Iron in such a state is frequently called *pig iron*, but more properly “cast-iron.”

The pigs of cast-iron consist of the pure metal and of carbon, but they differ in quality, according to the carbon they contain. •

W. Does the carbon render it hard or soft, mamma?

M. The carbon softens it. The pig-iron may, accordingly, be arranged into six different sorts, which I will mention. The first contains very much carbon, so that it is very soft, and when cold, it can easily be cut with a chisel;—it is called *Foundry Iron, No. 1*. When hot, it is very fluid and

thin, so that it will fill the most delicate moulds; it is therefore used to make small ornamental articles,—such as inkstands, egg-boilers, letter-clamps, &c.

The second sort has not so much carbon; so it is harder, closer grained, and not so fluid, and is called *Foundry Iron, No. 2*. It is used for larger castings,—such as railings, knockers, fenders, stoves, &c.

W. Ah! even *they* have pretty ornaments on them, sometimes,—but not such small ornaments.

M. The third sort has less carbon still, and, of course, is less fluid; it is called *Foundry Iron, No. 3*, and sometimes *dark grey iron*. This is used for the largest kind of castings,—such as heavy machinery, railroads, railway bridges, wheel works, cylinders for steam-engines, &c. &c. &c.

Ion. And for the *Conway Tubular Bridge*, I suppose? That is quite right! The hardest sort should be used for the heavy work, and the softest for the little light things which we have about us.

M. The fourth, fifth, and sixth sorts of pig-iron are called *Forge Iron*, as they are not used so much for casting, but to be beaten on a “forge.” The sixth sort, which, of course, contains the least carbon of all, is called *White Iron*. Instead of being very fluid, it is so thick that it will hardly flow out of the plug-hole into the pig-moulds. When cold, it is so hard that a chisel will not make any impression upon it, and so brittle that the largest pigs can be broken by a blow with a sledge-hammer.

• There are, then, six kinds of CAST-IRON. But we have many articles for which cast-iron is not hard enough,—such as the poker, tongs, &c., hammers and screws;

none of these articles are *cast*; they are made of iron which has been worked into a *peculiar state*, and is called *WROUGHT-IRON*.

To make wrought-iron, the cast-iron is put into a small furnace, called a *refinery*; here it is again melted, and stirred for some hours, to burn out more of the carbon. This process is called “*blooming*.” When it begins to thicken, it is taken out, and beaten by heavy hammers, which are worked by machinery. After this, whilst it is still hot, it is rolled under rollers of immense pressure. By these three processes *its nature is much changed*,—instead of being brittle, it is very tough and strong. It is now almost infusible, and can only be welded. It is also brought into the shape of long thin bars, in which shape it is sold.

Ion. Yes. I have noticed that wrought-iron is tougher than the other sort. The little black fender in our bed-room is made of cast-iron, and there have been two or three pieces broken off. Now, the poker is not nearly so brittle.

M. This wrought-iron is also more ductile. It may be drawn into a wire as fine as a human hair split into four parts; and if it be well painted, to keep it from rusting, it is very useful for window-blinds.

L. Yes. The substance made with the wire is called *wire-gauze*.

M. I have to tell you another remarkable property in this wrought-iron. Its ductile quality may be suddenly taken from it, or it may be restored again. The blacksmith, when he has made a plough-share, hardens it by plunging it into cold water while it is hot; and if he wishes at any time to alter its shape, he has only to heat it in his forge, and it again becomes

malleable and ductile. 'What wonderful properties has this iron! None but the great God could have invented so remarkable a substance—a substance which seems to be made on purpose for the use of man!

L. But, mamma, iron may be made harder still—it may be changed into *STEEL*. Will you tell us how that is done?

M. We will leave the history of steel until you have the lessons on manufactures from the metals. I have not yet told you of half the uses of iron to man.

I told you that it formed the tints of many a delicate flower. It also forms a colour called *Prussian blue*—it forms part of the black *writing ink*. One of the iron ores forms the colour called *red ochre*; and I have seen you, Willie, drawing with an iron-stone, which you called *red chalk*!

You also draw sometimes with a *black* iron ore, the greater part of it consisting of carbon.

W. You mean plumbago, mamma—Mr. Young told us about it in his letter on Cumberland; he said something about the mine at Borrowdale. He said, too, that it was not right to call it *black-lead*.

M. Masses of *native* iron have been found, which have fallen from the atmosphere on the surface of the earth. These masses are called *meteoric* iron. They are generally very small; but the traveller Pallas found in Siberia a mass of iron weighing 1,680 lbs. This, according to the tradition, is said to have fallen from the heavens. Several other such masses have been found—one weighed 14,000 lbs., and another no less than 33,600 lbs.

But I have to tell you yet of another important use. When the poor mariner, on the wide sea,

finds that there is no path over the waves, and that they will not tell him which is the north or south; when he finds that the *pole-star* is hidden by the clouds, what do you think helps him, and shows him the way? *IRON*! Iron steps forth again. And a little thin needle of iron, an insignificant-looking object, points to the North Pole all day long with unerring exactness, and helps him to steer his way home.

L. That needle is made of *magnetic iron*—it is the needle of the mariner's compass. Now, I suppose that is the last use of iron.

M. No. There are many more yet, and many that I do not know of. Even the *rust* of iron is useful; it is not only used as a polishing powder, but may be used as a *strengthening medicine*.

Let us think of the iron once more. Here, dear children, is a large lump of *clay iron-ore*. If you knew nothing of the value of iron you might call it a lump of dirt, and might not feel ashamed to do so. But you would not like to do so now. From this piece of ore you might extract the iron—it might become either cast-iron, wrought-iron, or steel; it might form part of the colour of a *flower*, or give colour to your *blood*; it might help to form *Prussian blue*, or *ink*, or *red ochre*, or *red chalk*, or *plumbago*; it might make rust to form a *polishing powder*, or a *tonic medicine* to strengthen your body; or even it might guide the mariner across the pathless sea! Oh, what an interesting object it is! It is full of teachings about the goodness of God! How it shows forth His love and care for man! What wonders of His wisdom are wrapt up here, in this piece of iron-clay.

MOUNTAINS.

THE PYRENEES.

P. The PYRENEES! Have you looked for them?

W. Yes, papa.

P. I have an idea—that the Pyrenees are a range of mountains, beginning either at the North Pole, or the Equator, and ending in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

L. Oh, you naughty papa! you must be joking with us. I feel sure you know better than that.

P. Well, I may be mistaken; perhaps, as you have been looking at your map, you will tell me where they are.

W. I will show you, papa. They begin here, just at the corner of the *Bay of Biscay*; and extend—now see how very exact I will be!—in a south-east direction, to the Mediterranean Sea.

P. Is there anything else which marks their position?

W. Yes. They are between France and Spain—separating the two countries completely.

P. If you were standing in the south of France, looking at the Pyrenees, you would observe that in some parts, the slope towards their summits was rather gradual. First, a pleasant valley with its river; then, an ascent from the valley for some distance, and then, a small plain, or terrace—a sort of ledge; another ascent, and then a terrace;—another ascent, either steep or gradual, then another terrace; another ascent—another terrace; and so on—a succession of slopes and flat terraces.

These terraces are fruitful places, but the climate would, as you know from the account of the snow-line, vary according to the height. In the valleys are pasture-lands, broad

green fields, or fields of maize, wheat, rye, millet, or flax. Cows, horses, and, in some parts, abundance of pigs. In some of the valleys and lower terraces you would delight in the sight of the vines, olive, and mulberry trees. In the higher terraces grow oaks, producing abundance of nutgalls, and walnut trees; higher still, the pine, the fir, the box, the rhododendron, the alpine rose. Look up higher at the peculiar bright-coloured chamois of the Pyrenees, and see his wonderful leaps from crag to crag! Look out for the wolf and the bear; who is not, however, so savage as the bear of the Alps. Look higher up for gradually smaller trees, the gathering snows and the impending glaciers, which are much smaller than some we shall meet with soon. Look up to the very summits; you may see their summits arranged in long rows, just like the teeth of a saw. On this account the ranges are called by the Spaniards *sierra*, “Sierra Morena,” “Sierra Nevada,” &c. By the Portuguese they are called *serra*; both words are from the Latin *serra*, a saw.

In another part you may see herds of Cashmere goats, and flocks of Merino sheep, which have such valuable wool. Some of the uncultivated tracts are covered with thyme, rosemary, and lavender, growing wild, and furnishing nourishment to swarms of bees—their honey and wax are valuable articles of commerce.

Look at the poor peasant coming down the mountain-side with his sheep! While the uplands have been cleared from the snow, he has lived up there in some cleft of the rock, or rude hut built of loose stones, and now, as the winter

is coming on, he takes possession of the hut lower down which his family have inhabited during the summer; and they descend into the village. Here, in his winter-house, he finds plenty of fodder for his sheep, which, during his absence, his family have cultivated and stored up.

Nôw look at the Pyrenees on the *Spanish* side. Here, the ascent is much more steep and rugged; no steps or terraces!—and the paths are difficult to climb. This, as I told you in a former lesson, is a rule with the mountain-ranges of the Old World. The long slopes are on the northern side, and the shorter, more sudden ascents are on the southern side. This arrangement, too, is the rule with almost all the other mountains. The principal *glaciers* are found on the northern side.

Ion. Yes, the Pyrenees, on the Spanish side, would be warmer, because they face the south.

P. One peculiarity of the Pyrenees is, that the valleys do not generally run in the same direction as the range itself, but *transversely*—that is to say, *across* the range from north to south.

L. Are the transverse valleys long, papa?

P. That depends on the breadth of the part of the range which they cross. The greatest breadth of the Pyrenees is 60 miles, and the length is 270.

Ion. I can tell you how I will remember those numbers. *The length is four-and-a-half times the breadth.*—Are there many roads through the mountains, papa, so that the French people can go and see the Spaniards?

P. There are about 100 roads, or “passes,” as they are called. On most of these the sure-footed

mules and foot-passengers can travel; but there are only five roads suitable for carriages; indeed, only two of these five can be used in the winter—the others are too high. Sometimes none of the roads are of use.

W. That is when the snow falls, and the streams come down in floods, I suppose. We will look at the map, and see what rivers rise in this range.

L. In Spain I can see the *Douro* and the *Ebro*. In France, the *Garonne*.

P. The rivers in Spain are not very important. They are not only small, but impeded by rocks, and, what is as bad, they flow through the country of the Portuguese—a people who are bad neighbours, and often at war with the Spaniards.

Another point worthy of remark in the Pyrenees is, the complete separation they cause between the kingdoms of France and Spain. Many of the differences between nations are perpetuated by the ranges of mountains. There was a King of France, a little while ago, who would have been glad to unite Spain to France in one kingdom. Another king, who lived not long before him, had the same desire.

Had it not been for the Pyrenees, the *Moors* would not so easily have been restrained from their great enterprise—that of over-running France and the rest of Europe. How different Europe might have appeared in the present day, had it not been for the Pyrenees! We know not for how many purposes the providence of God may have designed these mountains. You may now make some notes on the Pyrenees.

W. I have done so, papa. I have put down all the interesting

features by which I may remember this range.

Notes.—*A range of mountains, called the PYRENEES—*

(a) *Situated between FRANCE and SPAIN.*

(b) *60 miles broad—270 miles long (4½ times).*

(c) *The longest slope on the northern side (towards France); valleys and terraces; pasture land; vines, olives, and mulberries; oaks, nut-*

galls, walnuts, firs; rhododendrons, alpine roses; glaciers, snows; cha-mois, bear, wolf; Cashmere goat; Merino sheep; shepherds; bees; wild thyme, &c.

(d) *The steep slopes on the southern side.*

(e) *The transverse direction of the valleys, roads, and passes.*

(f) *The rivers—Douro, Garonne.*

(g) *The importance of this range as a boundary.*

BIBLE BROTHERHOOD.

CHILD.

MAMMA, who gave the Negro Boy
That head of woolly hair?

What makes his skin so very dark
Whilst mine is light and fair?

MAMMA.

Bring me the Bible, dearest child;
We'll turn its pages o'er,

And read what God himself declared
By holy Paul of yore.

"*God of one blood all nations made*
To dwell on all the earth;—"

The fairest and the darkest skins
Alike must owe him birth.

CHILD.

And does God love the Negro Boy
As well as He loves me?

Would Jesus take him in his arms,
Speaking so tenderly?

MAMMA.

Read what the Bible says again,
By holy prophet spoken;

Thus let us seek to know His will,
Whose laws may not be broken:

"Have we not *all one Father* here,
One God who us created?"

Why do we then deal treacherously?
Brothers must not be hated."

CHILD.

We say '*Our Father*' when we pray,
The Negro does the same;

Then we must surely brothers be—
How very sweet the name!

MAMMA.

Yes, dearest child, the Negro Boy
Is just as much your brother,

In the Redeemer's loving eyes,
As if I were his mother.

CHILD.

Then come, my Negro brother, come,
And let us brothers be,

Not in a Christian name alone
But tenderest sympathy.

Forget the wrongs of years gone by,
And freely share with me

In all the pleasant things of life,
In sweet fraternity.

Come, Negro brother, hand in hand
Together let us move;

We'll know no other bondage here,
But *holiest bonds of love*.

C. M. FRY.

* Acts xvii. 26.

† Malachi ii. 10.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.*

17th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE EMBROIDERED FROCKS (*Concluded*).

MR. MORLAND had promised his daughters Marion and Annie, that at the end of a week they should hear of his scheme for helping the poor family. During the week they were to supply the two girls with the frocks to embroider, as they had promised; but they were not to say a word to them on the subject of their papa's intentions.

Papa came home at a late hour twice in the course of that week; and once he sat down to write a very long letter, which Marion suspected was on the subject of their poor friends.

"Well, papa," said Marion, at the end of the appointed time, "we want to know how those poor people are, and what plans you have made for helping them."

"Let me hear first whether you have been making any plans," replied their papa.

"We have made two plans," cried Annie. "The first is, to ask the people at the Blind Asylum to let the girls have all the profit on the frocks; and the second is, to see what would be a just price for so much embroidery, and pay them the exact money. Here are two of the frocks, papa,—see how nicely they are worked!"

"We think," rejoined Marion, "that the second plan would be better than the first. They would not have so much money, perhaps; but then they would know that they had earned *all* of it."

"Of course it would be a better plan," said their papa. "Now, hear what *I* have done. You know that in my office there are many clerks who copy letters and deeds, for which they are paid so much a *folio*."

Phil. I know what a folio is—it is seventy words.

P. That is true; so, after having written a very long letter, and made very strict inquiries, I engaged the father of the poor girls as a clerk in my office the day before yesterday, and he is to have ten shillings a-week.

"O, papa, that is not so very much, I think," said Annie. "Does he not write enough *folios*, so that you could afford to give him eleven shillings, or twelve?"

P. Yes; if he can write every day as much as he has written to-day and yesterday, his work will be worth twenty shillings to me.

"Then I suppose," said Annie, "that you will give him the twenty shillings?"

P. No. He only asked for ten shillings; and, as he is willing to work for that, that is all I shall pay him.

"There now, papa," said Philip, "you taught us last week that we are not to take advantage of another because he is poor."

"But you have not heard all of my plan," answered his papa. "You must remember, that in helping this poor man, we have to be cautious. He fell into trouble partly because he spent his money in buying improper drinks. If he were to get all the money that he

earned, he might fall into the same temptation again.

"I not only want to keep him from temptation, but to try whether he is really industrious; whether he is willing to work hard for a very little money, so as to support his family."

"Still, papa," said Annie, "is it just to *keep* the rest of the money that he earns instead of giving it to him? Does it not belong to him, if he earned it? What will you do?"

"I will tell you. As the money belongs to him, we will take care of it for him. We will let him do as much work as he chooses for his ten shillings per week, and the harder he works for my sake, the more he will earn for himself, without knowing it. By such means, we shall prove whether he is an industrious man or not."

"Perhaps, papa," said Marion, "you will give him a shilling or two extra, to encourage him, now and then."

P. I dare say I shall; but, in the meanwhile, I wish you to adopt the same plan with his two daughters. Ascertain, first, what their labour is justly worth; let them labour for as little as they please, and all the money that they ought to receive you may save up for them.

This plan was soon agreed to—the poor family were allowed to struggle on for many months, enduring long privations. The girls often pleaded with their father for permission to give them money; but he replied to them that it was good for them to struggle, and that the struggle through their difficulties would make them enjoy their prosperity more. During all this time they were unconsciously storing up comforts for themselves.

"Now, Marion and Annie!" said their papa one day with a bright look, "we have tried these poor people long enough—we will let them have the just reward of their labour. We have paid them only as much money as they have demanded for the last eight months. I have carefully kept an account of the difference between the money paid to them, and the money that *ought to have been paid*. With two pounds which (now that I have tried these people) I mean to lend to them, it will be sufficient to furnish a little cottage with three rooms. The furniture your mamma has promised to buy. You shall go with her; and, when it is all prepared, you shall have the happiness of introducing your friends to the home which they have justly earned."

I need not describe to you the joy that Marion and Annie had in executing this commission with their mamma; nor need I picture to you the surprise and joy of the poor man and his wife and family, when they found that the goods bought were really their own, and that they had earned a home as comfortable as that of the house on the hill near Rochester. His son, too, who had lately been working in the country, was delighted. The man shed many tears of joy, and would almost have gone on his knees to thank Mr. Morland, but this could not be allowed. "No, no," said his friend and master; "you have nothing to thank me for—I am only returning to you that which is justly your own. Do not call it kindness; it is only *justice*."

"Thank your kind Father in heaven, that He has given you health and strength to earn this. Here is one way in which you may

show your thankfulness :—try in all your dealings with other men to give to each that which he deserves—thus will you honour that part of His holy nature which is called JUSTICE."

IF I WERE A VOICE. *

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.

I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air,
The homes of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak
To save them from Despair.

I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sun-light, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder-crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

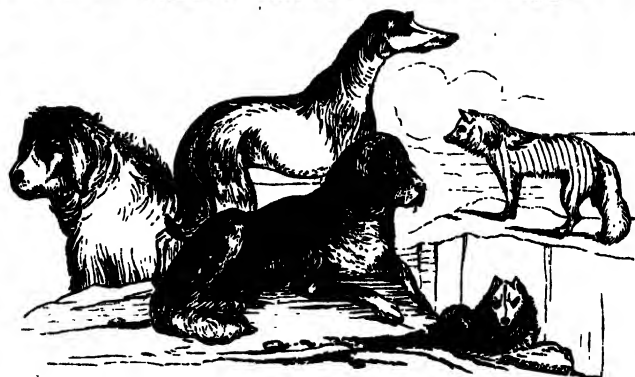
If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right—
Lessons of priceless worth;
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird.
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat—
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty,"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a voice, an immortal voice.

CHARLES MACKAY.

MAMMALS.—ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE WEASEL TRIBE—THE DOG TRIBE.



MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE WEASEL TRIBE.

Ion. Here comes the gardener with a curious animal in a cage. Gardener, what's that?

Gardener. A weasel, master—your mamma is a-going to give you a lesson on him.

M. Yes, *Ion*, look at this weasel, and let me know whether you think that it is a flesh-eating animal or not

Ion. If the gardener will open its mouth, so that I may see its teeth.

Gardener. There, master!

Ion. Then, it is a flesh-eating animal, for see what long pointed "tearing teeth" it has; and sharp "grinding teeth"—it wouldn't have such teeth as those for nothing at all.

M. Is it an animal of the cat tribe, do you think?

W. I think not—yet, if you look at its feet, you may see that it has sharp claws like the cat's. Please to make it hold up its paws, gardener. Now, see! there are no regular pads underneath—and yet, it seems as though it walked on its toes like the Cat tribe.

L. Yes, it is *digitigrade*.

Ada. I see a difference—it has short legs.

L. I think that they are shorter than those of any animal in the Cat tribe, and again its body is so long and thin—

Ada. Yes, like a worm's, like a worm with legs.

M. The shape of its legs and the shape of its body both serve to distinguish it from the Cat tribe. The weasel and the other animals of this tribe all have this "worm-like" shape; so, from the Latin word *vermis*, a worm, they are called *vermi-form* animals.

Gardener. We call them *vermin*, ma'am. So does the farmers.

M. The word "vermin" has the same derivation. Another peculiarity of this tribe is, that they have an extraordinary plan of defending themselves. They are furnished with glands or pouches which contain a strong-smelling fluid; and if they are pursued, and very hard pressed, they will throw out this fluid on their enemy, and cause a stench which can hardly be endured.

W. That will make three points by which we can tell a WEASEL.

1st, It has sharp, tearing, and grinding teeth;

2nd, A worm-shaped, or *vermi-form* body;

3rd, It is *digitigrade*; and

4th, It is furnished with glands containing a strong-smelling fluid. Now I should like to know something of the habits of the weasel.

M. I think that the gardener can tell you more of its habits than I can.

Gardener. Dares say I can, ma'am—for many a one on 'em I've killed afore now. Well, young gentlemen, once I was a farmer's boy.

W. Yes, I know that.

Gardener. Oh, do you? And when I was a farmer's boy, I saw a great many weasels. They make themselves burrows in the woods. I've heard say that if they find a mole-hole, they will make it larger to suit themselves, or will take possession of the burrow of a rabbit. Sometimes some weasels will live in the hollow part of an old tree, or in a hole in a wall, if there be plenty of long grass or stinging-nettles to hide it.

But it is a most surprising thing, ma'am, to see them run! I've seen them outside the woods, where our

farm was. They will run up a tree as quickly as they run on the ground. They can twist their long bodies, and can glide along the branches like snakes. When I have been in the farm-yard, I've seen a weasel running along the sides of a rough wall, and along the sides of a barn; and before I had time to see where he was gone to, he would twist himself through some little hole or crack that you would think it impossible for him to enter. But when a weasel is going to attack an animal, it is silent and cautious, creeping very slowly, till it is rather near its prey—then it attacks it with shocking fierceness. It fastens itself on to the back of the animal's head, and drives its canine teeth right through the skull.

L. What do the weasels eat, gardener?

Gardener. Well, any small animals almost—such as they can kill. My master liked having a few weasels about his farm—they were useful in the fields to kill the field-mice, the rats, and the water-rats; they were of good service, too, near the stack-yard to kill the rats, and the colonies of mice, who used to steal the corn. If you were once to see a wheat-rick, and to see the manner in which it is sometimes drilled by the little mice, in all directions, then you would know how useful a weasel may be.

W. But what do they climb the trees for—for birds?

Gardener. Yes, a weasel destroys many birds, and the young ones and eggs in the nests. The young partridges too, and pheasants, it kills; it will also feed upon leverets, and even old hares, if it can catch them. Once I turned up the burrow of a stoat (one of the weasel tribe), and there, sure, were two

leverets, two leverets' heads, two young partridges, and a pheasant's egg—they were being saved up for a feast. Some of the weasel tribe will even go into the water; for, in the nest of one, eleven fine eels were found. In the nest of another, when it was opened, there were found forty large frogs, and two toads packed away; they were all scarcely alive, for each had been bitten through the brain.

Ion. What sense that animal must have had! I suppose it knew that if the frogs were dead they would not keep.

L. And it must have known that the biting them through the brain, would not kill them, but would only make the poor frogs helpless.

Gardener. I heard an anecdote once, Miss, which showed how a weasel can bite. There was a gentleman out shooting in his own grounds, when he saw, a little way off, a kite pounce on some animal on the ground, and rise up with it in its talons. But in a few moments the bird began to fly irregularly, to rise up quickly, to fall again suddenly, and to wheel round in the air in a singular manner; and at last it fell down dead. On his riding up to the spot, a weasel ran away from under the kite, the determined little animal having eaten a hole through its skin, under the wing.

But I was going to tell you about my master the farmer, how he changed his opinion about the weasels. He found that they would now and then make off with a stray duckling, or young pigeon; sometimes one of the chickens would be missing, or an egg from the hens' nests. These little losses we did not mind so much when we thought of the quantity of corn saved by their killing the mice

and rats; even when a fine young pullet was killed, we did not grumble very much. But, one morning, oh! if you had seen our master, what a state of mind he was in—he was like a distracted man, running about, and declaring that he would have the most dreadful vengeance on the “vermin.” And there was the missus standing crying in the hen-house! She had been to feed the turkeys, and they never came—and, as she opened the door of the place where they slept, there were the sixteen fine turkeys all lying dead. A polecat (which is a large kind of weasel) had been in the night—it had eaten out all their brains—and as the missus opened the door, before she had time to know what was the matter, it marched out, licking its sanguinary jaws, not at

all frightened, and not at all ashamed of the mischief it had done; it managed to get off, too, in safety.

M. I have also read of ten ducks being destroyed in one night by a polecat.

Gardener. Yes, ma'am. Ask any farmer and he'll tell you that polecats are “*detestable vermin*,” because they destroy his poultry; and a sportsman will tell you that they are detestable vermin, because they destroy his game. All the animals of this tribe, ma'am, are very daring and active, and cunning likewise; perhaps they are the most blood-thirsty of all flesh-eating animals. I am sure that if they were as large as some of the cat tribe—the tiger and leopard, for instance—they would be much more destructive.

THE FIRST LAMB.

SPORTIVE harbinger of Spring!
Welcome tidings dost thou bring!
Thy short, timid, quivering bleat
Blends in unison most sweet
With the newly-wakened song,
Heard the woodland dell along.

While beneath the hawthorn's shade,
Slumbering peacefully thou'rt laid,
Round thee spring the dainties fair;
Violets scent the balmy air,
And the primrose clusters spread
A soft pillow for thy head:—
Start not!—'tis a harmless guest—
The partridge stealing from her nest;
Or the bee, whose soothing hum
Tells the crocus-flowers are come!

Lambkin, I will be thy friend,
I my cheerful aid will lend,
Thy weak, little feet to guide
To thy tender mother's side.
Soon those tottering feet will bound
O'er the thyme-besprinkled mound;—
Enlivened by the cheering sun,
Soon the jocund race thou'lt run,
And in the sportive frolic join
With heart as light and gay as mine.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

RICHARD I.

P. King Richard was, you may remember, the third son of Henry II. He was a celebrated man, but I should not do right to say that he was a celebrated king. The principal duty of a king is not to to fight, but to govern well. If he govern well, he is a celebrated king; but, if he leave his kingdom for others to govern, and spend his life in fighting, then he becomes a—

W. A celebrated warrior, I say.

P. And that is nearly all that you can say of RICHARD. He had within him the spirit of superstition, which I spoke of in our last lesson, and the spirit of chivalry, which rendered him more like a "knight-errant" than a king—his whole life shows his strange desire for romantic adventures. I shall not fail to describe to you his bravery, but one cannot look upon this king with much pleasure. Not all the "glory," as it is called, which he earned with his sword, not even the glory which he could have earned in twenty crusades, could have hidden the great blot on his character—he helped to break his father's heart! Let any boy, or man, or king, rebel against his father, and no great deeds that he may perform afterwards can be great enough to hide such a stain. Richard, who was called "the lion-hearted," had not much of the nobleness of a lion, to rebel against his father when he was old. A poor hermit once advised him to get rid of his strong vices, "particularly," said he to the king, "your pride, greediness, and voluptuousness," which, he said, were the king's favourite daughters.

As soon as Richard saw that his troubled father was dead, he seemed to feel conscious of his past wickedness. He was then sorry for his disobedience; and instead of rewarding those men who had helped him in his bad course, he dismissed and persecuted them—even those who had been his most familiar friends. He taught them a good lesson; telling them that those who had been unfaithful to one king would not be faithful to another.

His next good act was to take his mother out of prison, where his father had confined her; telling her to govern the kingdom until he came, and to secure all the royal treasures for him. It was thought that his brother John, being the late king's favourite son, would have disputed the crown with Richard; but John, remembering that his brother would be away in the crusades, and wickedly hoping that he would not return alive, was content to wait for a better chance.

At the coronation of Richard, much cruelty was committed against the Jews. This peaceable nation had met to do honour to the king, and to offer him rich treasures; but the superstitious spirit of the people caused them to attack the poor Jews, murder them, destroy their houses with fire, and treat them with disgraceful cruelty. The persecution in London was followed by others in the country which were too horrible to be related. In York Castle, for instance, five hundred Jews killed one another, to avoid their cruel enemies.

Richard's whole soul, after his coronation, was engaged in preparations for the crusades, which we will talk of next week.

LEAD.

M. Before we notice the Lead, we will write our lesson on Iron.

Lesson 17. IRON.

1. (Qualities.) *Iron is light, and yet very hard, tenacious, and strong; it is not very fusible, but may be welded; and it is also very elastic.*

2. (Uses.) *Because of these qualities, it is the most useful of all metals. It is used for heavy machinery, railroads, bridges, household furniture, kitchen utensils, cutlery, tools, nails, and for all kinds of purposes.*

3. (Place.) *Iron is not only useful, but plentiful; being distributed through all nature, it is found not only in the earth, but even in animal and vegetable substances. The principal iron countries are Britain, France, Belgium, Austria, Spain, and America.*

4. (Different sorts.) *The process of smelting iron ore is very complicated, although the plan is not so different from that of smelting other metals. The ore may be made into Cast-iron, Wrought-iron, or Steel. Of cast-iron there are six different sorts, varying in hardness according to the carbon they contain. Amongst other remarkable kinds of iron, are Magnetic iron, Meteoric iron, and Plumbago. The iron ores differ very widely, thus increasing the wonderful number of uses for which iron is so famous.*

Ion. Now for the Lead.

L. It looks something like a piece of iron.

M. And yet how different it is! It may be similar in colour, but how different its qualities and uses. Iron is very hard.

W. And lead is soft;—see me cut off a piece with my penknife. I can even scrape away a little piece with my finger nail.

M. Iron is light.

W. Lead is heavy—what is its “specific gravity”?

M. It is nearly $11\frac{1}{2}$ times as heavy as water. Iron is almost infusible.

L. And lead is very fusible.

M. Iron is elastic.

L. And lead is in-elastic; just try, Willie, to bend the long piece which mamma has brought.

W. Yes, it only bends; and if you throw lead on the ground, it goes down—thump! and it never springs up again: there it lies where you throw it, like a lump of lead, and nothing else.

Ion. Except a lump of clay.

M. Iron is ductile.

W. Lead is not ductile. You could not make piano wires of lead.

Ion. And that reminds me of something else—Iron is sonorous, lead is not sonorous.

M. Why is that? You learned in one of your former lessons why copper is sonorous.

L. It is sonorous, because it vibrates. I see now why lead is not sonorous—it cannot vibrate, because it is inelastic. Clay, too, is not sonorous.

Ion. And here is another difference. Iron rusts in water. Lead does not rust in water. We have some leaden mugs, which will hold water without rusting, and our cistern is made of lead.

L. Now, let us see in what iron and lead differ.

IRON is

hard,
light,
almost infusible,
ductile,
elastic,
sonorous,
rusts in water.

LEAD is

soft,
heavy,
very fusible,
not ductile,
inelastic,
not sonorous,
does not rust in water.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

SPAIN. CORDOVA.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"You have heard something of three Spanish towns—LISBON, CADIZ, and SEVILLE. You shall now hear how I went to Cordova, a town which you will see is at the north of Seville.

"The society at Seville was so agreeable, and the inn so comfortable, that I did not like to depart. But, after remaining for eight days, I announced at the 'table d'hôte' that to-morrow I intended to travel northward.

"Do you?" said a Spanish gentleman opposite to me; 'then make up your mind to be robbed.'

"Oh, I replied, 'I have no fear; for in every country through which I have travelled, I have been threatened with robbery. I have been told that I should be assassinated certainly; but, you see, I have not been hurt yet. I think that such dangers are all "moonshine."'

"Unfortunately," said the gentleman, who seemed determined to make me very comfortable before starting, 'such dangers are real, in Spain. Some few months ago, as I was travelling from Madrid to Grenada, the diligence was attacked by robbers, and a German Count, who sat by my side, was robbed of a large amount of cash and jewels.'

"And what did they do to you?" I asked.

"Oh, they did not touch me."

"Why not?"

"I," he replied, 'am well known by all of them, as I am a proprietor of extensive mines and vineyards. Many of these "saltadores" have worked on my estates; but such is the state of the country, that I

dare not give them up to justice, neither can I refuse to employ them. I have often been compelled to help them in escaping from the dangers of a prison. Last summer, I was sitting alone, in the dusk of the evening, when I was informed that a person wished to see me on urgent business, and that he could not wait. He entered the room, muffled up in a cloak, which he threw aside, showing the features of a notorious brigand. He had marks of blood upon him, as though he had just come from a conflict.

"The police, señor (he exclaimed), are on my track; a vessel of yours sails to-night for Holland; you must hide me on board, and give me a passage.'

"And," I asked, 'did you do so?'

"Had I hesitated or refused, I should have seen my works destroyed, and my vineyards in a blaze. What could I do?"

"I learned, on inquiry, that all this was quite true, and that it was not considered disgraceful to protect the thieves. This was clear from the hearty manner with which the Duc de Glucksberg, who had just entered, saluted the Spaniard.

"I must confess that, after this conversation, I took my seat in the diligence with a little foreboding and sinking at the heart; and, when I looked up on the roof and saw the barrels of five muskets peeping out from under the luggage, my heart was not any lighter. 'What can they have muskets for?' thought I, 'unless they expect dangers and deeds of violence?'

"It was not long before many deeds of violence were begun, but not such deeds as I had expected. Thump! crash! and over I went,

with a violent jerk, to the seat on the opposite side. Jolt! jolt! jolt! and at the third jolt, I was heaved back to my old place.

"Surely," I thought, as I looked out of the window, 'I have heard of sinful pilgrims, travelling with peas in their shoes, that their journeys may be painful; and I suppose that, as this is a Roman Catholic country, the roads are constructed on the same uncomfortable principle. Yes, it is intended that people shall do penance for their sins when they are—riding,' I was going to say, when a sudden plunge of the diligence into a hole brought me on my knees.

"The Chartists of London might make a model of a Spanish road by tearing up the pavement in the Strand, and scattering it about so as to make the roughest surface possible. After this, if they would cover the paving-stones over with a layer of dust about six or eight inches deep, and rumble up and down on a brewer's dray, they would have some idea of Spanish travelling—at least they would, if they had the courage to sit long enough, until they were sore and bruised all over. By the time we had travelled a league my legs and arms and ribs were in an aching state, and my head not much better; for, to vary the amusement, the vehicle had now and then tested the hardness of my skull by bumping it against the roof.

"The pleasures of the journey were not increased by the state of the atmosphere—the thick clouds of dust were such as to render it almost opaque, whilst the rays of the sun poured down with intense heat. When, to avoid the feeling of suffocation from the heat and the dust, I closed the windows,

the inside of the carriage quickly became like an oven. I began to feel that the process of travelling was preparing me to become an easy prey to the robbers—being half dead, I almost felt that they were welcome to do with me what they pleased.

"The scenery, or the glimpses of it, which I had through the dust, did not charm me. I was rather struck with several flocks of sheep, which had their tails tipped with black like ermine. At mid-day, we reached a town named Carmona, where we stopped. I had, hitherto, been fed on French and Italian cooking; but now I was doomed to eat a Spanish dinner. How would you like to eat 'Gaspacho'? It is made of vinegar, oil, salt-water, sliced bread, and onion. The 'Gaspacho' was followed by the 'Olla podrida,' a sort of hodge-podge, made of rusty bacon, rancid oil, stringy beef, and plenty of garlic. I was not satisfied with anything, and only ate sparingly.

"After dinner, we went on again. The wheels rumbled, the horses stumbled, the vehicle jumbled, and I grumbled—but to little purpose. Sometimes the road was enlivened a little with a string of mules, or a bullock cart. In the evening we halted again; but I was too tired to eat, so after paying the fine which travellers are charged when they do not partake of the meals prepared for them, I threw myself on a bed, to rest my aching limbs.

"I might as well here explain to you, that it is quite fair for those who do not eat at the resting places to pay a fine. It appears that meals are always prepared in readiness for the arrival of the diligence and that there are few

travellers on the road except those who ride in that conveyance. The meats would therefore be a dead stock on the innkeeper's hands, if those for whom he prepared them refused to eat. To protect the landlords against such a loss, the Government have formed a tariff, ordering that all who eat shall pay a fixed sum for their dinner, whilst those who are dainty, or have no appetite, and do not eat, are fined half the regular charge.

"There did not seem to be much chance of rest, for under my bedroom window a crowd of peasants were listening to two men who were singing the monotonous dirge of Riego Diez, and playing an accompaniment on two ill-tuned guitars.

At the conclusion of each verse the whole audience joined in the chorus, with more goodwill than harmony. My rest was also disturbed by the fleas, which were quite as numerous as those at Lisbon, whilst swarms of stinging mosquitoes buzzed round my face.

"Yet, I was very, very tired, and very, very sleepy, too. So, when there was silence outside, and only the buzzing of the mosquitoes was heard, it lulled me off to rest. Next week, dear children, I will go on with my journey, and will tell you something of CORDOVA.

"Your sincere friend,

"UNCLE RICHARD."

SONGS FOR THE MONTHS.

MAY.

SHOUT, shout, a welcome out, for May the blossom-bearer,
The month of flowers, and sunny hours, than whom there is none fairer !
Sing, sing, while in we bring, with glee, the smiling maiden.
With hues bedight, all rainbow bright, and sweetest perfume laden !
Breathe soft, ye airs aloft, leafy branches waving ;
Weave a dance, streams that glance, flowery margins laveng.

Shout, shout, a welcome out, for May the glad wayfarer,
Let all be in jollity and mirth with her a sharer !
Sing, sing, each bird whose wing in the greenwood flutters !
Oh ! rejoice every voice, that sweet music utters !
Every heart, bear a part in the theme of gladness ;
Every brow, banish now shadows cast by sadness !

Shout, shout, a welcome out, for May the garland-weaver ;
In her smile there's no guile,—she is no deceiver !
Sing, sing, till woodlands ring, and echo all the valleys !
Joyously hums the bee, that with the wild flower dallies ;
And the fly flitteth by, deck'd in silken splendour,
And the dove coos of love to his mate so tender !

Shout, shout, a welcome out, for May, the heart-reliever !
Who shall know care or woe that with joy receive her ?
Sing, sing, each living thing, or be mute for ever !
Waken earth unto mirth—waken now or never !
Care away ! this is May—May the morrice-dancer !
Summer skies look through her eyes, she's the soul-entrancer.

H. G. ADAMS.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

DERBYSHIRE.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"You have heard of *fluor-spar*. Don't you remember that, when your papa gave you a lesson on the crust of the earth, he said that lime would unite with fluoric acid, and that one of the 'fluates of lime' was called Fluor-spar? Well, I have got a piece which I bought of my guide—in these parts it is called Blue John; it is very beautiful, and quantities of it may be found at Castleton.

"You have not, I suppose, forgotten the strange caverns of this village which I visited. On my way home I asked my guide if there were any more wonders to be seen. He told me, as I mentioned to you before, that the *wonders of the Peak* were well known, and that they had often been described in prose and verse, so that he was surprised at my asking such a question. He agreed, however, to take me over the whole of the district if I could wait long enough. 'Have you many other minerals besides *Blue John* in these parts?' I said.

"Yes, sir, we have all kinds of minerals in these mountains. You can see, sir, from where we are standing now—just stand here, sir! Now, you can see several hills at once. Most of them, sir, if you notice, seem to be grey barren rocks with just a little verdure ornamenting the sides. In these barren-looking mountains of ours we have coal, lime, spar, marble, alabaster, zinc, and lead. We are going now, sir, to a remarkable place, where immense sums of money were spent in searching for lead ore, but not any was found.

"Here's the place, sir," said my

guide as we reached it: 'here, a long time ago, for eleven years, the miners laboured without ceasing to find lead ore; and, after an enormous expense, the works were given up. Come in, sir.' I did not much admire the entrance, but followed the guide under an arched vault and down some steps. 'This place, you see, sir, is situated at the foot of the *Winyats*, or "Gates of the Wind."

"I cannot see anything very clearly just at present," I replied. 'What a number of steps there are!'

"We shall soon reach the bottom, sir. This mine, when it was being worked, was called "*The Navigation Mine*."

"Yes; but when are we to reach the end of these steps?"

"Almost directly; you can hear the splashing of the water now, sir. There are 106 steps. Here we are, sir!"

"We," meant the guide and another man who had come with him. We entered the boat, and the men moved it slowly along by taking hold of some wooden pegs which were driven into the side of the rock. After travelling 650 yards, we reached a very deep gulf. We got out of the boat and stood on a ledge from which we could see downwards or upwards. There seemed to be an enormous hole in the earth. I do not think that any one could look into the abyss beneath without shuddering. You can hear the hollow noise of a roaring torrent rushing through the gulf. 'This place, sir,' said my guide, 'is the bottomless pit.' He told me, but he could not be quite sure of what he said, that 40,000 tons of rubbish had been thrown into the pool beneath without making any difference.

"The height, sir," he said, "no one knows. A rocket has been fired to the height of 1,380 feet, but nothing has yet reached the roof—no one knows where it is."

"On my return to the inn, I made notes of the WINYATS, the PEAK'S CAVERN, and the NAVIGATION MINE; and the next day we set out for *Mam-Tor*. I had passed this way before, but had not noticed the mountain which was called the 'Mam-Tor.' It is called by some, 'The Woody Mountain,' and by others, 'The Shivering Mountain.' It is covered with verdure, except on the south side, which is a steep precipice. This consists of a loose crumbling earth, which is continually falling down. The people reckon the mountain one of 'the wonders of the Peak,' from the idea that although the earth is continually falling, and has done so for ages, yet the mountain does not become smaller. But this idea I did not believe; indeed, I told the guide that it was a *superstition*, and that I was rather disappointed with the place.

"He then took me to another remarkable hole, called *Elden Hole*. It was almost perpendicular, and was a frightful place to look at; the depth, he said, was unknown.

"We next visited *Poole's Hole*, near the town of Buxton, to which place I had sent Peg, as I intended to sleep there in the evening.

"Why," I said to my guide, "do they call the place *Poole's Hole*? Who was Poole?"

"Well, sir, I don't know much of him, except that he lived a long while ago, and was a robber. You have heard talk, sir, I dare say, of a robber called Robin Hood, and his companion Little John?"

"Yes."

"This man, sir, was about

as celebrated in these parts as they were at *Sherwood Forest*.—We have just come to the cavern, sir."

"But how are we to get in?"

"We must stoop, sir. You will have to walk stooping for a long way, sir, for you are taller than I am; but it's worth while, sir, to see it all." This I found to be true—it was well 'worth while.' The view was, indeed, very striking. From the roof of a lofty cavern there were hanging a number of large masses of rock-spar; they had the appearance of icicles. An old woman came in with us, and as she and my guide held up their lighted candles, the light reflected from the glittering masses was truly beautiful.

"What do you call these things?" I said.

"*Stalactites*, sir," replied the old lady, "and these 'ere on the ground—these lumpy pieces of spar, these be *Stalagmites*."

"What are they?"

"*Stalagmites*! sir—not *stalactites*, mind. These be the *stalactites*, these water-icicles, as we call them."

"I understand, but here is a remarkable *stalactite*—this, in the middle of the cave, what a size it is!"

"This, sir—the large one—we call the *Flieth of Bacon*. The cavern, you see, sir, is very narrow here, and now it gets wider again. Come on further, sir, will ye?"

"Yes, go on, I'll follow; but, stop one minute longer while I look at it again."

"The cave now became wider, until we reached a large and lofty pillar of *stalactite* called the *Queen of Scots* pillar, because Mary the Queen of Scots is said to have stopped here. There are many other remarkable points, strangely

shaped rocks, with stranger names, and currents of cool, clear water. I remained in this cave for several hours.

"Buxton, the town at which I slept, pleased me very much. It is a very fashionable place. There are not less than 15,000 visitors here, every year; they are attracted principally by the mineral springs, such as those at *Scarborough*, which I once spoke of. Persons who have had too much 'good living,' or have the *gout*, find these waters to be a good medicine. There are not only cold but warm waters; and these are used for baths, and for drinking. There is one curious well which contains both hot and cold water. The two springs are within a few inches of each other, so that either kind may be pumped up by the double pump which is used.

"The town here is very pleasant, being situated in a hollow in the midst of mountains. The handsome building called the *Crescent*, the old and new town, and the grandeur of the scenery around, almost tempted me to stop here; but, no! I resolved, as it was a fine clear day, to travel southward, and enjoy a delightful and a dreamy stroll, along with my quiet friend *Peg*, by the banks of the river *Dove*. So, I bid my guide good-bye, and sent him home again.

"Now, lazy *Peg*," said I, as soon as we were alone, 'pray walk at ease! Don't hurry yourself in the least—pray don't exert your old limbs! gently drag your old framework along without disturbing its parts, and don't let me feel that you move, you conservative, snailly old horse!

"Let us shut our eyes to the sun's dazzling rays, and let them glow softly upon us! let sober

stillness reign once more. Shut your eyes, *Peg*, and saunter along, by the side of the sweet river *Dove*; listen to the singing of its sweet sleepy sounds! Ah, *Peg*, for shame! what are ye after? did I tell thee to *stumble* down the slope? If ye can't walk with your eyes shut, *open* them! I've a great mind to smite thee, as *Balaam* smote his ass!

"But, who could feel angry down in *Dove-dale*? You couldn't, dear children—not you! The gentle water murmuring in your ear would soothe you—the brilliant water dazzling your eye would delight you. As we moved along in peace, we found the scene continually changing: the river flowed on, delighting to change its ways as often as it pleased—now solemnly and slowly—now swiftly, and yet smoothly—then, suddenly, it became rapid, impetuous, and even turbulent—then, as it calmed again, the boughs from the neighbouring trees stretched themselves from the shore, and lovingly tried to stay it in its course; but it could not and would not stop. And although the ash and the hazel, the graceful osier and the birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild-roses, did lay their young buds on its bosom, it heeded them very little—it surrounded them with beautiful ripples, and without further compliment passed on. Then, on we all went together, and coming out into an open space, the stream did break forth with new songs, which showed its lively joy; for there were huge fragments of stone, which had toppled down from the rocks,—they were partly covered with moss and familiar water-plants. Now the river divided itself into many currents, and bubbled round the stones; while,

circling into numerous eddies, it gave life and motion to the slender stems of the plants, and danced them round and round. But in time the stream grew tired and vexed, and at last it reached a very huge stone—a rude rock there was, who had set himself down in the middle of its waters to interrupt its course. Rude rock, to interrupt! Then, how angry was the stream! It dashed against the rock, and foamed—it splashed over its sides, and splashed all round about; and then, like an angry, impatient thing in despair, it rushed on wildly, and down, a steep place with a grumbling, rumbling, roaring sound

—a hollow, heart-broken, and helpless cascade.

“Please, sir, d’ye know what may be the time?”

“Why, I’ll see, my friend. Its just—seventeen—no! eighteen minutes to three! Why, how late it is! Can you tell me how far it is to *Ashborne*?”

“Yees, zur, sure,—better nor *four mile*. Ye’d better take the first rod to the left. Ye can’t keep alongside the river much furdur.”

“I did as the old man told me; and now, dear children, am stopping at *Ashborne*, where I remain

“Your affectionate friend,
“HENRY YOUNG.”

THE FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the true man’s fatherland?

Is it where he by chance is born?

Doth not the yearning spirit scorn

In such scant borders to be spanned?

Oh, yes! his fatherland must be

As the blue heaven, wide and free.

Is it alone where freedom is?

Where God is God, and man is man?

Doth he not claim a broader span

For the soul’s love of home than this?

Oh, yes! his fatherland must be

As the blue heaven, wide and free.

Where’er a human heart doth wear

Joy’s myrtle-wreath or sorrow’s gyves,

Where’er a human spirit strives,

After a life more pure and fair—

There is the true man’s birth-place grand,

His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where’er a single slave doth pine,

Where’er one man may help another—

Thank God for such a birth-right, brother—

That spot of earth is thine and mine:

There is the true man’s birth-place grand,

His is the world-wide fatherland.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.*

18th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE REFORMED VAGRANT.

Ion. Papa, I have been thinking of that tale about the *embroidered frocks*.

P. Well?

Ion. And I thought to myself, "What a pity it is that people cannot always have justice done to them, as those poor people had. How shocking it is to think what a number of people there are who suffer injustice!"

P. Well?

Ion. That was all I thought.

P. Then I will give you a different thought. *Nobody can suffer injustice for ever.* Here is a pleasant thing for you to think about. There is a True and Great Spirit ruling over the affairs of men; this Spirit causes that all of us shall, at some time or another, have that which is just and right. It visits all men; not only punishing those who are bad, but "preaching good news to the poor and deliverance to the captives, healing the broken-hearted, recovering of sight to the blind, and setting at liberty them that are bruised." This True and Great Spirit is the *Spirit of JUSTICE*; it is called in God's word "the Spirit of the Lord," for Justice is one of the attributes of the Almighty, and while God is, there must be Justice. Remember, then, that he who will not do justice to his fellow-men is dishonouring God.

W. But it seems to me, papa, that God lets some people suffer injustice as long as they are alive. I have heard of poor people—

women and children, and poor slaves, who have suffered injustice all their lifetime, and then have died.

P. Not "all their lifetime," Willie. Only as long as they have been in this world—such a time is, you know, only a very small part of their lifetime. The Spirit of Justice which has watched them in this world will render them justice in the next, and will render justice to others also. It will say to some, "Thou in thy lifetime receivest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted and thou art tormented."

• Shall I tell you another way in which men receive justice?

W. Yes, papa, please.

P. From the conscience within them. If, Willie, you become a man, and should be very poor, yet your conscience may say to you, "You are acting justly;" and if you can always look up to God cheerfully and say to Him, "Father! I am trying to do right to please Thee," then how happy will you be! So Justice will reward you. And Justice will come in this way to all men in this world. It is always getting at them through their consciences—it brings inward joy to those who have earned it, and inward misery to those who do not deserve more.

Ion. Well, I think that is true; because I feel unhappy if I have not done quite right. So, next time I feel so, I shall say to myself, "Serve you right, it is only justice."

P. Now hear another tale.

In a small town in England, there lived a steady quiet gentleman who had no wife or children; there were only his two servants in his house, who used to attend to all his wants.

I suppose you will wonder what he did with himself; he had plenty to do. I used to see him taking his regular walk before breakfast, and even then, he often had to call somewhere before he went home. He had always somebody to look after, and he seemed to know the characters of most of the people in the town. The fact is, that he was a Justice of the Peace, and often he had to punish people who had been bad; but in our little town, where he lived, he had so many ways of preventing evil, that he saved himself a great deal of the trouble of punishing.

It happened, one day, after he had been out a little beyond his regular time, and the servants had waited a little, that they looked out of the window and saw him coming down the street with a great dirty boy, whom he was leading. He was a very dirty boy, and seemed ashamed to look up into this gentleman's face, or even to look around him at the boys and girls who were following. These children kept at some distance behind, from respect for the magistrate; but one boy, more saucy than the rest, cried out to the poor fellow, "Ah, Jack, now you'll catch it!" and that was how I learned that his name was Jack.

"Here, Jane," said the gentleman, as soon as the housemaid had opened the door, "take this boy, and see if you can do him any good."

"What shall I do to him, sir?"

"Why, wash him, and give him something to eat, and bring him to me after dinner."

"Poor fellow!" said Jane, as she looked at his wretched face; "never mind, my lad! you may see better days yet;" and she was going to pat him on the head, but she could not very well, for he was a very tall lad, and she a rather short woman—so she led him into the kitchen and washed him.

"Now, my poor lad," said the good gentleman, as he walked into the kitchen after he had dined, "I am ready to hear what you have to say. Jane, bring me a chair, and we'll listen to his case here, then you'll know more about him."

"Well, sir," said the boy, "I can only say that I am very sorry; I didn't want to steal the cheese—it warn't my fault."

"But how can you say it was not your fault?"

"I don't mean that exactly, sir, but I couldn't get no work, and I was very hungry indeed. I am sure, sir, that if I could only get a chance, and could have fair play, I would not steal any more."

"Ah, sir," said Jane, who seemed to take a great interest in him all at once, "I think he would become better if you would only try him. Suppose he gives us an account of himself."

"Yes," replied the gentleman, "he shall do so. We know that you are a stranger in this town. Now tell us how you came here. If you will give us the history of your life, we will listen to you, and see whether we can do you any good."

Accordingly Jack began a long story, which I have not time to relate to you now. You shall hear it next week.

"OUR COUNTRY."

OUR country is the wide, wide world!
At least it so should be.
Where Heaven's blue banner is unfurled,
Where growth flower or tree;
In sunny clime, or snowy waste,
On fattered land, or free;
Despite the claims of clan or caste,
"*Our Country*" it should be.

What though upon a foreign strand
No kindred dwelleth there:
What though 'tis not our native land,
It may be yet as fair:
What though we never trod its soil,
Nor stemmed its whelming sea,
If *man be there*, or good, or vile,
"*Our Country*" it should be.

I care not where that distant shore,
Or what its clime may be;
If 'tis on earth, I ask no more,
Enough is that for me.
If sun shines on with cheering light,
The wind blows fresh and free,
And God esteems it in *His* sight,
"*Our Country*" it should be.

Though bonded man, degraded there,
In chains may pine away
Life's little span of want and care
In premature decay,
I ask not, care not, what his creed,
But *faith* therein have he,
If Pagan, then *how more the need*
"*Our Country*" it should be.

I care not though on him I trace
Faint ray of reason's light,
Be he a son of Adam's race,
Enough 'tis in my sight.
I know he is our common *frère*,
By nature's great decree;
And where he hath a dwelling, there
My Country it shall be.

B. F. EVANS.

CHILDHOOD'S TEARS.

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

WALTER SCOTT.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

The Weasel, Polecat, Ferret, Stoat, Marten, Sable, Skunk, Badger, and Otter.

M. We shall finish the history of the Weasel tribe without the help of the gardener to-day. Let us look at the drawing.*

Ion. There are two animals up on the tree—they are after the birds.

M. These two animals belong to two of the principal families of the tribe. They are the *Weasel* and the *Marten*.

Those which most resemble the Weasel are the POLECAT, the FERRET, which you see standing in the front of the pond, and the STOAT, which is drawn in the distance, and is nearer to the tree.

L. The ferret, mamma, is white; and the stoat seems to be white with a tip of black on its tail.

M. The polecat is larger than the weasel, and, as you may believe from the gardener's account, it is more bloodthirsty. The ferret seems to be little else than a tame species of polecat. It only differs from it in colour.

Ion. Ferrets, mamma, are white. Do you not remember our seeing a man in the country hunting rabbits with a ferret? It was a white animal with red eyes—it entered the burrows of the rabbits, and killed them. The man said that it was a very good way to catch rabbits, except that sometimes the ferret would suck the blood of the rabbit, when it was under the earth, and then it went to sleep there, instead of coming back.

M. Yes, I remember that now. If you look at the picture, you will

see that one of the animals in the distance, on the other side of the pond, is white with a black tip to its tail. This animal is of a brownish colour in the summer, but in the winter its fur changes to a white colour in all parts except the tip of its tail. It is sometimes found in Britain, but principally in *Siberia*, and other cold parts of *Russia*, in *Norway*, and *Sweden*. This little animal is called the *Stoat*, but in its winter dress it is called the *Ermine*. Its fur is very valuable, because it is so scarce, and it is worn by kings and queens.

W. Now will you tell us something about the *Martens*?

M. Yes. You will observe that I have placed all these animals in one picture, but some of them are not often found in *England*. The *Martens* are found principally on the continents of *Europe* and *North America*. They have more bushy tails and longer ears than the true weasels. One of this family also has a very valuable fur: it is called the *Sable*.

L. Ah, mamma, you have a sable boa, and a sable muff. I have read about the poor men who hunt for sables and ermine in the cold country of *Siberia*.

M. There is another family differing from all I have yet mentioned. You may observe in the picture a curious-looking animal in the distance, on the left of the ermine. It is called the *Skunk*, and is an *American* animal. It may be known by its skin, which has a white stripe on a black ground. Its hind feet are plantigrade, so that it is slower in its movements than the other weasels, and is said to be *semi-plantigrade*. But its greatest distinction is, that the fluid contained in the pouches of this animal has

a much stronger smell than that of the others. So intolerable is the stench, that one drop of the fluid is enough to cause suffocation. I have heard of a maid-servant, who finding a stoat in a cellar, attacked and killed it. The stench sent forth by the animal was, however, so strong, that the girl fainted, and was ill for several days; the food in the place was so tainted that it could not be eaten, and was thrown away. A gentleman happened to be sleeping in a house into which a skunk was driven, and was not only nearly suffocated, but he says that the very cattle bellowed from distress. See what powerful means of defence God can furnish even to such little animals.

W. Their defence is as curious as the hedgehog's. The hedgehog merely rolls himself up like a ball.

Ion. The woodlouse, too, does so; and I have read of the cuttle-fish—it defends itself by sending forth a black fluid into the water, so as to hide itself.

W. Now we have learned of six animals—the Weasel, Polecat, Ferret, Stoat, Marten, Sable, and Skunk.

M. There are other animals in this tribe, which are less like the weasel. The *Glutton*, for instance, which I have not drawn, is an

American animal. The Badger is a well-known animal; it is rather more like an animal of the bear tribe than the weasel tribe, for its feet are nearly plantigrade. It likes vegetable diet, such as roots, earth-nuts, fruits, and eggs. It is also said to be fond of honey, so that it will attack the nests of the wild-bees; it disregards their stings, because of the thickness of its skin. The habits of the badger are well known; it was until lately considered good "*sport*" to torment this poor animal by causing it to fight with a number of fierce dogs.

The animal near to the badger, with the fish in its mouth, is fitted for living in the water. It has webbed toes, and a tail flattened horizontally. These two particulars at once proclaim it to be a water animal. The hunting of the Otter is another of the ancient and cruel sports. The half-savage Hindoos show much more sense toward this animal than the gentlemen of England used to do; they use it for the purpose of catching fish. It may easily be trained, and when well taught it will dive into the water and bring up fish for its master, just as the ferret dives deep into the earth, and brings up the dead rabbits for the rabbit hunter.

THE WORM;

OR, THE DUTY OF HUMANITY.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm!
The frame thy wayward looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, he made
For all his creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GIBBO NM.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

RICHARD I. THE CRUSADES.

P. You may remember that the first Crusade happened in the eleventh century, in the reign of William I. Another Crusade was undertaken in the twelfth century by the kings of France and Germany, in which *one million two hundred thousand* men, from all parts of Europe, marched towards Palestine. This Crusade consisted in nothing else but the destruction of more than a million human beings—the armies having been defeated with immense slaughter.

The Crusade in which Richard was engaged may, therefore, be called the *third*, instead of the second Crusade. About ninety years had elapsed since the first Crusaders had conquered Jerusalem. During most of this time the Christian kings of Jerusalem had been engaged in constant warfare with the Turks, for they had taken possession of many other cities besides Jerusalem. These possessions they did not retain very long. City after city was retaken by the Turks, and, at last, in the year 1187, the news was brought to Rome that the great Saracen chief, Saladin, had besieged JERUSALEM itself; and, after a fourteen days' siege, had taken possession of the city. Saladin was a man of noble and generous disposition, and showed more mercy to the Christians than they had granted to him. But, notwithstanding, the news which were brought were too shocking for the Pope to bear. When he heard that the great cross, near the church of the Holy Sepulchre, had been taken down and dragged through the streets, that the bells of the

church had been melted, and that the Mosque of Omar had been restored, his grief was so great that it is said to have caused his death.

This pope's successor, GREGORY VIII., quickly determined to recover the city, and Europe was once more awakened with the cry of war. *Peter the Hermit* had died long ago,—the monk *St. Bernard*, who had aroused the kings to the second Crusade, was also gone; and now the call to the battle was preached by the *Archbishop of Tyre*. Jerusalem had been taken by Saladin, in the year 1187; the enthusiasm and superstition of the people had, therefore, been excited for nearly two years, when Richard came to the throne—indeed, it had been proposed that the old King Henry II. should himself go to the wars; and he would, perhaps, have done so had he not been engaged in the unnatural contests with his sons.

Richard had *taken the cross* about a year before his father's death. In this ceremony he had sworn, as the other kings had done, "never to quit the cross, or neglect the duties of a soldier of Christ either upon land or sea, in town or in field," until he returned home victorious. At the time of Richard's coronation, therefore, the kings of Europe were not only ready, but had been waiting for him for some time; and he immediately set to work to raise money, and make extensive preparations.

Directly after his arrival in England, he had proceeded to Winchester, and had taken possession of the great treasures which his father had left there;—all the plate, jewels, and precious stones having been examined and weighed in his presence. He now began to

collect money in the readiest manner. Adopting the plans by which Stephen had before ruined himself and the nation, he sold the royal lands, castles, fortresses, and towns, to whoever chose to purchase them—for they were sold publicly by a sort of auction. He sold not only all his own estates, but even lands which were the property of other men. When some friends ventured to remonstrate with him, he swore that he would sell London itself if he could only find some one to buy it. All the chief places of trust, and all the highest offices in the kingdom, were publicly sold to the highest bidder. He even sold the bishoprics which were vacant, and other places in the church. It has been said that the king's presence chamber was like a market, in which he sold everything that he could possibly lay his hands upon, resorting to most extraordinary means, with very little care whether he was doing right or wrong. This was a bad way to begin a *holy* war. Besides all the money which Richard thus raised, a tax had been made by the Pope, which all nations throughout Europe were to pay. Every one, including even the clergy, was bound to pay *one-tenth* of all his property for the support of the war.

As soon as Richard was ready, he appointed Queen Eleanor his mother to be *Regent* in his absence,—which means, she was to govern the kingdom for him. In the year 1190, he joined his friend Philip, the king of France, and their two armies numbered about 100,000 men. Richard and Philip met at the head of this immense multitude on a large plain in Burgundy, and there entered into the most solemn engagements to support each other.

Their armies were to be conducted to the Holy Land by sea, and the two kings set out from different ports. Both, however, were hindered in their course by bad weather; and found themselves compelled to spend the winter in Sicily. Here the two monarchs, forgetting their promises to each other, gave way to foolish feelings of jealousy; several times they quarrelled, and more than once renewed their oaths of friendship. They were, however, sufficiently reconciled at last, to proceed together to Palestine.

Many adventures happened to both kings in their voyage from Sicily to the Holy Land. On Richard's arrival, he found that the French king had reached there before him, and was assisting the Crusaders from other parts of Europe in besieging a town called *Acre*. The French king had not been able to do much for their relief, for he found the Crusaders in a most deplorable condition. They had been besieging the town for nearly two years, but were still outside the walls. Indeed, they were almost besieged themselves; being pressed and hemmed in by Saladin, who occupied Mount Carmel and all the high places round the city with an immense army. There had been a fearful loss of life. The sword and the plague had swept away six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, five hundred barons, and *one hundred and fifty thousand* fighting men; their places had, however, been continually supplied by fresh arrivals from all parts of Europe.

The languishing spirits of the Crusaders were immediately revived on Richard's arrival; and Acre would at once have been taken had it not been for the renewed

quarrels between him and Philip. The city surrendered, nevertheless, after a few weeks; and, soon after this, Philip, being ill and disgusted with his continual disputes with Richard, returned to France, leaving 10,000 of his men under the command of the English king.

Richard, after having committed most horrible cruelty in Acre, went onward to Jerusalem. His success was such as might have been expected from his extraordinary courage. He went on from victory to victory, until he reached the famous city of Ascalon, near where he found the famous Saladin ready to receive him, at the head of an army much larger than his own. Here, after a display of valour which was never surpassed, he gained a complete victory. The capture of many other cities followed immediately; and had the crusading chiefs under Richard agreed together heartily, Jerusalem would probably have been recovered. Their disputes, however,—the delays caused by their indulgence in pleasure,—and the news brought to Richard that his kingdom at home was in danger from the treachery of his brother John, prevented him from following up his success. He found his army wasted and in disorder from luxury, fatigue, and famine; and after the battle of Jaffa, in which he again defeated the Saracen monarch, he was obliged to enter into a treaty of peace with him.

The two renowned leaders met,—they were equally willing to end a struggle which had cost them so much exertion. It is said that Richard and Saladin expressed for each other the greatest esteem. Richard declared to Saladin that he had too much respect for him to suppose that he would break

his word; and that he felt a contempt for the vulgar obligation of oaths. So they grasped each other's hands in pledge of their faithfulness, and agreed upon a truce for three years, three months, three days, and three hours, which number was supposed in that ignorant age to possess some magical virtues.

Richard soon after set out on his return home, having gained little but the strong admiration of the Saracens for his barbery. Many tales are told which also show the determination and perseverance of this "pearl of crusading princes." When besieging Acre, he worked like a common soldier at the heavy battering rams; and when he was sick, he caused himself to be carried about amongst his working men on a mattress. While repairing the walls and battlements of Ascalon, he worked with the common masons as he had done at Acre, and expected every prince and noble to do the same. While, however, the proud Duke of Austria replied that his father was neither a carpenter nor a mason, and that he would not help him, it is said that Richard either struck him, or kicked him out of the town.

The battle-axe was Richard's favourite weapon. He caused it to be forged by the best smiths in England before he set out for the East; and twenty pounds of steel were wrought into the head of it, that "he might break therewith the Saracens' bones." Nothing, it is said, could resist this mighty axe held by his stalwart arm, and wherever it fell, horseman and horse went to the ground. It is said that, in the battle of Jaffa, at the very sight of him and his axe, the ordinary troops fled. In the

same battle, the brother of his enemy, Saladin, was watching him, and was so overcome with admiration, that on two occasions when his horse was killed under him, he supplied him with a fresh one. Even the name of Richard was dreaded in the enemy's army, so that the Saracens would say to their restive horses, "What do you start at? do you think you see

King Richard?" We cannot, therefore, wonder that such a king acquired the surname of *Cœur-de-Lion*—a name which means Lion-hearted. Such a name, however, was no great reward for all his victories. Although Richard gained a great reputation, he suffered many misfortunes before he reached home. You will hear of his other adventures in our next lesson.

THE CHILD WITH FLOWERS.

A CHILD beside a running stream
Sat carelessly at play—
Her hands were filled with pretty flowers,
Which made her young heart gay;
She gazed upon them with delight,
They were so beautiful and bright.
And ever and anon a flower
Into the stream she cast,
Then clapp'd her hands, and smiled to see—
How swift it glided past:
And thus she threw them one by one,
Till all her pretty flowers were gone.
But when she found no more were left,
The little maiden wept,
And wished, but wished in vain, that she
Her pretty flowers had kept:
The stream refused to hear her cry,
"Give back my flowers!"—it glided by.
And yet again her bitter plaints
Fell sadly on my ear:
It pained me much to see her grief,
Her useless cry to hear;
For only Echo caught the strain,
"Give back my pretty flowers again!"
And thus have children oft the loss
Of golden hours to mourn;
The opportunities they lose
Will never more return.
Dear little ones! seek Christ to-day,
For days of grace soon pass away.
The stream of time is flowing past—
Oh! see that you improve
The precious season you enjoy
To serve the God of love;
Else soon your bitter cry must be,
"Give back, give back, my flowers to me!"

R. H. B.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER. DERBYSHIRE.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"You had better look at your map of England, and you will see exactly where *Ashborne* is."

W. Here, Ion, see! it is at the north-west of Derby.

"It is about thirteen miles from Derby. I had expected to find much that would interest you in the town, but I was disappointed. The only thing worth noticing was the cheese-market, for which the town was at one time famous. I therefore proceeded in the early morning to Derby, which town I reached after two hours' ride.

"DERBY, which is on the river Derwent, is famous for its silk mills and porcelain. The first silk-mill in England was erected in this town. In the year 1700, the English people could not make 'thrown' silks themselves, and were obliged to import them from Italy. At the same time, they had to pay a very great price indeed for such articles, as the Italians were the only Europeans who knew how to spin silk.

"In the course of time, however, an Englishman, named *John Lombe*, determined that he would go and visit the Italians, and find out their secrets. When he arrived in Italy, he disguised himself, and gained admission to a factory, where he gave much money to the workmen to show him all the machinery. He had only been at the factory long enough to note down the particulars he required, when the Italians discovered his visit; and he and the men who had helped him were obliged to fly for their lives.

"On their reaching England, they

settled in Derby; and Mr. Lombe purchased an island on the river Derwent, where he built an immense silk mill, at a cost of £30,000. In the machinery of this mill there are said to have been nearly 14,000 wheels, which were all set in motion by one large water-wheel. I have read that this mill produces 221,178 yards of spun silk in one minute.

"Mr. Lombe took out a patent, and succeeded so well in his business, that the Italians found their trade to be rapidly decreasing. They then became exasperated, and determining on vengeance, they sent over a woman who understood the art of poisoning to kill him. This she contrived to do, and with such precaution, that the crime could not be proved against her. Such is the history of the first silk-spinning in England.

"Another article of manufacture in Derby is *porcelain*. You have, I dare say, seen many cups and saucers made of porcelain. You generally call them 'China,' which name was given to porcelain articles because that substance was originally made in China. Not only cups and saucers, but all kinds of vases, and other ornaments, are made in Derby; some are made of the 'Blue John' (or fluor-spar), which I have spoken of before.

"I was thinking of going from Derby to visit Bakewell, Chesterfield, and Matlock, which I had heard were celebrated places; but, if you notice carefully, you will see that they are at some distance north of Derby. I therefore thought that I would ascertain, without going there, whether there were any important particulars by which you could remember these places. Matlock, like Buxton, is noted for its mineral waters and

baths; it is also much visited on account of its beautiful situation—the scenery around is most romantic. Chesterfield has manufactures of carpets and hosiery.

"On the surface of Derbyshire there are two noblemen's seats which are well worth visiting—*Haddon Hall*, a very ancient place, and the seat of the Duke of Rutland; and *Chatsworth*, a more modern building, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

"Besides the river Dove, which I mentioned in my last letter, another river in Derbyshire is the Derwent, on which the capital is situated. Both these rivers are 'tributaries' of the TRENT, which crosses the southern part of the county.

"I am, dear children,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

DERBYSHIRE.

1. *Derbyshire is an inland County with a long irregular shape.*

2. *It is bounded on the north by Yorkshire, on the east by Nottingham and Leicester, on the west by Cheshire and Staffordshire, and on the south by Warwickshire.*

3. *This county is remarkable for the high mountains in the N. W. corner, called the PEAK. These mountains abound in natural wonders, such as the WINTATS, the PEAK'S CAVERN, the NAVIGATION MINE, MAM-TOR, ELDEN HOLE, and POOLE'S HOLE. There are also many minerals in these parts, such as coal, zinc, chalk, lead, marble, alabaster, and all kinds of spar—particularly the fluor-spar, or "Blue John," for which the county is famous.*

4. *The most remarkable places on the surface are HADDON HALL, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, and CHATSWORTH, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire.*

5. *The principal rivers are the DERWENT and the DOVE, tributaries of the river TRENT, which crosses the southern part of the county.*

6. *The capital is DERBY, on the Derwent, noted for its silks and porcelain; the first English silk mill was built here by Mr. John Lombe. The other remarkable towns and villages are ASHBORNE, noted for its cheese-markets; CHESTERFIELD, with manufactures of carpets and hosiery; MATLOCK and BUXTON, both famous for their mineral waters and fine scenery.*

"EVERY LITTLE HELPS."

WHAT if a drop of rain should plead—

"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead:
I'll tarry in the sky."

What, if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay;
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light, to warm
And beautify the flower?

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

SPAIN. CORDOVA.

"It was not pleasant, after having rested only a few hours, to get up again. But shortly after midnight I was aroused, and told that the diligence would proceed directly. The cool night air and the moonlight afforded a grateful change after the heat and dust; so in spite of the jolting, I slept soundly until daylight, when we arrived at CORDOVA.

"Cordova, as I think I said before, is the ancient seat of learning in Spain—formerly a town of magnificence and importance, now a mean, dirty, and rather dilapidated place. Formerly it contained 300,000 inhabitants; now it has only 45,000. The greatest attraction to me was the ruin of the ancient Mosque. This was one of the finest specimens of Moorish architecture I had seen, and it formerly contained one thousand fine columns; there are now about six hundred remaining, but the effect of the building has been spoiled by the bad taste of the Spaniards. In the centre of the old building they have erected a Spanish Cathedral, built, not in the Moorish, but in the Gothic style of architecture.

"The ancient Bishop's Palace is another interesting place. It is now turned into a stable for horses!

"Cordova was once a manufacturing as well as a Cathedral town. It has now a rather extensive trade in *Cordoban*, which was a famous kind of leather, prepared from the goat's skin. From this word "*cordoban*," we have the name *cordwainer*, which was formerly given to shoemakers in England. In France, a shoemaker is called a *cordonnier*.

"I found on my arrival at Cordova that the diligence would proceed on the next day to Madrid, and I therefore determined to go with it. I had almost forgotten my old fears about the robbers, when, as we were about two stages from Cordova, five dashing-looking horsemen started out from one of the cross-roads. They had long muskets at their saddle-bows, and pistols in their holsters; but, as in this unsettled country even the peasants go armed, I was not much alarmed.

"I looked at them doubtfully, when one of them came forward, eyeing us attentively for some moments. He seemed to recognise some of the passengers, but after staring at them for some moments, he fell back to his companions, and we shortly after lost sight of them.

"On arriving at the next place for changing horses, I heard much loud talking between the conductor, his passengers, and the landlord; from which, although I could not understand their language, I learned that the men we had met were well-known brigands. They had planned to rob the diligence, but the weapons which they saw ready for them, and the hands they saw ready to use them, had scared the villains from their intended prey.

"This increased all my old fears—they were even greater when, as the evening came on, and the moon was rising, we saw in the distance a much larger band of riders. I made up my mind at once that they were the robbers—that they had procured help, and intended to attack us during the night. All the old tales of robbers, of murder, and cruelty, which I had heard

long ago, now forced themselves into my mind; and, to give myself a chance of saving something, I wrapped eighty sovereigns in my neck-cloth, and put only twenty dollars in my purse, which, with my watch and luggage, I supposed would content the rascals.

"We soon reached a most dismal part of the road with cork woods on each side. From every dark thicket that we passed, I expected the horrid cut-throats to spring upon us; and either to end my travels by stopping my breath, or to leave me penniless and naked in a strange country. To my unspeakable comfort, however, daylight reappeared without my having been damaged in purse or person.

"We stopped at another town called CAROLINA, where I was quite disgusted with the crowds of beggars—tottering old men, youths, and infants who crowded round our vehicle. The noise from the screeching, shouting, pushing, and fighting—the loud-beseeching—

for alms "por el amor de Dios," and the confusion, caused much annoyance. Many of the beggars were drivelling idiots; others were wretched cripples who thrust their ulcered stumps and shrivelled arms into our faces to excite our pity.

"We passed on from Carolina, where the scenery and the granite hills were by no means pleasing, through CASTILE and LA MANCHA. The latter place was interesting from its connexion with the immortal *Don Quixote, de la Mancha*, but it was superlatively ugly—flat, poor, and so depopulated that we drove nine leagues without seeing a single habitation. After many more weary hours MADRID came in sight, and on seeing it I could not help thanking the kind Providence which had brought us so far in safety.

"I am, dear children,

"Yours affectionately,

"UNCLE RICHARD."

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

The gorse is yellow on the heath;
The banks with speed-well flowers are gay;
The oaks are budding, and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the grey dawn of day.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

On ye ! who so lately were blithesome and gay,
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away ;
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the chief of the banquet, the Butterfly's dead !

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,
To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance,
For see his fine form o'er the favourite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle, who follows as solemn as he !
And see, where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn ;
And the Moth, being grieved at the loss of a sister,
Bent over her body, and silently kissed her.

The corpse was embalmed 'at the set of the sun,
And enclosed in a case which the Silk-worm had spun ;
By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid
On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarfs came the Butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the pall ;
And the Spider came there in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glow-worm soon frightened him back.

The Grub left his nut-shell to join the sad throng,
And slowly led with him the Book-worm along,
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines, to be placed on his tomb :

EPITAPH.

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
In sadness we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave ;
'Twas here the last tribute to beauty we paid,
As we wept o'er the mound where her ashes are laid.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow ;
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,
Still mourning his friend shall the Grasshopper sing.

PERSPECTIVE.

THE CIRCLE.

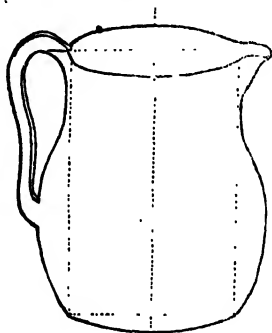
P. You shall to-day have another object to draw with curved lines. You must draw the top first, as I have done—



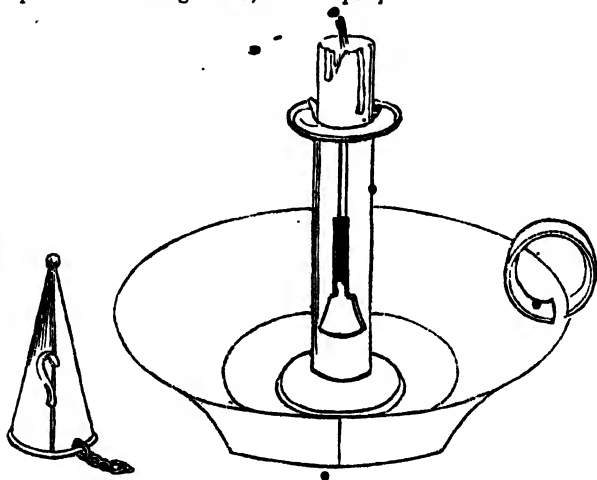
W. That is to be a *jug*, I think, because it has a *lip*.

P. Yes; here is the *jug* itself. I should advise you first to draw its proportions with straight lines, and

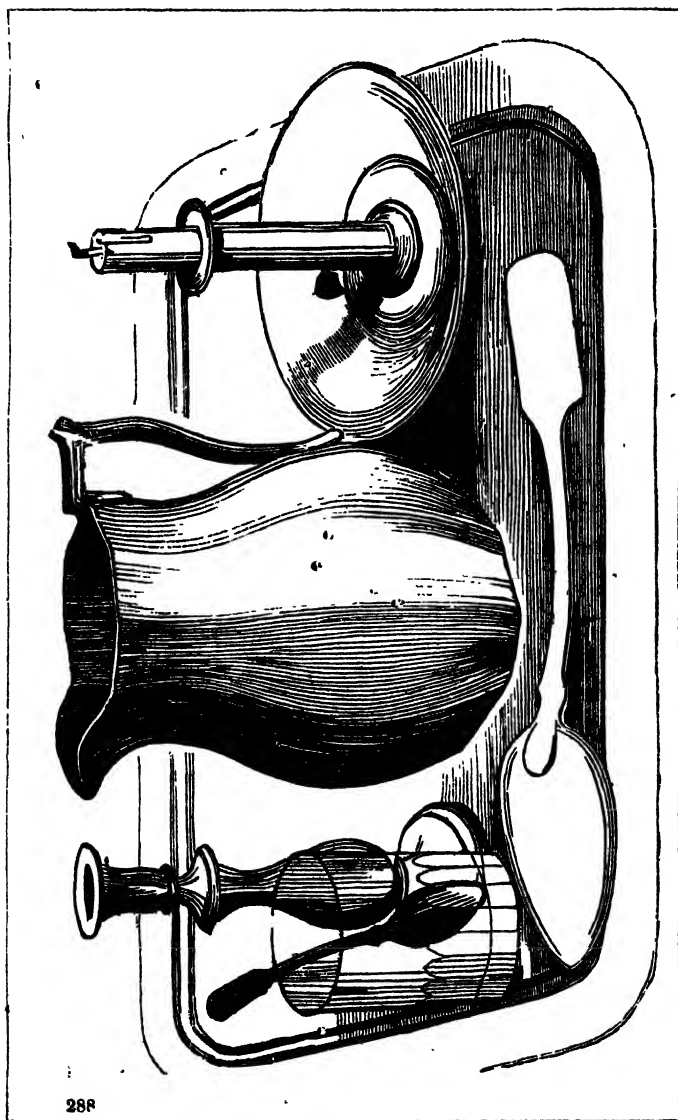
then to draw the curved lines on them, as you have done before.



Here is a second object for you to copy. You have another circle in perspective.



When you have copied these objects correctly, you may place them together, and copy them all as one drawing.—(See next page.)



PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.*

19th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE REFORMED VAGRANT (Concluded).

P. When the magistrate, whom you heard of last week, had taken his seat in the kitchen, the poor boy began his tale.

"My father, sir, and my mother are in Australia. They went, sir, in a ship to a place called *Sydney*, and this is how it happened. In the village where we lived, there was a man named Reid, who had once been a butcher, and had become very rich. He had bought all the land round about our place, except the little bit belonging to the cottage where father lived. He wanted to buy that too, but father wouldn't sell it—on no account. This made Mr. Reid very angry, especially as he had offered father twice as much as it was worth; and to show how angry he was, he would never speak to father; he would never buy anything of him, and he would even try to prevent the other people in the village from speaking to him. At last, he would not let me and my brother go to his school, so that we had no chance of learning much.

"Our dear mother used to teach us as much as she could, but she had not much time; and the boys of the village school used to help us sometimes in the evening after school. There was a Sunday-school, too, sir, in another village, where we learned a little; so, sir, I might in time have known how to write and how to read. But it

happened, sir, that I caught the measles, and was ill a long time; and so was my brother ill, and our little sisters; and at last my father himself was ill. He couldn't do no work at all for a great many weeks, and I found one day that he was obliged to sell our little house and farm, on purpose to pay his debts. Then, sir, Mr. Reid bought the old place; and father, with the little money that he had, took mother, and my brother, and sisters, and went away to a far country."

L. But did they leave him behind, papa?

P. You shall hear.

"It was a dull, weary day in our farm-house, sir, after father and mother had gone away; they had all gone but me, and I was left and bound apprentice to John Clay, who had come to live on the farm. John Clay was Mr. Reid's foreman, and was a very clever farmer, but he was not a kind master; he made me lead a wretched life. I was only eleven years old then, and had never been accustomed to work. As we had not been able to go to school in the week-days, my brother and I had learned very idle habits; and now that I had to work hard, I didn't like it. I had to get up at five o'clock in the morning. I had to feed the pigs; to drive in the cows to be milked; to clean the stable; and to pump the water, before breakfast,—and I thought it was too much for me to do.

"Then I had something else against me, sir; I don't mind telling

you what it is, sir, because I know that it is true. I had, sir, a very bad temptr. My brother William was different from me; he was always a slow-going boy, one of those boys who don't soon get vexed, or soon be glad, and he didn't get tired of anything so soon as I did. Oh, how very often I used to be vexed, and angry—nearly every day! I had no one to care for me, no one that I could speak to, to say how lonely I was. Nearly every day I used to sit thinking of my mother and father so far away, and then I would forget the work I had to do. My master would then treat me badly; he would scold me, and call me bad names, while often he even punished me with the whip. But I didn't get better, sir! the more he punished me, the more I disliked work; and so matters went on—getting worse and worse every day. Instead of liking my master, I hated him, sir. How could I like him, sir, when he wouldn't like me? If he had given me good words I could have given him kind words back again, but when he was always giving me hard words and blows, I couldn't like him. I couldn't like working for him neither, and I determined to get away from him somehow, for I couldn't bear it. I hadn't any friend at all that *would make me feel kind*; no one whom I could feel kind to.

"Well, sir, after I had been with him more than five years, there came a chance of getting away. Mr. Clay had always kept me on the farm, not only in the week, but even on Sundays; but once, he happened to send me to a large fair to sell a pony for him. As the fair was to be held on the Saturday, and the Monday follow-

ing, I was to remain in the town alone on the Sunday. I took the chance that offered itself. I sold the pony for six pounds, and set off from the town on the Saturday night, determined to reach the sea if I could, and go on board a ship which would take me to my mother in Australia.

"On the Sunday evening, however, I fell in with some gipsies; these men persuaded me to go with them, and I lived with them in a wild way for some time until they found that I had money—then they robbed me, and last week, sir, when I left them, I wandered about, begging my way from one place to another. I tried to get work to do, but I had no character, and I could not read or write. So I wandered on until I reached this town, sir."

Magistrate. Yes; I saw you last Thursday, when I think you had just arrived. I thought to myself, as I noticed you, "There's a tramp; I shall see more of him soon."

Boy. Well, sir, I don't deny that I stole the cheese, and that I stole my master's money. I was very sorry, sir, but I was *very hungry*. This morning I could have gnawed a piece out of my arm for my breakfast. I'm sure, sir, that I do not want to be a dishonest man; I wanted, sir, to go back to my master, but, sir, the people here told me that this place is seventy miles from his farm.

Magistrate. Is that the whole of your tale, my boy?

Boy. Yes, sir; and it's all true.

Magistrate. Then the truth is, you have been stealing, and must go to prison.

"Oh, sir," cried the boy, almost falling on his knees, "help me! Pray give me *one chance!*" and, upon the sight of his distress, old

Jane began to shed tears, and to plead for him. "I think, sir," she said, "that he's a good un."

The magistrate smiled, and soon showed that he was not in earnest when he had talked of sending the lad to prison. "Well, Jane," he replied, "we must take care not to excuse his doing wrong. It was wrong to steal, but there are many excuses for him—he does not seem to have had fair play from his master."

"So I say, sir," answered Jane.

"If," continued the magistrate, "he had been allowed to go to school, or, if his master had continued to send him to the Sunday-school, he might have learned to read, and write, and to know God's Word."

"I'm sure, sir, I should have been very glad," cried the boy, who began to look hopeful at this speech.

"And," said Jane, "he would not have learned such idle habits."

"Here," answered the magistrate, "is another reason why he has not had fair play—he could not like his work as he ought to have done. If he had been properly taught, he would have known that God was his Father, and that God saw him when he was at work. Do you know, my boy, that God sends us our work to do?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, if you had known, you would have had pleasure in your work—you would have performed hard tasks to please God. Then you would soon have managed to please your other master. Did you ever hear about Jesus Christ?"

"No, sir. Oh, I think I did, a long while ago, when I was at Sunday-school; but I don't remember anything about him."

"Poor boy!" replied the magis-

trate, "no wonder you were wrong. If you had learned of Jesus, you would have learned to return good for evil. You would not have said of your master, 'How can I like him, when he will not like me?' You could have taught your hard master to love you. I began to think that you have not had fair play, and that it would be more just to teach him to punish you."

"I'm sure, sir," said Jane, "that he would rather be taught than punished. I could teach him something."

Just at this moment the gardener entered the kitchen, and it occurred to the magistrate, that the boy might be employed to help the gardener in the kitchen-garden. After having some private talk with the gardener on the other side of the kitchen, he told Jack that he had determined to try him for a short time. "Mind," said the magistrate, "I am running much risk in taking you. You will be closely watched for some time; and if, after a month, we find that you really wish to improve, we shall keep you, and give you weekly wages. Jane and the gardener will try and teach you more about God; they will take you with them to church on the Sunday; they will teach you, too, the pleasures of labour; and if you like you shall learn to read and write; perhaps I may sometimes help them. You will then have fair play; and may God, who is your Father as well as mine, help you to be truthful and honest!"

Poor Jack trembled with thankfulness and joy at these words, and soon was made to feel comfortable by his kind friends, Jane and the gardener.

At the end of a twelvemonth,

Jack, under him and just treatment, had become an honest, hard-working man; so that he even ventured one fine morning to ask his master for two days holiday. "What do you want two days for, Jack?" said his master; "where are you going?"

"Don't you remember, sir,—I noticed that you didn't say anything to me about it—that I stole the £6 for the pony, when I ran away from my master? I have saved £4, and I should like to go to-morrow to his farm, to pay him, and to say that I am sorry."

The magistrate was pleased to find that Jack wished to do this of his own accord, and gladly gave him leave of absence. He had not forgotten that subject, but he had not mentioned it to Jack, on purpose that he might see whether he would be just enough to return it. In the course of another twelve month, Jack had paid his old master all his debts.

It was about four years after his last visit to his master, that, as Jack was returning from work in the garden, he saw a visitor in the kitchen. He could not see the face of the visitor, but, as she sat talking to Jane, she appeared to be a respectable young woman; so Jack went to his bed-room, and washed his face and hands, and combed his hair. He then returned bashfully to the kitchen door, and, as he opened it rather slowly, the young person, who was sitting opposite the door, jumped up, and threw both her arms round his neck. He started back for a moment, but as she called him "her dear brother," he began to perceive that this was his sister, who had grown up to be a young woman.

"And what baby is that?" said

Jack, after he had recovered a little from his surprise.

"That is my baby, Jack—don't wake him! he's asleep. I was married at Sydney, and, as my husband was obliged to come to England on business, I came with him to bring you a message from father. She then told him how their father and mother had prospered, and had very large flocks of sheep, and were getting rich by selling their wool. She added that their father needed his assistance; and, that as soon as he could find a wife, he was to go to Australia with his sister and brother-in-law."

"And how," said Jack, "how could you find out where I was living?"

"Very easily," she replied. "I went to your old master, and he told me that you were living here."

"Ah," thought Jack inwardly, "now I know more about God, how may I thank His Providence that I was led to do right! If I had not repaid that money to my master—1st, he would not have known that I lived here; 2nd, my sister could never have found me out; 3rd, I should not have known that she is married, and has a baby; and 4th, I might never have heard from my dear father, nor have seen him again. Thank God that he taught me to do right!"

The remainder I need not describe to you. Jack had a bitter parting with his dear friends—but he set out to Sydney loaded with presents, having a happy wife, and above all a happy feeling that he had many friends on earth, and a kind Father in heaven.

W. There is a good lesson about Justice in that tale, papa—

P. What is it?

W. Why, that every one ought to have fair play—if Jack had been treated unjustly much longer, he would have become a thief, perhaps.

P. True. If the magistrate had sent him to prison, the boy would most likely have been ruined. And, you may learn again, that it is not always just to punish those who do wrong. At one time, the laws of England were so strict, that nearly all who did wrong were punished; and poor boys who might have been taught better were sent to prison with hardened thieves, and others, who taught them to do wrong.

L. Then the punishment must have made them worse instead of better. That does not seem to be justice.

P. True. But lately men have learned something. It is this—when we catch a thief, we should not always punish him, but teach him. The honest men have been taught better, therefore, in order

that the prisoners too may have fair play, there are prisons where they may be taught to do right. Many of the poor prisoners have been like Jack—they never had the chance of learning to be honest.

L. That I tell justice.

P. And you may all day long be doing the same kind of justice to others, as the magistrate did to Jack.

Jon. How, papa?

P. If any of your playfellows should happen to treat you rudely, or say proud words to you, your spirit may say within you, "That is wicked of him, I'll punish him." Be careful how you say so! Remember—it is often more just to teach, than to punish. Your play-fellow may be a kind-hearted boy, but with a violent temper. He may not have had a kind mother to teach him better. Then try and say to yourself, "It may not be justice for me to punish—I'll try and teach him by giving him kind words in return."

SELF-EXAMINATION.

FROM THE GREEK OF PYTHAGORAS.

LET not soft slumbers close my eyes;
Before I've recollected thrice
The tramp of actions through the day;
Where have my feet marked out their way?
What have I learnt where'er I've been,
From all I've heard—from all I've seen!
What know I more, that's worth the knowing?
What have I done, that's worth the doing?
What have I taught, that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That lead to virtue and to God.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox;
 He halts, and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks;
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake or fern;
 From which immediately leaps out
 A dog, and, yelping, runs about.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
 With something, as the shepherd
 thinks,

Unusual in its cry:

Nor is there any one in sight
 All round, in hollow or in height:
 Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear;
 What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps till June December's
 snow;

A lofty precipice in front,

A silent tarn* below!

Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land,
 From trace of human foot or hand.

Not knowing what to think, awhile
 The shepherd stood; then makes his
 way

Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
 As quickly as he may;

Nor far had gone before he found
 A human skeleton on the ground:

Sad sight! the shepherd with a sigh
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
 The man had fallen, that place of
 fear!

At length upon the shepherd's mind
 It breaks, and all is clear:
 He instantly recalled the name,
 And who he was, and whence he came;
 Remember'd, too, the very day
 On which the traveller pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder now, for sake
 Of which this mournful tale I tell!

A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The dog, which still was hovering
 nigh,

Repeating the same timid cry,
 This dog had been through three
 months' space

A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the
 day

On which the traveller thus had
 died,

The dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side:

How nourished here through such
 long time

He knows, who gave that love sub-
 lime,

And gave that strength of feeling,
 great

Above all human estimate.

WORDSWORTH.

* Tarn is a small lake, or mere, mostly
 in high mountains.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

RICHARD I.

P. You shall hear to-day of Richard's return from the Holy Land to England.

In the year 1192, in the month of October, Richard, with his wife, sister, and others, set sail from Acre. In this time of the year the weather is very tempestuous in the Mediterranean Sea; and the ships of Richard's fleet were scattered in all directions. Many of them were wrecked, but the ship containing Richard's wife and the other ladies reached Sicily in safety. Richard himself, having lost so many men and ships, found at last that he must proceed through Europe in disguise. He therefore put on the humble dress of a pilgrim, and allowed his hair and beard to grow long, and set out to cross Austria and Germany. After many narrow escapes he was compelled to part with all his attendants except a knight and a boy who spoke the Austrian language. In his flight from one of his enemies, he travelled three days and nights almost without nourishment, and without entering a house, until he reached a village close to Vienna. Unfortunately, this was the most dangerous spot on which he could have alighted. He was, however, too weak to proceed further. While resting here, he sent the boy to the market-place in Vienna to buy some food, and, with his usual thoughtlessness in such matters, he gave the boy a quantity of money, and dressed him in costly clothes. The attention of the people was excited by this, but the boy answered their inquiries by saying that his master was a rich merchant, and was soon coming to

Vienna. The boy was often sent to town again, and was not noticed for some time, until, on one occasion, the citizens saw in his girdle a pair of gloves such as were only worn by kings and princes. The lad was instantly seized and scourged, and, on being threatened with torture, and the cutting out of his tongue, he confessed the truth, and Richard was taken prisoner.

Vienna is, as you know, the capital of Austria, and Richard, therefore, was now in the power of LEOPOLD, the Duke of Austria; the very man with whom he had quarrelled, for refusing to repair the walls of Ascalon. This duke was not noble enough to forget that Richard had then kicked him out of the camp; and now taking advantage of the king's misfortune, he loaded him with heavy chains, and cast him into prison. Soon after, he disgracefully sold his prisoner to the Emperor, who hid him in another castle, where he was entirely lost sight of. Men did not know, for a time, where he was confined, or what had become of him.

The history of Richard's reign, so far, has not had much connexion with the history of ENGLAND. Indeed, Richard was not so much a king as a knight, so that the history of his reign is little else than the history of battles. His absence from England produced the worst effects. The history of the kingdom during this time is a very gloomy one. In the disordered state of the kingdom, there were great numbers of people either very poor or starving; and those who could not get work to do became robbers. At this time lived a particularly famous robber called

Robin Hood. This man hid himself in the forest of Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire. He robbed the rich lords and bishops, and was very kind to the common people, who liked him. Many merry songs were made about him.

The cruelty which the people had shown to the Jews at the coronation of the king was repeated in other large towns. Thousands of Jews were slaughtered for the sake of their riches. Many of the nobles urged the people on to such wickedness, in order that they might avoid repaying the Jews the large sums of money which they had borrowed of them.

Another cause of disturbance arose from the quarrels between those whom Richard had entrusted with power. Longchamp the Bishop of Ely, and the Bishop of Durham, were engaged in continual struggles for power. The former, who had the command of the kingdom, seemed to try and imitate Thomas à-Becket in splendour and display of power. A numerous guard of soldiers always surrounded his house, and, wherever he went, he was attended by a thousand horse. He gave large sums of money to minstrels, and "troubadours," enticing many of them over from France. These poets sang his praises in public places, saying that there was not such a man in the world as the Bishop Longchamp.

There was, however, another man who seemed much more determined to take advantage of the king's absence. This was Richard's brother—*John*. Prince John waited until he knew that his brother had departed from Sicily, and was really in Palestine, when he found an opportunity to displace Longchamp, and seize the government

himself. Before Richard's departure, it had been settled that, on his death, he should be succeeded by his nephew, *Prince Arthur*. This prince, you may remember, was the son of Richard's brother Geoffrey. John now caused this settlement to be set aside, and the archbishops and bishops, with most of the earls, barons, and other nobles, took the oath of obedience to him, agreeing that if Richard died without children, John should succeed him.

The fate of Richard was at length made known. It is said that his imprisonment was discovered by his favourite minstrel, Blondel, who wandered through Europe in search of him, playing on his harp a tune which he knew the king was very fond of. This tune, it is supposed, was at length heard by Richard, who played it over again from inside his place of confinement. It is not known whether this story is quite true,—it is thought to be more likely that the truth was discovered by means of a letter from the Emperor of Germany to King Philip, in which he made a boast of having the "lion-hearted king" in prison. As soon as this fact was known in Europe, it caused great excitement; and all the nations, backed by the Pope, were indignant that the "Hero of the Crusades" should be thus confined.

A message was sent to the Emperor by the English, demanding their king; but he refused to give him up, unless a very heavy ransom were paid for him. Several thousand marks were first asked, and as soon as these were agreed to be paid, the price was increased; the sum then required was so large that it would be a very heavy tax

for the people to pay: but they agreed to do so. The avaricious Emperor then demanded several thousands more, raising the price several times, until the amount of the ransom agreed to was no less than 160,000 marks!

The poor English people had been heavily taxed already. To support Richard in his wars with Saladin, very heavy sums had been drained from them and the unfortunate Jews; but they now set to work heartily to raise the amount. The nobles brought their money and drinking-vessels; the ladies brought their gold necklaces and all kinds of ornaments;—the plate of the monasteries and churches was taken and melted; and the monks who had no plate, gave up their wool, so that "England," it is said, "from sea to sea, was reduced to the utmost distress."

The greater part of the money was at length raised, and the king returned to England. He had been absent four years; and fourteen months of the time had been spent in confinement. His faithful subjects had been sorely fleeced, but nothing could exceed their honest joy on seeing their monarch after all his battles and sufferings. They had wealth enough left to give him a magnificent welcome; and, as he entered London in

triumph, the German barons were surprised at the riches around them. One of them exclaimed, "O king! if our emperor had suspected this, you would not have been let off so lightly."

The king was soon after crowned again at Winchester, for during his absence the treacherous John had endeavoured to usurp the throne; and it is said that he even sent privately to the emperor offering to pay him a larger sum than the ransom itself if he would only keep his brother in prison. On the king's return John fled, but at a great council, held at Nottingham, he was summoned to appear within forty days. This he was afraid to do; therefore all his estates and possessions were confiscated to the crown. Soon after, however, Richard met his cowardly brother; and, as John threw himself at his feet to ask forgiveness, Richard, at his mother Eleanor's request, agreed to pardon him. This was a noble act of Richard, especially in such barbarous days; at the same time, he made this generous remark, "I hope I shall as easily forget his injuries as he will my pardon."

There! dear children, I'm so tired that I can't tell you anything more. You shall hear the rest of Richard's history, and shall make up a lesson about him, next week.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

MONTGOMERY.

LEAD (*Continued*).

M. Look back at your lesson on Lead, and notice once more how very different are its qualities to those of iron. Yes, its qualities are very different, and therefore — ?

L. It has very different uses. I will mention some. It is used for weights, for cisterns, for mugs, for water-pipes, for shot and bullets, for window-frames. I have seen cottage windows made with little diamond-shaped panes of glass, and leaden frames for the windows; and—I dare say there are some more uses. Do you know any more, Willie?

W. Yes. I've a curious thing in my pocket; here it is. A boy in the street sold it to me for a halfpenny; he was playing at *butts*, and he used this to throw at them; he called it a *nicker*. You see it is round like a penny, only much thicker.

L. Then we will say, lead is used for "nickers."

Ion. And for clock-weights; and I once saw a fisherman's net with little leaden weights to it. It is used also to fasten the iron railings in the front of the house to the stones which they stand upon. I once saw a plumber fixing a railing; there was a little square hole in the stone, he put the iron rail into it, and then filled up the hole with lead.

W. And, I think I told you before, I have heard that there is lead in glass.

M. Yes; it forms part of glass, that it may not be too brittle.

Ion. I have seen white lead, too—very sticky stuff—at the oil shops.

M. White lead is lead dissolved by the steam of vinegar; it is used

in making paint. The white lead manufacture is very hurtful to the health, because of the poisonous fumes from the lead. Even the smell of paint, in which white lead is used, is injurious.

L. Yes; the smell of paint always gives me the head-ache.

M. But the constant smell from the paint and white lead is more serious to the painters and plumbers; it brings on various diseases, such as colics and palsies—it often causes the poor men to lose the use of their limbs, and to die at an early age. So you may add something to your list of the qualities of lead; you may say it is poisonous.

W. I know another use of lead—I have seen leaden spoons. Pewter is an alloy of lead, so lead is useful for pewter pots. Tinfoil, which you find in the tea-chests, is made of lead.

L. Ah! and lead is useful to make "PLEASANT PAGES," for the type—that is, the printing letters which are used for printing "Pleasant Pages"—are made of lead.

M. That is right; the type is made of lead, alloyed with another metal called *antimony*.

Ion. What a number of uses lead has, mamma! I will count them. Clock-weights; cisterns; tops of houses; water-pipes; shot and bullets; window-frames; "nickers;" fastening iron railings, &c.; net-weights; glass; paint; spoons; beer-pots; tea-chests; type—fifteen uses! and I dare say that they are not nearly all.

M. No, you have left out that it has an important use as a medicine.

Ion. I wonder, mamma, how men make shot of lead—they must have a great deal of trouble to cut

these little things so perfectly round.

W. Oh, do you not know better than that, Ion? Can you not see that they would be cast in moulds?—that is a much easier way.

M. Neither of you is right. The history of *shot* does not properly belong to our lesson on lead; but I will tell you how they are made. One day I will show you a very large high tower that I have seen. On the top of this tower there is a melting room, with a furnace; in the floor of the room there is a perforated iron plate—that is, a plate with a number of small round holes, as small as shot—you might call it a sieve. When the lead has been melted in the furnace, it is poured out in its liquid state on this sieve; it almost immediately runs through the little holes, forming round drops. These drops have a perfectly globular shape, as all drops have; and they fall into cold water at the bottom of the tower. Thus you see that shot are only *hardened drops* of lead. Can you see now why the tower is built so very high?

W. I can, mamma,—because, if the water were close to the sieve the drops of lead when they fell into it would lose their shape. They would be flattened, I should think, just as drops of grease are when you drop them from the candle into a basin of water. But, as the tower is so high, whilst the globules are falling through the air, they get cool, and they harden a little.

M. That is correct. This plan of shot manufacture was found to be a great improvement upon the old methods. The man who invented it took out a patent, and sold it for no less than £10,000. He stated* that the idea was pre-

sented to his mind in a dream, and he made his first experiments from the top of the high tower of Redcliffe Church, Bristol. This was in the year 1782.

Let us proceed with the history of *Lead*. I should like you to think a little more. You know the qualities of lead, and its uses; I should like you to take each of its uses singly, and tell me which of its qualities the use depends upon. Why is lead useful for shot?

W. Because it is very fusible.

M. And there is another reason.

Ion. Because it is *heavy*. What would be the use of shot and bullets if they were not heavy?

M. Why is it useful for water-pipes?

L. Because it will not rust in water, and because it will bend easily (or is *flexible*). You can turn a water-pipe in many different directions.

W. I know why the boys use lead for “nickers”—because it is heavy, and *inelastic*; it lies on the ground just where they throw it.

Ion. And it was useful for fastening that iron railing into the stone because it is so very fusible. It could be poured into the hole in the stone, and it filled up every corner.

W. And that is why it is useful for type. I have read that all the small type, used in printing, is cast in moulds.

L. Why was it used for a case-ment for glass? I think it must be because it is so soft and flexible; the glass could be put in between the two pieces of lead, and taken out again easily.

M. Why is it used in the glass manufacture?

Ion. Because it is so soft and flexible. It prevents the glass from being too brittle. Now,

mamma, I will make a list of the qualities and uses together, so that we may see which qualities the uses belong to.

QUALITIES.	USES.
Heavy.	Clock-weights.
Will not rust in water.	Cisterns; roofs of houses.
Fusible.	Type; fixing iron railings, &c.
Heavy, and fusible.	Shot, &c.
Heavy, and will not rust in water.	Drags, or weights, for nets.
Heavy, and inelastic.	"Nicknacks."
Flexible.	Frames for case-ment windows; tinfoil.
Flexible, and will not rust in water.	Mugs, pewter pots, &c.; water pipes.
Soft, and inelastic.	Glass.

We should like now to hear the history of lead, mamma.

M. There is not much in its history which is different from that of iron. The processes of purifying and smelting are almost the same. The lead ore generally contains much sulphur, and is called *galena*. It is found in the Mendip Hills, in Somersetshire; in the Peak, in Derbyshire, where some of the mining regulations are rather singular;

and in Cornwall. In some of the veins of lead, small quantities of silver are occasionally found.

W. Mamma, papa told me once why a plumber was so called; he said something about lead.

M. Yes; the name "plumber" is derived from the Latin word *plumbum*, lead.

L. So that a plumber means a "lead-er."

W. Yes; just as a *glazier* means "a glass-er;" thus, a man may be "a leader, and glasser." I will now make the lesson on lead.

Lesson 18. LEAD.

1. (Qualities.) *Lead is soft, heavy, very fusible, not ductile, inelastic, not sonorous, and does not rust in water; it also has poisonous properties.*

2. (Uses.) *Having qualities so different from iron, it has very different uses. It is used for cisterns, roofs of houses, weights, beer-pots, &c., &c., &c.*

(Place.) *Lead is found principally in the Mendip Hills, in Somersetshire; the Peak, in Derbyshire; and in Cornwall.*

4. (History.) *The processes of procuring the lead from the ore are very similar to those of other metals. There are many varieties of ore, and different preparations of lead, such as white lead, red lead, sugar of lead, &c.*

BENEVOLENCE.

FROM the low prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
Oh, never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends and native land—nor these alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

BRATTLE.

MOUNTAINS.

THE ALPS.

P. Here is the map of Europe, Willie. See if there are any mountains worth noticing on the east of the Pyrenees.

W. Yes; here are some in France running up to the north.

L. Mountains don't run, Willie.

W. Well, *extending*, then! They extend northward, and are called C-e-v-e-n-n-e-s. Here is some curious spelling—it is French, I suppose.

P. They are the Cevenne Mountains (pronounced *Sayven*). But I wish you to look further east.

Ion. Here are plenty of mountains—several ranges, in all manner of directions. Some of them are in Italy, some in Sardinia, some in Switzerland; and they extend a long way in an eastern direction. See, Willie, where they separate into two branches—one branch extends in a northern direction through Austria; the other branch, you can see, extends southward across Turkey, until it reaches the Black Sea.

P. These mountains are called the ALPS. Many of them are higher than the snow-line; and, as you have learned, are therefore always covered with snow. It is supposed that this is why they were called the Alps, from the Celtic word *Alb*, or *Alp*, which means white.

England has not any snowy mountains, but it has white chalk cliffs, especially at Dover. These can be seen by the Celtic people in France; thus, from the same word *Alb*, they gave England her ancient name, ALBION.

The Alps are very famous mountains. They form a long

unbroken range, which, if you want to go from Italy to Germany or Switzerland, you must cross. Italy, however, may almost be entered from France, without crossing the Alps. If you will look at the map with me, I will show you. You may travel to the very south of France, passing through the town of *Nice*, continuing eastward, along the coast of the Mediterranean. In doing so, however, you must cross several mountainous capes which branch out toward the sea from the chain itself.

This position of the Alps is a rather important one, as they thus separate the warm, sunny countries of Italy, Turkey, and Greece, from other parts of Europe. The history of Europe would, no doubt, have been very different had these Alps been removed. At one time the roads across were very few and rugged, so that few people dared to cross them. One of the most celebrated men who cut a road across was a general from Carthage, named *Hannibal*. The Gauls and the Goths crossed these mountains; and, lastly, the determined *Napoleon Bonaparte* cut a great road across, for the passage of his army. Since then, more convenient and splendid highways have been made. There is something else remarkable in the position of the Alps.

W. What is that, papa?

P. Observe for yourself. Observe the Equator; notice the North Pole also; and now notice the position of the Alps.

Ion. They are, papa, about half way between the Equator and the Poles.

P. Let us look out for some point from which to begin our account of the Alps. You may see just at the south of Switzerland

a large mountain, called *Mont Blanc*. At the foot of *Mont Blanc* begins a beautiful and well known valley called "THE VALM OF CHAMOUNI." During the last sixty years, it has been the custom for visitors from all parts of Europe to make excursions to the Alps. Every summer, hundreds of strangers wander about amongst the beautiful scenery of these mountains, to gain pleasure and health. The greater part of these strangers are English;—let us therefore join them, and start with some one of their parties from the quiet vale of Chamouni. In the principal village there are two inns, and at either of these inns mules may be engaged, and a guide. As it is rather dangerous to travel alone, each traveller engages a guide and mules. It is very pleasant to travel in this way, as the guides are always trustworthy men, and licensed by government. They take a pleasure in pointing out to the stranger the wonderful glaciers, and the beauties of the waterfalls and lakes.

L. What is a *glacier*, papa?

P. A glacier is an immense mass of snow-ice. There are more than four hundred large glaciers in the Alps, and they are the source of some of the largest rivers in Europe.

Instead of proceeding in our excursion, through the Alps to-day, let us stop to look at a glacier, and to describe it. We have, in our Physical Geography lessons, talked of the origin of mountains, the structure of mountains, the uses of mountains, and the snow-line. The glaciers also belong to the mountains; therefore we will stop once more, and talk over their history.

Did you ever notice in a candle

that sometimes little streams of tallow form a gutter, and flow down the outside? These streams of tallow harden, and at their ends the cold tallow forms a hard round projection. Almost in the same way are glaciers formed at the sides of the mountains. Masses of snow which slide a little way down from the summit, are frozen to the side of the mountain. Little springs which ooze out from the cracks in the rocks, then form new ice on its surface; and this accumulates, until an enormous mass of spongy ice is seen projecting from the side of the mountain, and hanging over the valley.

W. But suppose, papa, that the great glacier should break off from the side of the mountain, and fall into the valley—what a crash it would make!

P. Such dreadful disasters do sometimes happen. The sudden descent of a glacier or of masses of snow from the mountain, is called an *avalanche*. Whole villages are sometimes buried under the snow of an avalanche. Perhaps I shall soon tell you something of the avalanches of the Alps, but, in the meantime, you shall hear a description of a glacier. I will read it to you.

"There are perhaps no objects in nature which recompense the traveller more amply for the trouble of visiting than the glaciers, by their numerous and various beauties. The extent of the huge icy masses, crossed in every direction by numerous yawning chasms descending to an unknown depth, is immense. They are surrounded by turrets and perpendicular walls and cliffs of ice of the most fantastic forms. In the background are black rocks of an immense elevation, which rise in the shape of

peaks out of a sea of extremely white snow; they would fill the mind of the looker-on with horror were it not converted into astonishment and admiration by the peculiar bluish colour which spreads over the whole region. This colour extends to the very borders of the snow-mountains, and attains in the chasms the deepest hue and greatest beauty.

"Almost all travellers who have been in the Alps and have visited the glaciers, speak with rapture of their colour. When, however, single crystals, or even small portions of the mass, are broken off, and viewed separately, they show nothing of this colour. They are commonly white and transparent like ice, or frothy and semi-opaque. The colour appears only in the entire mass. The blue colour begins to appear gradually, and passes through all the shades from the slightest tinge to the darkest shades of ultramarine.

"When the traveller turns his back, he finds the icy masses on which he is standing surrounded by forests, fields, pastures, and orchards. To his left is a meadow of the most verdant turf, on which flocks of sheep are feeding, attended

by a shepherd, who tunes his flute or sings his pastoral lay. To the right is a gentle slope entirely covered with ripe barley, in which the reapers are busy collecting the bounteous gifts of Providence; whilst, before him, on the banks of a river pouring down its whitish-green waters, stands a village of neatly-constructed houses, the abodes of happiness and content, surrounded by orchards in which cherries are found in abundance. At many places the scenery is made more delightful by a small lake, from whose smooth surface the surrounding mountains are reflected, with their glaciers, snow-fields, and dark peaks. At another spot a cataract precipitates its silvery waters down the perpendicular sides of the black rocky mass."

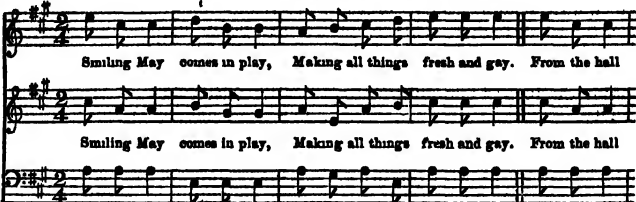
The enormous size of these glaciers is one of the most wonderful parts of their history. They are really, in themselves, mountains of ice. There is one glacier which is large enough to cover 100 square miles, while, on the western side of *Mont Blanc*, they are so close together, that they form an immense mass of ice, which is properly called the *MER DE GLACE*, or sea of ice.

THE PLANE-TREE AND THE VINE.

FROM THE LATIN.

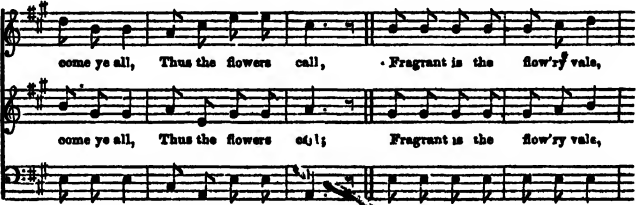
SEE yonder blushing vine-tree grow,
And clasp a dry and withered plane;
And round its youthful tendrils throw
A shelter from the storm and rain.
That hapless trunk, in former time,
Gave covert from the noon-tide blaze,
And taught the infant shoot to climb,
Which now the pious debt repays.
Thus for a mother's fostering care
Mayst thou a tender love return;
Shield her when life's rude tempests lour,
And wreath with flowers her sacred urn.

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—SPRING SONG.

(From the Training-School Song-Book.)


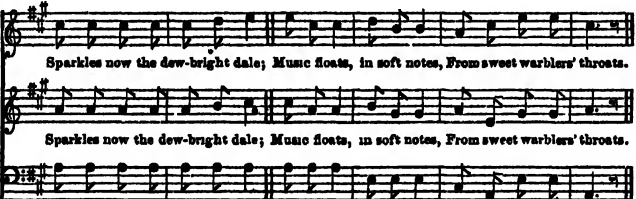
Smiling May comes in play, Making all things fresh and gay. From the hall

Smiling May comes in play, Making all things fresh and gay. From the hall



come ye all, Thus the flowers call, . Fragrant is the flow'ry vale,

come ye all, Thus the flowers call; Fragrant is the flow'ry vale,



Sparkles now the dew-bright dale; Music floats, in soft notes, From sweet warblers' throats.

Sparkles now the dew-bright dale; Music floats, in soft notes, From sweet warblers' throats.

Blooming May makes all gay,
 Makes the blood so briskly play;
 To fresh air we repair,
 Weaving garlands fair;
 Round us beams the bright sunshine,
 Flowers drip with odours fine;
 Song-birds sing, greenwoods ring,
 Glad is ev'rything.

As we stray, breezes play
 Thro' the fresh grove's rich array;
 All is bright to the sight
 After winter's night.

Shadows now in quiv'ring glance
 On the silv'ry waters dance;
 Insects bright sail in light,
 Charming to the sight.

Here are seen meadows green,
 Where the chilly snow has been;
 Lovely May! we'll away
 To the fields so gay.
 Ruffled by the light spring-breeze,
 Gleams the brook amid the trees;
 Cool retreat, where we meet
 In the summer heat.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

20th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE STORY OF JAMES V.

(By Madame Fanny Gouaux.)

P. I have been so busy, Willie, that I have not been able to write your tale on *Justice*; but I have here a tale which a lady has written for you—I will read it.

"There once lived a king of Scotland, called James V. He was not very happy, being called upon to govern a people that were not the most submissive in the world, and surrounded by vassals who were not very obedient. More than all this, the king had a powerful enemy who was bent upon subduing Scotland, and making it a part of his dominions. James V. dared not trust his thoughts to his courtiers, for he feared they were not his friends; but there chanced to be one young noble, who had ever shown himself the king's admirer, and the king took a great fancy to him, and loaded him with presents. James V. did not know that his young friend levied taxes on the poor, and laid their lands waste, and in fact made himself obnoxious to all who had any reason to fear him. One day the king felt more depressed than usual, and the young noble, finding his sovereign would not be amused, proposed a hunting match, in order to raise his spirits. The monarch consented; the next morning all was in readiness and they set off. But it was all in vain—the king took no pleasure in the sport; so at the close of the day he wandered

from his servants and entered a forest, where he threw himself under the shade of a tree, and enjoyed his solitary meditations in peace.

"Evening, however, was closing in; the king thought it time to rejoin his companions, but he found himself quite in a labyrinth, and the more he wandered about the deeper he seemed to be in the forest. At last he espied a light, and after some trouble found it proceeded from a miserable hut almost hidden by the trees. The king made all the haste he could to approach it, and, as the door was only latched, he walked in. The hut was inhabited seemingly by very poor people, and they seemed much alarmed at the king's presence, although they presumed he was nothing more than one of the king's household. A man was chopping wood in one corner of the hut, and two women, seemingly his wife and daughter, were spinning in another. James asked them to give him a night's lodging, and, after some hesitation, they consented. They brought out their poor supper, and divided it with the stranger, and, strange to say, he was so amused at the novelty of his position, that he forgot his cares, and made himself quite happy in the hut.

"As he conversed with the old man, he found him very superior to the ordinary kind of peasantry, and he asked him how it was he lived in such a miserable manner in the middle of a forest. The poor man would not tell him at

first; but after much pressing, and making the king promise to keep his secret, he confessed that he had once possessed a very nice farm, but that he had incurred the displeasure of a certain young lord, who had turned him out of his comfortable cottage, destroyed his barn, taken away his cattle, and that he himself and his family had fled into the forest for fear of their lives. Well, the king questioned him the more closely, and discovered that the poor man had been very cruelly treated; and by whom do you think? Why, by the very young noble in whom the king took so much interest. However, though James felt very sad, he resolved to do his duty, and he told the poor man that he would conduct him to the foot of the throne, where he should plead his own cause. So, the next morning at early dawn, they set out; the poor man conducted the monarch a nearer way out of the forest, and the guards at the palace-gate were very much astonished, as you may suppose, to see the king return thus accompanied. But it was soon whispered that James had come back, at which the queen was much pleased, for she had been uneasy when the hunting party returned without him.

"James ordered all his courtiers to assemble in the state-room, and when the young noble came smilingly forward to greet him, he returned him but a cold bow. At last, James ordered the countryman to come forward and state

his case, which he did. The king then called upon the young noble to defend himself, but he only stammered, and became confused, and at last threw himself at the king's feet. James ordered him to rise; but he confiscated a part of the young noble's land, which was sold to build up the poor man's cottage, and buy him what he required; and, furthermore, the king banished the young noble for several years, and forbade him to come into his presence, much as he loved him."

W. Well, papa, that was only justice; but I think the king was very good, for, if he loved the young man, it must have caused him much pain to perform his duty.

P. I dare say that he did not like to punish the young noble, although he must have felt very angry with him. It will often cost much trouble to act rightly, but you know that truth and justice always bring their own reward.

L. What reward had the king, papa, for punishing the noble?

P. The feeling that he had acted justly. When his conscience told him that he had done well—that was a great reward; such a reward as that more than made up for the loss of his friend.

Ion. Then, papa, it makes us happy to be good.

P. Certainly, my dear child, or God would not command us to be so; for He wills nothing but what may be conducive to the future good and present welfare of His creatures.

POOR and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, endless, are poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor. .

SHAKESPEARE.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.
THE DOG TRIBE.

Ion. We are to learn about the Dog tribe to-day, mamma. I'll tell you what I should like for a treat.

M. What is that?

Ion. Why, I should like another Natural History lesson, where the animal gives his own history; because then we have some *fun*.

W. Yes; and let us go out for a walk, and find a dog—some “queer dog” who understands—biography.

L. “Auto-biography,” you should say.

M. Very well, then; get your hats, and we will go.

* * * * *

W. Mamma, here is a dog under a baker's cart, and there is another driving sheep.

L. And there is a coach dog following that carriage.

Ion. Ah, I see something! Here comes old Grey, the blind beggar, with *his* dog. That is just the animal we want; he must be a “clever dog,” besides being one of the working classes. I'll call his master—“Fiddler Grey, we want you, if you please! Will you come and sit on the green along with mamma and us?—I know a nice sunny place. We want your dog to give us his history.”

* * * * *

L. Now, mamma, I have fed old Oscar, and he is on my lap. He is ready to begin, if you will talk for him.

M. Very well; sit still.

Dog. I think I am the most faithful of all animals. Indeed, I am almost sure that I am. You read the account of me in the *PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA*! It begins, “DOG, the English name for the digitigrade

quadruped which is so faithfully attached to man”—and that's a good beginning, isn't it? And how true it is! How well I remember my first ideas about man! When I was only a puppy, I used to notice my mother's devotion, and her wonder, and her admiration of her master! I can just remember how, as soon as I could see (for I was born blind), my mother carried me into the stable where the master was, and put me down on the ground close to his feet! and when he actually took me in his own hands, my mother's tail wagged, and her eyes glistened, as though there were tears in them—perhaps there were! I well remember the feeling when he first called me to come to him;—how quickly my little feet *pattered* along the ground, and with what delighted reverence I ran round and round him; but I kept my nose close to the ground, for I dared not look up!

That was the kind of feeling I had for my first master, as long as he lived. I would do anything that he told me—I would follow him anywhere—and I always loved him. If he scolded me, I loved him; even when he once kicked me I loved him; but when he sometimes patted me, and said to me, “Good doggie,” oh, how I loved him then! I loved him until he died.

L. What a good animal he is, mamma! What name shall we give to his disposition?

M. Call him *faithful*—that is the name we give to any one whose love lasts so long.

Dog. That is right; and I could tell you many anecdotes of other dogs to prove it. I had a friend living not far off from my master's house. His name was Jonah; and

as, he was a tall, strong-limbed young fellow, of the mastiff breed, he had the charge of a large *factory* at night. When the evening came on, and he was let loose, he would go all round and round the yards, shaking his sides as he went, as much as to say, "This is a very large place for me to take care of,—see what a number of windows!" and he kept always on the lookout, all night, like a faithful dog.

I know an anecdote, too, about a Scotch dog who belonged to a woman named Jenny. This dog was very fond of his mistress's little babe, for he slept in the same cradle with it, and watched it all day. The child, however, died, and was buried at some distance from her mother's home. After her death, the dog was missed for a whole fortnight, when the mother happened to be passing through the churchyard, and found the faithful old Scotch dog *on the child's grave!* It had scratched a deep hole in the earth, and was lying there in a wretchedly lean state from starvation and grief.

I have heard, too, of a soldier's dog who followed his master through all his long marches in different countries. But there was one day a great battle, and the soldier was killed. When the victory was over, as Bonaparte was walking through the battlefield amongst heaps of dead men, he saw this dog; the dog had found the body of his master, and would not leave it; he rose up and howled and cried, and then lay down again on the body. But when Bonaparte attempted to approach, the poor fellow showed his teeth, growling with a threatening look.

Here is another anecdote, which will show you how faithfully a dog

will protect his master's property when he is told to do so:—A French merchant set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive some money. Having settled the business, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home, while his faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived this, and ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant at length began to fear that he was gone mad; and, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink, but the animal continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad: I *must* kill him. Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! But there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away

in agony as he fired; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, when he suddenly missed his money. "Ah!" he thought, "wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend my faithful friend, and I have sacrificed him. He only wished to inform me of my mistake."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-turned eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted, but in vain did he look for his dog; he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he execrated himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail. He could do no more; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. As if to seal forgiveness of the deed that was depriving him of life, he stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret. He

then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes in death.

That will teach you how *faithful* a dog can be! If I might take up your time with anecdotes, I could show you how much a dog can *understand* what he has to do when he meets with a difficulty. There was a dog coming across the moors one wintry night with his drunken master. The poor man walked some distance, and then, being too tipsy to walk any further, he lay down in the snow, by the side of a river, to sleep. In the morning, when he awoke, he found that his dog had preserved his life. The shrewd fellow, knowing that his master would certainly be frozen to death, had been lying on his breast all night, so that, by the heat of his body, he might keep his master's blood in circulation; and what was more, in order to protect the other parts of his body, the dog had scraped the snow all round him, so as to form a wall which should protect his limbs from the wind.

I dare say you have heard of the shoe-black's dog who used to roll his body in the mud near a river, and dirty the boots of the passengers over the bridge, so that his master might have more work to do.

You may one day read of the shepherd's dogs. I am proud to say that my grandfather was a shepherd's dog—for they are a noble race. You should hear the story of Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who lost his sheep amongst the mountains in a dreadful snow-storm. In the dark midnight, his seven hundred lambs were frightened at the weather, and scampered away in all directions. None of the shepherds could find

them, but by the morning the faithful dog, *Sirrah*, had collected all of them in one corner of a ravine, and came to his master wagging his tail to tell him that they were all safe.

Gray, the fiddler. And, young gentlemen and ladies, I can tell you about this dog himself—my dog, Oscar. Do you know that he knows what *money* means? And he can buy his own victuals, ma'am! He knows every house where he has once received money—every house in each street he remembers—and he will never pass those houses without trying to make me stop.

Dog. Yes, that is all very well, and very easy; but there are others in our race who have been much more clever. Think of that dog who fed the lost child in the wood! of the St. Bernard dogs who dig the travellers out of the snow! Could you find out the place under the snow where a man was lying? I think that the race of dogs, because they are so clever and knowing, might be called—I don't know the proper word to use.

W. Sagacious, that is the word. You are not only faithful, but sagacious animals. But, Mr.^e Dog! I have been thinking that all this may be very pleasant to hear; but this is a very bad way to begin a "lesson."

Dog. How would you have me begin, then?

W. I will tell you. If you say that you belong to a *tribe* which is called "the Dog tribe," you must show us why. You must show us what makes you different from the other flesh-eating animals.

Dog. That is just what I was doing, only I began with the *disposition* of our tribe, and I have shown you that we are "faithful" and "sagacious" animals.

Ion. True, but we generally begin with the *framework*—the senses, limbs, &c.; so, please to put up your paw.

W. I will examine you, Oscar, if you will keep your foot still. I notice, first, that you have not sharp talons like those of the Cat tribe. What would you call these hard blunt things, Lucy? Look, at the end of each toe.

L. I should call them nails.

Dog. That is quite correct, miss. I will make the matter clear to you. You see, when I was a little puppy they used to complain that I scratched very much; but as I grew up, my nails lost their points, they were worn very blunt by rubbing against the ground.

Ada. Then why didn't you draw them in, as puss does?

Dog. Look at my foot, little miss, and see.

W. Ah, I see something; I'll show you, Ada. His claws are *not retractile*—no wonder they become blunt.

Ion. I think he must certainly have walked very much on his toes to make them so. Just get up, Oscar, and walk a little. Now see how prettily he moves along; the tips of his toes just touch the earth.

W. Then we will say that he is *digitigrade*. And I have been thinking of something else; of course he cannot seize his prey with his claws, so he seizes it with his mouth. I once saw a dog catch a fox, that had run away with a fowl; the dog seized the fox with his teeth, just as a weasel would. The fox, too, had seized the chicken with his teeth.

Dog. Yes, you will hear soon that the fox is one of our tribe.

W. Now I will make out a part of your description.

The Dog has, (1.) feet, which are digitigrade; and, (2.) claws, which are "un-retractile;" therefore, (3.) his claws are blunt; and *therefore*, (4.) he is compelled to seize his prey with his teeth.

Dog. That is a very clear case; and you may add something about our senses—our wonderful sense of smell. You know all about the bloodhounds and greyhounds, I dare say.

W. Yes; that is the sense which *distinguishes* your tribe; your *disposition* also distinguishes you. I will proceed—

The dog has (5.) a very powerful sense of smell. But the dog tribe is particularly distinguished from the other flesh-eating animals by its *sagacity* and *faithfulness*. Nearly all the dogs are entirely under subjection to man, and devoted to him. They have followed man all over the earth—in every country where men are, there also may *dogs* be found.

Dog. I am quite satisfied with that account. You have spoken of my *parts*, *disposition*, and *place*. You might now mention the

names of some of the *families* of dogs.

Ion. I will mention some:—the swift *Greyhound*, the terrible *Bloodhound*, the fierce *Bull-dog*, the noble *Mastiff*, the snappish *Terrier*.

L. The great *Newfoundland*, the curly *Poodle-dog*, the affectionate *Spaniel*.

Dog. And the *highly-faithful*, *patient*, and *hard-working* *Shepherd's dog*; I belong to that breed. Indeed, the different breeds of dogs may be so easily changed, that there are yet many others—the *Esquimaux dog*, the *Foxhound*, the *Scotch Greyhound*, the *Pointer*, the *Setter*, the *Pug dog*, and so on.

I think that as it is near dinner time, we may as well be going. I am sure that my poor master is hungry.

L. Then here is a penny for you. I will put it in your tray; and here is one from Willie, and another from Ion, and another from Ada.

M. And sixpence from mamma. Now he will get plenty of dinner. Let us return home.

Dog. Bow—wow—wow—wow!

THE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG.

FORTH goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe,
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a friak
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right towards his work, nor stops for aught
But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose; the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

COWPER.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

RICHARD I.

P. The remainder of Richard's reign was spent in wars with the King of France. You may remember that Richard and King Philip were formerly good friends; and that they set out together on the Crusades, at the head of 100,000 men; but that they quarrelled continually, and Philip at length returned to his own country. Since that time Philip had helped John in his designs against his brother, and had endeavoured to seize part of Richard's dominions in Normandy.

Richard, therefore, began war against him with the most fiery zeal. For some time it was carried on with great fury, but the English nation were too poor to afford him the necessary supply of money. A truce was made, but soon after the war broke out again; another truce was formed—this, too, was quickly broken, and the war was renewed once more. Richard seemed only to live to fight, and had little enjoyment unless engaged in warfare. This war did not end until the barons of both the English and French kings were tired of it; and the kings themselves had no money left to pay the mercenary soldiers for their services.

One of the features of Richard's character was his ready wit. When confined in Austria, his jovial spirit was a source of great amusement to his keepers, who were delighted not only with his great powers of drinking, but with his music and witty songs. In his wars with Philip, Richard captured the Bishop of Beauvais; he was taken fighting, in complete armour. As this man was one of his bitterest enemies,

Richard imprisoned him; but the Pope wrote to the king praying him to restore "his son" the bishop. Richard replied by sending back the bishop's coat of mail, which was besmeared with blood, with this quotation from the Old Testament, "This have we found, know whether it be thy son's coat or no."

Richard's passion and cruelty were, however, as great as his generosity and wit. At the conquest of Acre, the Saracen citizens had agreed to restore to him 1,500 Christian captives; to pay 200,000 pieces of gold; and to bring back the wood of the holy cross. Richard let them go on these conditions, but retained 3,000 of the enemy as *hostages* or prisoners until the conditions were fulfilled. He waited until the end of the *forty days*, when he found that none of the money, or prisoners, were brought, according to promise. At an appointed hour, a signal was given; and the 3,000 captives, men of all ranks, were brought forward in the presence of the army. The helpless prisoners were then arranged in two divisions, Richard presiding over one, and the Duke of Burgundy over the other. Each commander then summoned his soldiers to *action*, and, drawing their swords, they cut the 3,000 living prisoners into pieces! As soon as Saladin heard of this most horrible and disgusting deed, he, on his part, ordered all the Christians in his camp to be massacred.

Again, in the war between Richard and Philip, the two kings, to show their vengeance to *each other*, pulled out the eyes of nearly all their prisoners.

Avarice was another unfortunate quality of Richard, and led to the cause of his death. A French

baron, who was one of his vassals, had found a great treasure in his territory. The baron offered half of it to Richard as his master, but he refused it, saying that he had a right to the whole, and accordingly attacked the baron's castle at *Chaluz*, where he understood that the treasure was. Here he was wounded in the shoulder by an arrow. The wound was not a dangerous one, but the surgeon in trying to extract the arrow from the flesh, caused it to mortify. The castle was taken; and every man in it was butchered, except the youth *Bertrand de Gourdon*, who shot the arrow. He was brought into the king's presence, and on being asked by Richard why he had dared to shoot him? he answered firmly—"My father and my two brothers thou didst slay with *thine* own hand, and thou didst intend to hang me. I am now ready to endure thy torments, even with pleasure, for I have the consolation of knowing that I have freed the world of a tyrant." This bold speech pleased Richard—he admired everything that looked like courage; so he answered him, "Youth, I forgive thee! loose his chains, and give him a hundred shillings." Richard's general, however, was too cruel to let him go; after the king's death he caused him to be flayed alive, and hanged.

Richard died in the year 1199, having reigned nearly ten years. Not one of these years had been spent in England, but all had been wasted in incessant war.

L. Now shall we make the *lesson*, papa?

P. Not yet; I want to stop and think a little about this remarkable warrior. There is no man in this world who is quite bad, without any good quality in him. Thus,

even in so dreadful a destroyer as Richard, there is something to admire.

Ion. Yes, papa, his *courage*.

P. He had not within him the highest kind of courage. I will explain to you, *Ion*. It has always been called *courage* for a man to bring his body to face the dangers of the sword, and to stand the fire of the cannon and guns, without fear of sinking under it.

Ion. Yes, I understand that—he feels himself so brave a man that he has no fear of being hurt.

P. But, there is a far nobler kind of courage, *Ion*. Not only may a man's body be injured, but his *spirit*. There is something which cuts the spirit, and wounds it, as truly as the sword cuts the body. Unjust and spiteful words do, and evil treatment. Now, if a man's spirit can face this, if he can stand the fire of malice and hatred, without fear of sinking under it, then he has very great courage.

Ion. I do not quite understand that.

P. I will show you. When a man, who has been unjustly treated, feels great anger, it shows that the treatment has wounded him and hurt him. He sinks!—for his spirit gives way, and he falls into a passion. Richard's spirit did this at the siege of *Acre*. When he found that the *Saracens* were acting unjustly towards him, and did not bring him the money and the wood of the cross, his spirit said, "Ah, I am wounded, I am insulted;" it then sunk under the wound into dreadful anger, and he murdered three thousand of his brethren! How truly we may say, "he sunk!" The insult shot through his spirit, and sent him down in the *scale of creation*—he became a *BRUTE*! Ay, he went

down several degrees lower—he became a *wild beast*! A wild beast? Alas! he fell lower than that. Not the wildest and the most savagelion would have killed 3,000 of his race who had never injured him, *for the sake of satisfying his revenge against some one else*. The real truth must come out, Ion, dreadful as it is; at the moment when he was doing such work, he was three thousand times worse than a wild beast! See how he sunk! and he was only wounded by an insult!

L. But men would not, in these days, be so cruel as Richard I.

P. I should hope not; I would pray to God that there may never be any more such men. But not very long ago we heard of men (with women and children) being burned alive in a cave by a soldier whom they *had never seen*, and *never injured*. Two or three weeks ago we saw a picture in a newspaper, of a soldier from a civilized nation "burning the villages of a Caffre chief," and I read of there being a "*war of extermination*" as cruel as that of Richard I.

Richard's massacre of the Saracens; the burning alive of the Arabs; the burning of the Caffre huts; and "the war of extermination," may teach us a solemn lesson. We may see that when men forget God's holy law, "THOU SHALT NOT KILL," and once get accustomed to the idea of killing, they cannot

tell how cruel they may become. When men lose this law, which is divine, they may soon forget what is human, and may sink to do deeds worthy of the brutes.

The truth, dear Ion, is a noble thing, and it is a noble thing to know the truth, however unpleasant it may sound. I think, dear children, that before the days of your generation have passed away, men will not be afraid of the truth—they will not hear of such work as killing men who *need not* be killed, or of burning villages that *need not* be burned, or of "a war of extermination." The *spirit of truth* will make them confess that the men who do so are not *heroes*. So when you are older, and you read in history of a man who has been wilfully cruel—if you find that he is called a "hero," you may draw your pencil across that word, and write something else. Learn to speak the truth humbly and sorrowfully; and pray to God that, instead of such cruel work, there may be peace on earth, and good will towards men. Pray that all may know each other, and treat each other as brethren.

L. But who will be the *heroes* then, papa? Was Richard a hero at all?

P. Ah, we have wandered far away from Richard. We must leave the subject of Richard, and heroes, and courage, until our next lesson.

FRIENDSHIP.

SMALL service is true service, while it lasts;

Of friends, however humble, spurn not one;

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,

Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

MOUNTAINS.

THE ALPS.

P. We will to-day proceed from the history of the *glaciers* on these mountains, to that of the mountains themselves.

The geographers have arranged the Alps in several divisions, viz. :—

(1.) The *Maritime Alps*—from the Apennines to Mont Viso.

(2.) The *Cottian Alps*—from Mont Viso to Mont Cenis.

(3.) The *Graian Alps*—from Mont Cenis to the Pennine Alps.

(4.) The *Pennine Alps*—from Mont Blanc to the Simplon.

(5.) The *Helvetian Alps*—from Mont Rosa to Mont Bernardin.

(6.) The *Rhetian Alps*—from Mont Bernardin to “the Dreyherrn Spitz.”

(7.) The *Noric Alps*.

(8.) The *Carnic Alps*, and

(9.) The *Julian Alps*.

I do not wish you to learn all these names; but if you take your map, and carefully find the beginning and ending of each division, you can easily point out most of them—then you will be much better able to remember the *position* of the Alps. You will also see how many different nations they separate. These particulars you may discover for yourselves, and write on your slates, as an exercise. Also, you may write the names of the provinces on each side of these ranges.

Let us now suppose that you are at the Vale of Chamouni, near to Mont Blanc. You will observe that from this point the mountains extend in a south-east direction, and through *Italy*, where they are called the *Apennines*. You may observe, too, that these mountains encompass the kingdom of *Sardinia* and the plains of *Lombardy*. The plains

of *Lombardy*, thus protected, are the most beautiful and fertile in Europe.

You may then notice that the mountains also extend in a north-east direction. They extend through the *Grisons* and the *Tyrol*, to the *Great Glockner*. Here the higher Alps end a course 420 miles long. The very highest part is that called the *Pennine Alps*, between Mont Blanc and the Simplon.

At the Great Glockner, the Alps are found to be divided into two branches—the *Noric Alps*, and the *Carnic Alps*. The latter form the chief stem; they extend in a south-east direction, through *Turkey* to the Black Sea—one part being called the *Julian Alps*, and the other the *Eastern Alps*, or *Balkan*.

L. If, papa, we were to visit the Alps, and set out from the Vale of Chamouni with a guide, what should we see?

P. More than I could describe to you. Sights such as you cannot imagine. You must see them to understand them. You would see the sources of the large rivers, the Rhine and the Rhone; with the Inn and the Drave, which are tributaries of the great river Danube. On the southern side, the river Po, and many others, rise from these mountains. There are also large and beautiful lakes. There is the same kind of scenery as in the Pyrenees, except that it is more grand. The villages in the valleys, the cornfields, the cattle, sheep, and chamois have been described to you before. The wide coach roads, or *passes*, which have lately been constructed with great zeal, are remarkable places. The most wonderful road is the *Simplon*,

formed by Napoleon Bonaparte, when he determined to cross these mountains with his army.

All visitors at the Vale of Chamouni go to see Mont Blanc (*blanc* is the French for *white*). This is the highest of all the Alps, being 15,782 feet high. It is said to be "jagged with peaks, and high tapering pyramids; needles of bare, and almost perpendicular

rock, rising from fields of perpetual snow." The sides of the mountain are skirted by forests of fir, and grottoes, formed in the masses of eternal ice.

There are not many minerals found in the Alps; and yet, although this range is not the largest, it is perhaps the most important range of mountains in the world.

THE LATE SPRING.

THE sleepy Spring was still in bed
And to rise was slowly preparing,
When she heard the soft fall of the zephyr's tread,
Who came to give her an airing.

She rose in haste, not dressed in blue,
But clad in her wintry mourning;—
Just stuck in her bosom a snow-drop or two,
Her brow a faint smile adorning.

Then away over meadows and garden, and wood,
Her light-winged courser bore her;
But in her fair eyes the tear-drop stood,
To see the drear scene before her.

So long had the tyrant of northern birth
His iron reign extended,
The genial commerce of sky and earth
Had well nigh been suspended.

The young birds had met on St. Valentine's fenst,
All eager to get married;
But the sullen saint refused to be priest;
For another red-day they tarried.

The crocus had put forth its feelers green,
But drew in its head in affright
On hearing the peas, as soon as seen,
Had been all cut off in a night.

The lilac gay that loves to be first,
Stood shivering still and pouting,
And many a bud was longing to burst,
But its orders, as yet, was doubting.

And the queen of the season, so ill did she feel,
She again took to bed in pure sorrow;
But the sun has been called in, her sickness to
heal,

And we hope she'll be better to-morrow.

CONDR.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

SPAIN. MADRID.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"The scenery of LA MANCHA is, you may remember, not at all pleasing. Therefore, as I sat in the diligence, I opened a book to read something about MADRID, the city to which we were hastening.

"The place was not the capital of Spain until about the middle of the 16th century, in the reign of PHILIP II. There are several reasons given for its name 'Madrid.' Some say that it is so called from the Spanish-Arab word *Margherit*, which means a 'well-aired house.'

Although this etymology is not generally believed in, it is not an unlikely one, for Madrid is very airy, being more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is very cold in the winter, and intensely hot in the summer.

"MADRID is built on the banks of the Manzanares, a stream which is hardly worthy to be called a river—it is more properly a *rivulet*. The Spaniards, however, have built two majestic bridges over it. Their imposing grandeur forms a striking contrast to the scanty stream beneath them, and has given rise to the witty saying that the king of Spain ought to sell his bridges, and purchase water with the money. The river, however, is not always in this state. There are mountains surrounding the city, and during the winter time, after there has been a heavy rain, the rain and melted snow come roaring down from the heights until the river is swollen into a rapid torrent.

"Ah! those mountains remind me of something else. How often do great things arise from little

ones! from mere accidental circumstances. Perhaps Madrid would never have been the capital of Spain, but for the *boars*, who chose to live in the woods on those mountains. King HENRY III. of Castile happened to have a strong fancy for hunting boars; and accordingly came to live here for that purpose. Madrid was then only a small village, but it soon became a town, and growing up to be a flourishing city, it was, as I told you, adopted by Philip II. as the capital of Spain. He adopted it contrary to the advice of his ministers, who wished him to live at Lisbon.

"But I am running away from my book. The book went on to say, 'The general aspect of Madrid from the approach is anything but inviting. The numbers of fantastic spires belonging to the churches and convents, the barrenness of the neighbourhood, and the total absence of good houses, and of pleasure-gardens which frequently surround a great city, give the capital of Spain a gloomy and forbidding appearance.'

"The diligence was proceeding in a more steady manner than that described in my last letter; so I ventured to look out of the window, to see whether this description were true. Sure enough, the country was as bad as ever, while the city was surrounded by a thick, heavy, brick wall, with heavy gates, made of coarse granite. I found afterwards that these walls are twenty feet high, and that there are no less than fifteen gates."

Ion. Anybody could tell, then, why there are no pleasure-gardens and fine houses *outside* the city; the fortifications would almost tell you the reason. The Spanish

people so often quarrel with each other, and make wars, that if Madrid happened to be besieged, the besiegers would destroy such places

L. Or else they would pick the flowers for themselves. I dare say that Uncle Richard will say something about it.

"No one would wonder at such walls, if he considered the general character of the country,—a country where the husbandman ploughs with his musket close at hand; and where the fingers of the shepherd are more familiar with the sword than the peaceful pipe. On passing a church, I had noticed that, according to the spirit of the times, it had been converted into a fortress; towers had been added, and the walls were pierced with loop-holes. Gun-barrels peeped out from under the corn and wine skins with which the country carts were loaded. Most of the wayfarers also seemed to be armed.

"I was going to refer to my book for something else, when the crack of the whip, and the speed of the horses told me that we were close to the city itself. We crossed one of the fine bridges which I had read of, and almost the next moment we were rattling over the stones of the public streets. Away we went right joyously, with as much clatter as the hoofs of our fifteen mules could make, until we reached the diligence office.

"Certainly, a stranger driving rapidly through the place would think it a noble city. Many of the streets are wide and straight, while the public buildings are fine and imposing. The houses are four, five, and even six stories high; and like those of Paris they often contain several families. The beauty of the houses, however,

is found on close inspection to be, in a great measure, outward show. The greater part of them are built with lath and plaster, and even the eaves, and the cornices round the doors and windows are only painted imitations.

"Madrid is well known for its *public promenades*. The principal one is called the *Prado*; it is divided into many long walks, by double rows of trees, and its marble fountains are truly magnificent. During the day I used to seek a shelter there from the dazzling rays of the sun, and refresh my spirit by listening to the peaceful murmurings of the fountains. In the evening the place was not quite so quiet. Here, all the world of Madrid did congregate, and none seemed so happy as those who possessed horses or mules on which they could show off their 'equestrian prowess.' Some of the carriages would not have disgraced Hyde Park, but many of them were little better than hackney coaches. Even in the old and shabby ones there was an attempt at grandeur; the battered panels were bedizened with gay coronets, and the meagre steeds were loaded with worsted trappings, which agreed with the tawdry and well-worn liveries of the lacqueys.

"The throng of pedestrians in the Prado was always an amusing sight. The ladies did not please me so much as those of Seville; many of them had, with bad taste, discarded the picturesque *mantilla*, and wore the Parisian shawl and bonnet. Amongst the men the love of dress seemed carried to a very absurd pitch. The very servants and children wore their trousers tightly strapped down. I, who walked in my travelling cap and loose dress, seemed to be an

object of pity to many. One little fellow, in particular, who was about four years old, and was tightly buttoned up, seemed to feel great commiseration for me. He looked at me several times, as much as to say, 'Poor man! he has no straps.'

"There are in Madrid several walks similar to the Prado, but they are not so extensive and fine. *The Botanical Gardens*, attached to the Prado, are most carefully kept in order.

"*The Museum* is an institution worth visiting; it contains many of the splendid pictures of the Spanish artists, and Cuvier's well-known and interesting skeleton of the *Megatherium*.

"*The Armoury* I also visited; and saw a leather cannon of great age, and the war carriage of Ferdinand and Isabella—it was made of steel! There was also *Queen Isabella's* coat of mail, which gave me a sorrowful feeling of interest—it had her name and coat of arms upon it. The building of this ar-

moury is a very fine one; it was erected in the reign of Philip II."

"*The Royal Palace* is larger than Buckingham Palace, in London; but it did not please me. It was not built with better taste than Buckingham Palace, whilst it was very strongly fortified; a circumstance which showed me that Her Majesty had not much reliance on the loyalty of her subjects. The interior I did not see, as the public are not admitted when the Queen is at Madrid; but, as I happened in the evening to be sitting in a café, I had an excellent view of the Queen and the Royal family.

"You have now heard, dear children, of the bridges, the walls, the streets, the Prado and public walks, the museum, the armoury, and the Palace of Madrid. These are the places by which I remember the city. Before leaving, I visited another remarkable spot, which you shall hear of soon, from

"Your affectionate friend,

"UNCLE RICHARD."

THE LIFE CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE is a little mystic clock

No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on—that beateth on,

From morning until e'en;
And when the soul is wrapt in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is the work of art,
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived

The life-clock's magic power.
Nor set in gold, nor deck'd with gems,

By pride and wealth possess'd;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,

All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat

It warns of passing tides.
When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.
Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Until the life be ended.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"Why is this county called Nottinghamshire?" I asked myself, as I set out from Derby. 'Why are you called *Henry Young*?' said a voice from within me. 'Well,' I replied, 'there is perhaps some reason why people should have been called "Young," although I do not know it; but, what is the reason for this country being called "Nottinghamshire?"'

"I found as I travelled along, that the capital, Nottingham, is built on soft sandstone rock; and, that near the town many caverns have been formed from the sandstone. On this account the town was called, in the Saxon language, 'Snodengaham,' or the house of the caverns.

"I next took out my map to learn the shape of Nottingham, and its boundaries. The whole county has a shape something like that of an egg, or oval shape. It is bounded on the north by Yorkshire, on the south by Leicestershire, on the east by Lincolnshire, and on the west by Derbyshire.

"The soil and climate of the county next engaged my attention. I found that as it is a midland county, it has many advantages. There are few hills in the county, and the greater part of the soil undulates only very slightly. On the west the high hills of Derbyshire are a protection from the woods, and, at the same time, they cause the clouds which the winds bring to be discharged before they reach Nottinghamshire; the heaviest rains fall when the wind blows from the east. Thus, on the whole, the climate of

the country is dry and healthy; and, on account of this advantage, many noblemen and gentlemen have built their mansions and country houses here. Another advantage has arisen from this; the noblemen and gentlemen, having more money than the farmers, have given their attention to the improvement of agriculture, and have brought into use new kinds of ploughs, drills, thrashing-machines, and other improved farming instruments. The old farmers are very cautious about such matters; many of them like to go on in the same way as they always have done; they will not try the new instruments until they are quite sure of their usefulness—a point which they are generally very slow in acknowledging.

"Nottinghamshire was formerly much covered with forests. There is still remaining part of *Sherwood Forest*, in which the famous Robin Hood and little John lived. These men lived in the time of Richard I.—a time when, the king being at Palestine, the laws were not very strictly enforced. Robin Hood, and a large band of his companions, lived together in the woods as archers and robbers. Many a fine deer they shot in the parks of the nobles; and they thought it no harm to rob the rich, for the sake of helping the poor. At the north of the county coal abounds; this district forming a part of the great coal-field of South Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire.

"These particulars about Nottinghamshire, I have made as notes; and I hope, dear children, that they may interest you. You shall shortly hear of my visit to the county town.

"Your affectionate friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

21st Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

ON BUYING JUSTICE TOO DEAR.*

"TELL you a story, Mary?—
—Indeed, love, I hardly know what
sort of story to tell you. Shall it
be about a frog—or a fairy—a
giant—or seven little kittens and
an old cat—or—"

"Dear, dear aunt—not such silly
stories, please,—something sensible
—I don't like nonsense—"

"I am very glad indeed to hear
you say so," replied Mrs. Delcourt,
"and I take shame to myself for
not knowing it before; I ought to
have remembered that a young
lady of seven—"

"Eight, ma'am, the month after
next—"

"Beg pardon—of eight the month
after next—could never enjoy such
nonsense—"

"Do you remember what you
once told me about Holyday Time
in old Mr. Martin's school? If
I bring my work and sit down
here, will you tell me more about
Holiday Time?"

"Yes, love. You have often
heard me speak of old Mr. Martin,
who kept a superior sort of school
for country boys in the little village
of Brayford; he was a very amiable
man, and had known better days,
as they are called—although he
possessed so well regulated a mind,
that I have often heard him say he
thanked Heaven for his afflictions,
because by them he had been taught

to look for consolation to God, and
the pure religion that He has
given us; 'which,' he would add,
'I forgot to do before I had felt
what sorrow was.' His school-
room was very cheerful; its rustic
window looked out upon the vil-
lage, and was shaded by vines and
sweet-scented clematis, which the
old gentleman loved to train and
prune after his own fashion. I
have often seen him employed in
this way when his pupils were
playing all manner of games on the
village green; and he would some-
times stop and look upon them,
and smile, and sigh, and then wipe
away the tear that hung upon his
large grey eye-lashes."

"Why did he sigh and weep
then, when the boys were happy?"
inquired little Mary.

"He remembered the days of
his own youth, my dear; perhaps
he sighed because he had not im-
proved them as much as he ought;
perhaps the tear started, when he
thought that even those rustic,
laughing boys must encounter
much care and sorrow in their path
through life; and I am certain that
he offered up a silent prayer to
God, that they might all become
good and worthy members of society
—but to my story, if story it may
be called.

"I had been some weeks absent
from the manor house; and as I
was, like you, my Mary, very fond
of old people, the first visit I paid,
on my return, was to the village
school, to see Mr. Martin, dear
old man! After our mutual salu-
tations had passed, I inquired how

* This tale is reprinted, with addi-
tions, from Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Juvenile
Budget."

it occurred that all the boys were a. play at such an hour.

"This," he replied, 'is a holiday. You must know that one of my boys, little Alexander M'Ginnis, performed a very noble action yesterday. Our good rector offered a prize to the boy who wrote the best explanation of the Lord's Prayer; and certainly, had it not been that I considered such an exercise would be beneficial in every way, I confess I should have felt much annoyed at the extra trouble it occasioned me; such copying and recopying; such wasting of slate pencils and writing-paper; such bustle, such confusion! Well, it was very likely that either Alexander M'Ginnis or Robert Blakeney would receive the prize; they had both taken great pains, and both wrote excellent hands. The night before last, the boys showed me their productions. "It is so fortunate," said Robert, "that mine was finished before I cut my thumb in this dreadful manner, which would have prevented my writing at all." I pointed out to him two or three passages where stops were necessary, remarking, at the same time, how pleased I was that he had written it so well, as the rector would not look at any manuscripts that were blotted; the poor fellow took the pen, and, unfortunately, while placing the stops, upset the ink-bottle over his essay; it grieved me, for the tears streamed down his fine good-humoured face; and, indeed, Alexander was as sorry as Bob. "You'll have it now, Sandy, I'm sure," he observed. "I do not mind so much for myself, but my poor mother is so anxious about it; I am her only comfort since father died." Sandy said nothing; and the two boys went home together.

"Yesterday morning, to be sure,

was one of great preparation; the rector, and the young ladies from the parsonage, and a great many of the villagers, assembled to hear the reading and see the prize bestowed. They gave in their papers according to their ages; and, as Alexander and Robert are of the same age, their productions went up together. I was astonished to perceive that Robert's paper was quite clean and free from blot! Both were read; and, to be sure, I heard Miss Elizabeth say that either would do credit to many a clergyman.

"The prize, I think," said the rector, 'must be adjudged to Robert Blakeney, inasmuch as his essay is more concentrated, and written in as good a hand as that of Alexander M'Ginnis; although,' he continued, 'the writing is very similar.' 'If you please, sir, may I speak?' said Robert, rising off the form, in defiance of the efforts Sandy made to keep him down; 'If you please, sir, it was Alexander who wrote that, sir. I was so unfortunate, last night, as to spill the contents of the ink-bottle over what I had written, and I could not recopy it, because I had given my thumb so bad a cut; so I gave it up, knowing that you would not look at a blotted paper. Alexander managed to take it out of my desk, sir, and sat up all night, to copy it off; and took so much pains to write it well, that it might pass for my hand-writing; though it was all against himself, sir; and he cried so bitterly when I said that I would not send it up, that I let it go, to pacify him; but I was resolved, if you please, sir, to tell the truth; for, much as I wished for the prize, I have no right—'

"May I speak now, if you please, sir?" interrupted little

Sandy—his face glowing and his eyes sparkling. 'You said, sir, that Robert's was the most concentrated; so, indeed, sir, he has the best right to the prize; and—only it's against the rules to look at a blotted paper—I have it here, sir: see, he does write a better hand than I.' Sandy exhibited the manuscript, and a loud murmur of applause ran through the school. 'This noble conduct does you both credit, in one point of view; and shows,' he was pleased to say, ma'am, continued old Martin—drawing himself up somewhat proudly in his high-backed chair.—'that your worthy master has taught you better things than mere reading and writing. We will decide thus, and hope our decision will give satisfaction to all parties. Youth is apt to imagine that a generous sacrifice of personal interest atones for almost any fault; not so, my dear young friends; let not Alexander be dismayed when I tell him, that he attempted to practise deception, in substituting his own writing for that of his friend's. "We must not do evil that good may come;" consequently, I cannot give him the prize. And Robert, inasmuch as the manuscript I hold in my hand is not his writing, cannot be entitled to it. I will therefore wait until this day week, when we will again assemble, and finally adjudge the prize; and by that time I hope that Robert's thumb will be perfectly recovered. I cannot suffer generosity to out-strip justice."

"Well, mamma," said Mary, "I think that the rector was rather strict. He might as well have let Robert have the prize when he saw that Alexander wished him to have it."

"I think," replied mamma, "that

the rector did quite right. Justice is a noble thing, but it is not more noble than the *Truth*. If the boys had given the explanation *before it was asked for*; and if, when they brought up their papers, they had said boldly that they were both written by Alexander, then it would have been right for Robert to have the reward."

"Do you know, mamma, who did have it?" added Mary.

"Yes, I will tell you the remainder of the story. On the following week, the papers were presented to the rector; he examined them both very carefully, and then declared that the prize belonged to Robert. As he presented it to him, he remarked, 'How much happier must you feel now, Robert, when you know that the paper is in your own handwriting! You can look on your reward, and can feel that it is a *just* one; which you could not have done if you had gained it by neglecting to tell me the whole truth.'

"I am," he added, 'one of those who like to be very particular, and careful that everything is done properly. It is very pleasant for all of us to feel that you have gained the victory in a straightforward and truthful manner.'

"We admire your generosity," he said to Alexander. 'You will be pleased to see that your friend has his just reward; but you will both be more pleased when you think—We not only have *justice*, but *truth*.'

"I quite understand now," replied Mary. "Let me make a sermon about it."

"GENEROSITY is a good thing, but it is not worth while to be *generous* without the *TRUTH*; and

"JUSTICE is even a nobler thing, but it is not worth while to gain *justice* without the *TRUTH*."

MAMMALS.—ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE DOG TRIBE—THE CIVET TRIBE.



MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

The Dog, Wolf, Jackal, and Fox.

M. To-day we will finish the history of the Dog tribe. It includes not only the dog, BUT THE WOLF, and others.

L. That is very strange, mamma, —for the wolf to belong to such a family; he is a most ferocious and untameable animal.

M. Wolves are so, generally; but I read, in one of Mr. Nelson's tracts, an account which shows that even a wolf may be tamed. It is written by a *Mr. Houren*—

"This wolf," he states, "had been reared like a young dog; he followed his master everywhere, and was pained by his absence; he obeyed his voice, and showed the most entire submission, like a tame domestic dog. His master being obliged to leave him, the animal was shut up in a cage, where he lived for several weeks without showing any guile, and hardly eating at all. Nevertheless his health was restored, he became attached to his keepers, and seemed to have forgotten any former affection, when, after eighteen months, his master returned. At the first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who had not seen him in the crowd, recognised him, and testified his joy by his movements and cries. Set at liberty, he soon covered his old friend with caresses, as the most attached dog would have done to his master after an absence of a few days. Unfortunately it was necessary to quit him a second time, and this separation was again a source of the most profound sorrow; but time healed this new grief. Three years passed away, and our wolf lived very happily with a dog whom they had given him for a companion. After this long time the wolf's master once more returned. It was evening; all was closed up, and the animal's eyes were of no avail, but the voice of his dear master had never

been effaced from his memory; as soon as he heard it, he recognised him, and responded by cries which announced his impatient desires. As soon as the barrier which separated them was raised, the animal bounded forth, placed its two paws upon the shoulders of him it loved so tenderly, passed its tongue over every part of his face, and threatened with its teeth its ordinary keepers, when they approached. It is painful to have to record that this faithful favourite was again and finally parted from its master. After this it became melancholy, refused for a time all food, and though its health was re-established, it never after would suffer any other person to caress it, but would growl, and show its teeth, even at the approach of its familiar friends."

Thus you see that the dog is not the only one in this tribe with an affectionate and faithful disposition. The wild wolves, however, are fierce animals, and will even attack mankind. When a wolf has once tasted human blood, he prefers it to any other, and is an extremely dangerous animal; such a wolf is called a *ware wolf*. You know that we have no fear of such animals in England. Why?

L. Because there are none, mamma. We learned in our History lessons that all the wolves in England were destroyed in the reign of King Edgar.

M. They were not quite extirpated then. There were wolves in England about the year 1300; and in Scotland in 1600. The wolf is still found, however, in all the mountainous parts of Europe, especially in the cold northern countries, and in Asia. If you advance very far north, in the dreary snowy regions—

"Where the wolf and arctic fox
Prowl amidst the lonely rocks,"

these animals will be found to be very bold. Captain Franklin and his companions, when they travelled toward the Polar Sea, were often obliged to dispute their scanty food with the lean wolves, who would try and take it from them. The captain and his friends once killed a *Moose deer*, and buried part of its body to preserve it for their next meal, but the wolves absolutely dug it out close to their feet, while they were sleeping. At another time, they had killed a deer, and they saw by the flashes of the *Aurora borealis* that eight wolves were standing around them, and waiting for their share of the prey.

I have read, too, that when wolves hunt in packs, and are hungry, their audacity is astonishing. They will kill and carry off the Esquimaux dogs before their masters' faces; and in the night they will even venture to seize provisions from under a man's head. You shall hear of the destruction caused by these animals. It is said that in a large district of Russia they killed, during one year, 1,841 horses, 1,807 cattle; 733 calves; 15,182 sheep; 726 lambs; 2,545 goats; 183 kids; 4,190 swine; 312 young pigs; 703 dogs; 673 geese; and 1,243 fowls!

You may easily suppose from this account, that the character of the wolf is not much esteemed. The animal is detested and feared. It is said that its gait is skulking and irresolute; that it has a wild and deceitful look; and that in its disposition it is cruel, ferocious, cunning, and cowardly. One of the English poets says that it is

"Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave:

Burning for blood, bony, and gaunt, and grim."

It is to be hoped that we may never again see any wolves in England.

Another important animal of this tribe, which is between the wolf and the fox, is called the JACKAL. Its habits are like the wolf's, but if you look in the picture you will see that its appearance is like that of the fox.

W. This is the jackal, Lucy—the animal with the bone before it.

M. The jackals are found mostly in hot countries. During the day they conceal themselves in holes, but in the night they come forth in large troops, feeding on sheep, antelopes, and any other animals. They will also eat putrid flesh, or *carion*, and the other rubbish which is generally thrown into the streets; indeed, their love of putrid flesh is so strong that in some countries it is necessary to dig the graves very deep, and cover them over with thorns, that the bodies may not be dug up, and devoured. If you lived in one of the towns of India, you would often hear them in the night. There you might hear a troop, in the distance, just breaking the stillness of the dark hours with a few discordant cries; in time these cries become more noisy, and, another troop hearing them, answers them with similar sounds; soon three or four troops may be heard at different points, answering one another, until their yells and shrieks form a chorus of most piercing sounds; sometimes one long and loud scream is heard, and is followed by a sudden burst of yells, which has been compared to "the roll of the thunder-clap immediately after a flash of lightning." At last the jackals reach the town, and are then heard even in the streets, where they

busy themselves in clearing up the offal. Everything that can possibly be eaten they devour until they have cleared the neighbourhood. They are thus very useful as *scavengers*. They also remove what has been left by the larger beasts of prey.

L. Mamma, I have heard that the jackal is useful in *finding* food for the lion, and is called the *lion finder*. Is that true?

M. I cannot say. It is believed that the noise made by the jackals when finding their prey is often heard by the lion, who comes up, and takes advantage of his strength to deprive them of their right; but I cannot be sure whether this is a mistake or not. You may now notice the next animal to the jackal.

W. That is the Fox; he is making his sly speeches to the crow. I learned the fable of "The Fox and the Crow" a long, long time ago.

Ion. Foxes are found in England, mamma, are they not?

M. Sometimes; and in most parts of Europe and Asia. There are also many species in America. They would, I dare say, have shared the same fate as the wolves in England, had they not been preserved for the sportsman. Fox-hunting has always been an exciting sport, because of the cunning methods of escape which the animal tries. I have heard of a fox who escaped the hounds by hiding itself in a chimney; another hid itself in the midst of a flock of sheep. It has a clever habit of "doubling," or turning back on its own track, and starting in a different direction, so that the dogs may lose the scent. Foxes often try to escape danger by pretending to be dead.

L. The fox must be a crafty

animal, mamma; for, when our Saviour wanted to show that Herod was a cunning man, He said, "Go ye, tell that *fox* that I cast out devils" (Luke xiii. 32).

M. The fox has not only a cunning disposition, but a very exquisite sense of smell and hearing, to help him in finding his prey. In his habits he is solitary. Living in a burrow near a wood, he comes out at evening, feeding on poultry, game (particularly *pheasants*, which he is said to catch very cleverly), rabbits, small birds, weasels, mice, frogs, and even insects,—almost anything, in fact, when he is hungry. When a fox has more than he can eat, he is sagacious enough to bury the remainder in the earth, and keep it there until he wants it.

I have read of foxes stealing the honey from the bees. It is said that in order to do so, the sly animal puts his nose in at the little hole which forms the entrance, and, with a jerk, upsets the hive. The bees immediately swarm upon him, to take revenge with their stings; but the fox, with his coat of thick fur, cares little for them, and rolling himself over and over on the earth, crushes them with the weight of his body.

W. I suppose that he likes honey because it is sweet; and I think that he is fond of *grapes*, too.

M. Yes. He is well known in the South of France, where vines are cultivated. His visits to the vineyards in the night are so frequent, that these places are guarded by dogs.—But we must end this long lesson. I would just tell you that there are other foxes besides the common fox of this country,—such as the Red Fox of America; and in the icy regions, the Arctic Fox, whose skin loses its colour in

the winter, and changes to a pure white.

L. Mamma, we have not marked any of the distinctions between the fox and the wolf, and the dog

M. No. The distinctions are not very great. There is really scarcely any distinction between the *wolf* and the dog, except in disposition. To this day it is a question whether the dog or the wolf is the parent of the tribe. Indeed, there are animals which are so like both the wolf and the dog, that it is difficult to know by which name they should be called.

P. Yes; and there are others resembling both the dog and the fox. I can tell you an anecdote about that. Not many months ago I was in a room where several elderly gentlemen were sitting at a long table;—these gentlemen were called *Commissioners of Taxes*, and they were waiting to hear “appeals” from people who did not wish to pay their taxes. A man came to complain that he had been charged with a dog tax, for an animal which was not a dog. It was, he said, a *fox*; and immediately he brought up the animal for inspection. Two of the commissioners looked at it narrowly, and the animal looked at the commissioners. They said it had a pointed nose, and a rather bushy tail, but then—it *barked*.

And once more, it was *black*. It was explained to the commissioners that foxes can “yelp,” which is a kind of barking, and that black foxes are found in the North,—but then it looked so much like a dog. And, again, there was nothing sly about it,—it had a rather amiable countenance. So, some of the commissioners decided that it was a dog, and some, that it was a fox.

Ion. Then it was *both*.

P. Well, the commissioners said that it was both, and the man said that it was neither; the case was therefore adjourned. There are some particulars by which you may know the true fox. See if you can observe them in the picture.

L. I will look. I notice—1st, that its tail is bushy; 2ndly, its nose is more pointed than those of the others; and we know, 3rdly, that its disposition is more cunning.

W. And, you may add, 4thly, that its senses of smell and hearing are, perhaps, even more perfect than the dog’s. Now, I will conclude the lesson. The dog tribe includes—

THE DOG,
THE WOLF,
THE JACKAL, and
THE FOX.

M. And others which we have not mentioned.

THE LESSONS TAUGHT BY NATURE.

’Twas thus to man the voice of Nature spake:—
“Go, from the creatures thy instruction take;
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
The arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nauticus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.”

POPE.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

MADRID.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"You have, I dare say, heard of the great building in Spain called the *Escorial*. It is certainly not so large as the building for the Great Exhibition in London; yet it is a wonderful place. This is the building which, in my last letter, I told you that I should visit before leaving Madrid.

"The *Escorial* is not *in* Madrid, but is situated about seven leagues north-west of the town; and the conveyance starts so early that the moon was shining brightly when I turned my head towards the office.

"On reaching the building, I found that it was built in the form of a *gudiron*, and that one part which projected beyond the others in the form of the *handle* was the residence of the king. The exterior rather disappointed me; it was extremely plain, resembling one of our modern workhouses, with a great tower at each corner: and a large dome in the centre, which I supposed belonged to the church. My feelings were however changed on entering the interior. The *Escorial* has truly been called one of the wonders of the world. Not only does it contain a palace, but a convent with cloisters, a monastery, two colleges, three chapter-houses, three libraries with about 30,000 volumes, five great halls, six dormitories, nine refectories, five infirmaries, and many different apartments for workmen and mechanics. There are also twenty-seven other halls for various purposes; and no less than *eighty* staircases!

"I was, however, pleased above

all with the splendid gardens and parks. To describe to you the lawns, parterres, fountains, and gravel-walks, would take up too much of my time; the amount of labour and money spent in forming them must have been immense.

"I found on inquiry that there were altogether 2,688 windows—1,110 outside, and 1,578 within; but if the windows of the 'out-buildings' were also included, their number would be 4,000. The fountains are 86 in number, while there are fourteen large entrances, or gateways.

"The church, which I found in the centre, has seven aisles, and no less than forty chapels, containing tombs of the kings. Its length is nearly 400 feet, while the dome, which I had seen from the outside, is 330 feet high.

"This extraordinary place had also been famous for its splendid paintings; but I did not see them, for they had lately been removed to the Royal Museum at Madrid. After spending a long time in inspecting all the various sights, I felt very tired; but on my return to Madrid the diligence was much crowded, and I was compelled to perch myself on the roof amidst the luggage, so that before reaching the end of my journey I was half baked, and thickly coated with dust.

"The next day I left Madrid. I had, on the whole, been pleased with the city: the pleasant gardens and walks had pleased me, and the beautiful fountains; although I could not help thinking that with so many fountains the Spaniards might keep their city cleaner. The streets are generally dirty; and the entrances to the city are often nearly blocked up with rubbish. 'Idle fellows!' I was going to say,

but then came the thought, 'How would you like to be called idle if you were a Spaniard?' I thought again that if I had been born a Spaniard, and had not been taught better, I might have been just as bad, so my conscience said to me, 'Don't think unkind thoughts!'

"As I sat in the diligence, I began to think of the city I was going to see. You have heard, dear children, of my visits to Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, and Madrid; what place do you think I was going to next? If you look at your map you will see that at the southern border of Spain is a place called Granada. This is an ancient Moorish city, and in the times of the Moors was the splendid capital of the province of Granada. How often I had thought of this city! I had tried to imagine to myself its renowned edifices in all their grandeur; and had pictured to my mind the magnificent *Alhambra*, which is even more celebrated than the *Escorial*; and which, I dare say, most of you have read and heard of.

"As I was thinking thus, we stopped to change horses at a town called *Aranjuez*; and here, to my surprise, I found a long, waving avenue of lofty elms and poplars, and fields of potatoes, which seemed to be as green and luxuriant as if they were growing in Ireland. These things were indeed refreshing to look upon, after passing so much barren soil; and what was more pleasing still, I found a real river, not a dry bed, like most of those we had crossed, but a deep and flowing stream.

"We continued our route southward, retracing the road I had

travelled from Seville, until we reached the Granada road—road at least by courtesy—for pathway there was none. For some time there was nothing to guide us across the open fields but the track cut by the wheels of the carriages.

"If you have been accustomed to the country, and have seen men ploughing in the fields, you would be surprised could you witness the primitive style of agriculture in Spain. Such antiquated implements!—the plough was little better than a crooked stick with a piece of iron fastened to it. This, instead of making good deep furrows in the ground, merely scratched a few inches below the surface; and, instead of making straight and even furrows, it turned to the right and to the left in waving lines, leaving large thistles and plants of broom to flourish with the next crop.

"We still proceeded in a southward direction during the night, and in the grey morning, as I peeped out through the damp mists, I saw in the distance the *Sierra Nevada*, or 'snowy mountain.' By this I knew that I was near the end of my journey, as I had often read that Granada is situated at the foot of this mountain."

W. Ah, we heard of the *Sierra Nevada* in our Physical Geography lessons, I think.

"The Mountain of the Sun next became visible, crowned by the red towers of the *Alhambra*, and ere long the drivers of our vehicle, with very loud shouts to their horses, and incessant crackings of their whips, had clattered through the narrow streets, and had set us down in the grand square of GRANADA."

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

GRANADA.

"THE *Alhambra*, dear children, is the great lion of GRANADA; it is the most magnificent of all the palaces of the Moorish kings. A strange but grand old place it seemed—perched on a hill; but I would not go to examine it, for I had promised a friend that I would not visit the wonders of the city until he arrived. I therefore contented myself with looking at the outside of the walls. Like the walls of the *Escorial*, they are plain, being formed of a red clay with pebbles; they prove the truth of the remark that the Arabs heap up their buildings without order, and regardless of their appearance; being only careful for the comfort of the inside. The *Alhambra* is surrounded by a strong wall flanked by square towers; the space it encloses is 2,500 feet in length, which you will perceive is actually much longer than that of the Crystal Palace. It will contain 40,000 men.

"I sat very long gazing on this building, indulging in dreamy reveries on the wondrous scenes, and the romantic incidents of chivalry which had happened here; of the so called 'glory' which has been won, and has all passed away.

"My friend arrived shortly after, sorely bruised and his head bleeding from a violent concussion against the roof of the diligence.

"Next morning, however, we commenced our round of sight-seeing by a visit to the *Alhambra*. We ascended a path through a dense wood, where branches of the trees were so interlaced, and so thickly covered with leaves, that the rays of the sun could not

penetrate them. Every now and then, we passed a spring, which, gushing down the mountain side, made music on our way. 'You seem,' I said to the guide, 'to have plenty of waterfalls in this "Mountain of the Sun." ' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and inside the *Alhambra*, there is a spring which is very cold indeed. Its waters are so pure, that they form an article of traffic: every morning men enter the city with mules, carrying the water in stone jars which are packed in rushes, and inviting the thirsty people to drink with cries of '*Agua fresca como la nieve*'* I do not know how much they sell it for.'

"We soon reached the entrance, which is called 'The gate of Justice,' and passing through its horse-shoe arch, and another porch, we reached the interior. On entering one of the spacious courts, I felt a strange sensation of awe and delight, as though I were magically transported into one of the fairy palaces described in the Arabian Nights. The walls were richly stuccoed with 'arabesques,' of such surprising workmanship, that the most skilful artists would find them difficult to imitate. The ceiling is of cedar wood, inlaid with ivory, silver, and mother of pearl. In one of the apartments of the court, I saw a stone drilled full of holes: in former times the most costly perfumes were burned underneath, while the smoke ascended through the floor. On walking through this indescribable place, we were not only amazed at the elegance and delicacy of the ornaments, but at their durability. How I wondered when I thought that for five hundred years these fountains had

Water cool as snow.

not ceased to play, and while the innumerable slender columns, and the fragile filagree work were still perfect, the bright blue, the carmine, and the dazzling gold seemed to be as fresh as they were at the first. The groves of roses, and orange trees, the immense cypresses, and venerable myrtles, also delighted us.

"I cannot now call to mind the order in which we saw the other fine places in Granada: the Alameda, the Bazaar, and the Cathedral, and many pleasant spots were visited. The Cathedral was a great favourite with me. I often went there, although not from the best of motives; I was lured thither by the glorious music of its choir and organ, but, unhappily, the sacred building was a public thoroughfare, and my enjoyment was often disturbed by the cries of the children and the fierce growls of quarrelsome dogs.

"During my journey I have been much interested in a work on the *Gypsies of Spain*, by a gentleman named *Borrow*, and, as Granada was the head-quarters of their tribe, I determined to learn more of their manners and ways. In the market-place, where horses are sold, I had often watched them exercising their shears on the hides of mules and donkeys, or proclaiming the virtues of some miserable hack which they warranted a perfect 'Pegasus.' I now visited their habitations outside the town, and I found that they burrowed in the hill side, in caves just as the lower animals would, while the little children ran about naked, looking, from their shape and colour, very much like tailless monkeys. I am sorry to say that my inquiries about them, only showed me that they had bad

habits of thieving and deceit, and were much less honest than their brethren in England.

"I wandered in the beautiful city of Granada for eleven days, and then prepared to depart. Renowned as this neighbourhood is now, it must have been still more famous in the times of the Moors, and before leaving, I cannot help giving you the description of it which has been written by Washington Irving:—

"The city of Granada lay, as it were, in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley that divides them, through which flows the river Douro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. Never was there an edifice built in a superior style of magnificence. The stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty in defiance of time. Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill; on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. The declivities of the two hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates; and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers.

"The glory of the city, however, was its vega or plain. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moors had diverted this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole plain. Indeed, they had wrought up this happy region to

a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, and pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry-trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasants' cottages, and the groves were rejoiced by the song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, the air, and sky of this delicious region, that *the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet to be in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada.*

"You may remember that I told you something of the conquest of Spain by the Moors. The kingdom of Granada was their last possession in Spain; and the same writer, Washington Irving, gives an affecting account of their last monarch, *Bobadil el Chico*, and shows how he and his nobles were at last conquered and turned out by the army of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Christian monarchs of Spain.

"As Bobadil gave up the last symbol of power, he left Granada, determined not to behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital.

"His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms

as they listened to the shouts of joy, and strains of music from the victorious army. At two leagues' distance, they ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. Here they paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which would soon be lost to sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the battlements of the Alhambra: while the beautiful Vega below glistered with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery told that the city was taken, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Bobadil, softened by misfortunes, could no longer contain itself. "Allah achbar! —(God is great!)" said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears.

"I did not wonder at Bobadil's tears, for on taking my seat in the diligence for Malaga, I could not help a feeling of regret.

"Never mind! let us say good-bye to Granada. I am afraid, dear children, that my long account must have so wearied you, that you will say good-bye with more pleasure than did

"Your affectionate friend,

"UNCLE RICHARD."

FIRM in resolve by sterling worth to gain
Love and respect, thou shalt not strive in vain.

THE skies, the air, the morning's breezy call,
Alike are free, and full of health to all.

SIR EGBERTON BRYDGES.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

"MY DEAR CHIEF DRUM,—

"Instead of going direct from Derbyshire to the capital of Nottingham, I found it more convenient to stop at *Worksop*, a very pleasant town.

"I can't make out, my good friend, what your county is famous for,' I said to an old man in *Worksop*. 'Famous for *beer*, sir,' was the reply—'always good malt-liquor here—good malt is made—good bread, too—ever since I can remember, and that's a long while, for I am *eighty-two* come next Michaelmas. Nottinghamshire has allus been noted for bread, and beer!'

"Is that all? I said.

"Well, the *canal*. Nottinghamshire canal is very good; but, now I think about it, the river; our river is a particularly fine one—the noble river *Trent* is the pride of this county; it crosses the county this way, sir,' he said, moving his arm, 'it crosses it all *askew*. You will see what I mean, sir, by looking at the map.'

"Yes,' I replied, 'I know what you mean, it crosses the country *obliquely*; it enters at the south-west, and flows into Lincolnshire at its north-east part.' 'We call it the *fourth* river in England, being the next largest after the Thames, the Severn, and the Humber. The valley of the Trent is the most pleasant part of our county—the only bad things about this river, that I know of, is that it sometimes overflows, and the floods are then very inconvenient.'

"This town, *Worksop*,' I said, 'is a very pleasant one.' 'Yes, sir, you see it is situated in a

valley, and is at the north of Sherwood Forest. In this forest, in ancient times, lived Robin Hood, and'—'Yes, thank you,' I replied, 'I know the history of Robin Hood very well.'

"This Sherwood Forest, sir, was once a noble place; indeed it is a fine place now, it extends all the way from here to Nottingham, the capital, which is nearly twenty-five miles off. If you ride to Nottingham from here you will find on the road that there is a town about half way, nearly in the middle of the forest—a very good place for ye to stop at and rest.

"*Worksop* is a pleasant place, too, sir; because of the number of country seats that there be all round about. Some of them—belonging to the noblemen—are very magnificent. In the parks belonging to these 'seats,' there are many old trees—most of them are the remains of Sherwood Forest. At the Duke of Portland's, sir, there is a very curious and ancient oak; it is about 700 years old; it is hollow, and the cavity is so large, that a carriage may be driven through it.'

"After remaining one day at *Worksop*, I set off through Sherwood Forest to Nottingham. When about half way between the two towns, I arrived at *Mansfield*. as the countryman at *Worksop* had told me I should do. I found that this town was famous for its trade in malt, and for its manufactures of hosiery and lace. There are many fine gentlemen's seats in this neighbourhood also; and in a village, about four miles from the town, is another famous oak; it is called the *parliament oak*, as there is a tradition that under it King Edward I. once held a parliament.

The town of Mansfield, in the Norman times, when the nobles and kings made hunting one of their amusements, was frequently a royal residence—perhaps I need hardly tell you why.”

W. No; I can tell—because it is in the middle of *Sherwood Forest*, where there were plenty of stags, perhaps.

“One of the neighbouring seats belonged a few years ago to a remarkable nobleman, called *Lord Byron*. This nobleman was one of the finest poets that England ever produced, but, unfortunately, he was not the best. He had received splendid talents from God, but he did not always use them for a good purpose. The seat which belonged to his family is called *Newstead Abbey*.

“On reaching Nottingham, the capital of the county, the first thing that struck me was the castle, situated on an eminence outside the town. It was at some distance from the part of the town at which I entered, but I could see that it was on a lofty rock, so I determined to have some talk about it with the first person I met.

“‘Do you belong to this town?’ I said to a gentleman, whom after tea I saw reading the newspaper. ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Can you tell me whether that building—you can see it from here—the building on a rock, is a castle? It does not look much like one.’

“‘No,’ was the reply, ‘and you can scarcely call it a *castle*. There stood, formerly, on that rock a fine old castle; but in the times when England was a republic, and Oliver Cromwell reigned, the castle was “dismantled;” and, when Cromwell was dead, and Charles II. was made king, the building which you see now was erected. I don’t

think that there were many castles in England stronger than our old castle was. It was almost impossible to take it. Old Nottingham Castle was founded by WILLIAM the Conqueror. It was besieged in the wars between King STEPHEN and Matilda. It was besieged again in the reign of Matilda’s son, HENRY II. It was besieged again in the reign of Henry II.’s son, RICHARD I., for here, Richard’s treacherous brother John fled for safety, when Richard returned from the Holy Land. Here King JOHN afterwards shut himself up, when he was afraid of his subjects. King EDWARD IV. was proclaimed king from our castle. King RICHARD III. marched from it to fight for his kingdom at Bosworth field. Here King CHARLES I. set up his standard, when he fought for his kingdom against the Parliament. OLIVER CROMWELL, the protector, was the last who had possession, and you have heard what he did to it.’

“‘There have, certainly,’ I replied, ‘been a great many *kings* at your castle. I will count up their names. William I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., John, Edward IV., Richard III., Charles I., and the protector, Oliver Cromwell.’

“‘That is because it was such a very strong place; it was very difficult to besiege on that *high rock*.’

“After examining the town for myself, I found that it was not situated on the river Trent, as I had supposed, but on the sloping bank of a smaller river called the *Lene*; some of the streets, therefore, are rather *steep*. It is an extremely ancient place; the Danes were besieged here by the Saxons, and they did not surrender until

they were starved out. The river Ene flows at the base of the rock on which the castle stands; and not far from this rock, on the west, are some of the caverns for which Nottingham is so famous. These holes in the rocks were perhaps formed naturally, but they seem to have been afterwards enlarged by man. Nothing certain is known about them; it is supposed that they were the residence of hermits; they are sometimes called *Papist holes*. The manufactures of Nottingham are bobbinet and lace, with hosiery. The Nottingham lace is, I believe, particularly famous in the present day. The manufacture has been much improved since the introduction of machinery worked by the steam-engine. The town is also famous for its good ale.

"While stopping in this city, I heard of another Nottinghamshire town called NEWARK. You may remember this town by the circumstance that the bad King John died here—it is said, of a broken heart. The church of this town is reckoned to be the finest parish church in the kingdom.

"Before finishing the history of this county, I might as well make mention of two more celebrated men connected with it. A poet, who was a much better man than Lord Byron, was born at Nottingham—his name was *Kirke White*. This poet died when young from over exertion in study. A long

time before Kirke White, in the reign of Henry VIII., another good man was born in this county:—his name was CRANMER. He became Archbishop of Canterbury, and was very earnest that the people of England should have the Bible, and should know the truth which Jesus Christ brought down from heaven, without any of the inventions of priests. He therefore became one of the fathers of the 'Reformation' in England; and he would not leave off teaching the people, until the cruel priests burned him alive. You will hear of Cranmer, also, in your History lessons one day.

"Nottingham was also the birthplace of a famous Admiral who lived after Cranmer's death. You will hear how, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he fought for the truth which Cranmer died for, and defeated the Spanish Armada, which had been fitted out for the purpose of conquering England, and rendering it a Catholic country;—his name was *Sir Martin Frobisher*.

"Nearly every county has, I dare say, produced some noted men. We will one day count up the celebrated men which have come forth from each county in England.

"The notes on Nottinghamshire you shall, dear children, receive in the next letter from

"Your sincere friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

DUTY by habit is to pleasure turned;
He is content who to obey has learned.

To thine own woes be not thy thoughts confined;
But go abroad and think of all mankind.

SIR EDGERTON BRIDGES.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

22nd Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

JUSTICE.

THE JUST JUDGE.

(From "Stories for Little Readers.")

A GENTLEMAN, who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a-year, in the eastern part of England, had also two sons. The eldest, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years his father died, when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a most dismal situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer; who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence are on your brother's side.

"But, however, I will undertake your cause on this condition: you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequences; and I venture with my eyes open." Accordingly, he entered an action

against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the young man, and stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best methods to gain his end. At last, he hit upon the happy thought, that he would consult the first judge of his age, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The judge, who was a great lover of justice, heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power.

The lawyer having taken leave, the judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horses, and sought out for a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object.

Accordingly, the judge shifted himself from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, away he marches to Chelmsford, and procured good lodging, suitable for the assizes, that should come on next day. When the trial came on, he walked, like an ignorant

country fellow, backwards and forwards, along the county hall. He had a thousand eyes within him, and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff.

As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?"

"Why," replied the plaintiff, "my cause is in a very precarious situation; and if I lose it, I am ruined for life."

"Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret, which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one jurymen through the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them.

The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty.

"What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?"

"I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candour, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?"

After a short time, taken in consideration, "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen

in;" and looking round the court—"My lord, there is that miller in the court; we will have him, if you please."

Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden Caroluses into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five.

He observed that they were all bribed, as well as himself, and said to his next neighbour, in a soft whisper, "How much have you got?"

"Ten pieces," said he.

But he concealed what he had got himself.

The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favour.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders; all plentifully bribed, as well as the judge.

The evidence deposed, that they were in the self-same country as the brother when he died, and that they saw him buried.

The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence; and everything went with a full tide in favour of the younger brother.

The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation. "And now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

They waited but a few minutes, before determining in favour of the younger brother.

The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed? and who shall speak for you?"

"We are all agreed, my lord," replied one; "our foreman shall speak for us."

"Hold, my lord," replied the miller; "we are not all agreed."

"Why?" said the judge, in a very surly manner. "What's the matter with you? what reasons have you for disagreeing?"

"I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller. "The first is—They have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses."

Upon this, the miller began a discourse which discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence, as astonished the judge and the whole court.

As he was going on with his

powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him.

"Where did you come from, and who are you?"

"I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller. "My name is Matthew Hale; and I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day. Therefore, come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on; began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favour of truth and justice.

THE DAISY.

WHAT hand but His who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could raise the daisy's purple bud,
Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within,
And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod;
That man, where'er he walks, may see
At every step the stamp of God?

MASON GOOD.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE CIVET TRIBE.

Ion. Please, mamma, to let me make a recapitulation. We are taking such a long time to travel through these *tribes* of flesh-eating animals, that I am afraid I shall forget. Now, then—

Sub-kingdom 1.	{ VERTEBRATED
	{ ANIMALS.
Class 1.	MAMMALS.
Order 1.	TWO-HANDED ANIMALS, (Mankind.)
Order 2.	FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS, (Monkeys, &c.)
Order 3.	WING-HANDED ANIMALS, (Bats.)
Order 4.	INSECT-EATING ANIMALS, (Mole, &c.)
Order 5.	FLESH-EATING ANIMALS, (Lion, &c.)
Tribe 1.	<i>Cat Tribe.</i>
	2. <i>Weasel Tribe.</i>
	3. <i>Dog Tribe.</i>
	and 4. —

What is *four*?

M. The CIVET TRIBE. If you look back at the picture, you will see a number of odd animals under the drawing of the Dog tribe. The first animal is the *Civet*; the one underneath it is the *Genet*; the two small animals with the eggs are called *Ichneumons*, while the larger one on the right-hand side is called the *Ilyæna*. For sometime, these animals were not arranged in a distinct tribe. The civet and the genet seemed very much to resemble the cat, and seemed fitted to be placed in the *Cat tribe*. The ichneumon, again, was more like an animal of the *Weasel tribe*,—while the hyæna might, perhaps, have been placed in the *Dog tribe*. How were the naturalists to know

whether they might be arranged into a separate tribe?

Ion. I can tell you, mamma; they must find out a *peculiarity* which they all have, and which none of the other flesh-eating animals have,—something which makes them *like each other*, and *different from the rest* of the mammals.

M. True. Then, on examining them more closely, which we cannot do, as we have only pictures to look at, it was found that, in most of them, the claws were not *quite* retractile, but, as you might say, “semi-retractile.” It was also found that each animal had a pouch filled with a strong-smelling fatty substance,—this substance in the civet, particularly, has a pleasant *musky* odour, and is used as a perfume; and, thirdly, it was found that in all of them the pupil of the eye remained quite round during the day. So that there are three points in which they are all alike.

I. I will repeat them, mamma. The animals of the *Civet tribe* may be distinguished by—

1. Semi-retractile claws;
2. Pouches, containing an odorous substance; and
3. Eyes with pupils which remain round during the day.

M. I will now give you a short description of each.

To find the *Civet*, you must travel to the north of Africa, where this animal lives in the hilly and desolate places. It exists by feeding on birds, reptiles, and small mammals, which it catches in the night. It is a very wild and savage animal, with great energy and activity, and is not easily tamed.

The *Genet* resembles the cat more than the civet does. It is

found not only in Africa, but on the European side of the Mediterranean Sea, in the South of France, Constantinople, &c. Its colour is something like that of the civet,—greyish, with black lines down the back, with white bands on the tail, and white on the head.

The *Ichnemon* is found in Egypt, and other parts of Africa; and in India it is better known than the two former animals, on account of its enmity to the crocodile. It is a beautiful little animal, very much like the ferret, as you may see in the picture; its feet, like those of the Weasel tribe, are semi-plantigrade. One of the old tales about this animal was, that it would enter the crocodile's mouth, and would destroy it by creeping down its throat; this, however, has been found to be a fable. It is very useful in destroying the eggs of the crocodile; the young crocodiles also form a considerable part of its food. Because of the service which it thus rendered, it was formerly worshipped by the Egyptians.

The *ichneumon* is a beautifully clean animal, and easily tamed; and in the farm-yards of the countries it inhabits, it is kept for the sake of destroying the rats, &c., although, like the weasel, it is not quite so particular as it should be in regard to the poultry. When living in the house it is very gentle and affectionate, and as familiar as the cat. It is then very amusing,—for, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, it makes itself acquainted with every corner of the premises, peeping curiously into boxes and vessels of all kinds, and watching all business that is going on, with a knowing look. It never attempts to wander away from the house after it has been tamed.

The *Hyæna* is another animal of this tribe; but it might almost be placed in the Dog tribe. It is noted for its thick, heavy, and solid skull. Its muzzle is rather short, while it has enormous muscles to support its lower jaw.

What does it require them for, mamma? I suppose it has some very hard work for its jaws.

M. Yes. Like the jackal, it is useful as a scavenger,—and for this purpose its other parts are adapted. When the lion has left any part of the carcase of an animal on the plain—even after the jackal and vulture have eaten up the leavings, the hyæna comes in for the bones. These he first cleans—licking off the small pieces of flesh which may remain with his tongue, which is covered with short, horny prickles (or “papillæ,” as they are called). He then takes the bones in his mouth, and he is enabled to crunch the very largest of them by means of his strong teeth and jaws; thus he extracts the marrow and nourishment they contain. Even after he has left the remains of the bones on the plain, they are again visited by swarms of flesh-flies, and other insects, which penetrate into the very corners, feeding, and laying their eggs. The young from these eggs soon consume any particles left in the corners of the bones, so that everything of an animal nature is consumed,—nothing remains of the carcase; only the mineral, or earthy, part of the bones is left. This, you may remember, is principally lime, which helps to form fresh earth, and grow fresh herbage.

W. For a fresh animal.

M. True. You will soon find that, through all the works of nature, a complete system of sca-

vengering is carried on, and thus everything is kept clean and beautiful; while, on the other hand, everything is turned to good account.

Ion. But I should think that it must make the hyæna's head ache to crack great marrow-bones,—only, I forgot, he has such a thick solid skull.

M. It would, perhaps, ache more on that account. The jaws and neck would ache most; but we find again that he has great strength given him in the neck; the *vertebræ* of the neck, instead of being separate, as in other parts of the spine, are united together in one solid piece, so as to resist the most violent strains. Not only the head and neck, but the shoulders and chest of this animal are very powerful. The hind quarters, however, are small; while his hind legs, too, are very weak. His hind legs seem as though they hardly belonged to him, for they do not follow the fore limbs easily, but shuffle after them as though they were *dragged* along. Indeed, the whole strength of the animal seems to be thrown up into the shoulders, neck, and fore-limbs.

There are two kinds of hyænas, —the spotted hyæna, and the striped hyæna. They are found both in Asia and Africa. Their habits are worth noticing. With such a skull, jaws, teeth, tongue, and neck, the hyæna is well fitted for his office. He is “a foul-feeding” creature; with a strong taste for horrible carrion.

In the ghastly battle-field they are useful—when barbarous men have fought and savagely killed each other; then, in the night, the hyænas come down in troops, and gorge themselves on the carcases. By thus clearing away the bodies of men and of beasts, they prevent

the atmosphere from being infected with pestilence. Like the jackals, the bodies of the newly-buried dead are not safe from their depredations. They do not eat carrion and dead bodies only, but they sometimes commit wholesale slaughter amongst the horses, sheep, and cattle. They do not attack man *openly*; but when in their nightly prowls they find men, women, or children, asleep, they make them their victims.

They are great cowards to attack man in his sleep. The spotted hyæna, in particular, is a nuisance and a terror in the sheep-fold. He is so anxious for animals to flee before him, that he is said to make all manner of grimaces and threatening looks before attacking a sheep, to induce it run before him,—for it is only by the flight of the animal that he gains the courage of which he is naturally destitute. Thus he is sometimes afraid to attack a sickly animal, for, being unable to run, it is most likely to turn round and face him.

In the daytime they haunt dens and caves, gloomy rocks, ruins of towns, and ancient burying-places, where, amongst the sepulchral monuments of antiquity, they rear their brood until night-fall. They then come out again, showing their glaring eyes and threatening teeth, and warning the traveller to make haste home.

Many more strange anecdotes have been told about this animal, which you may read in natural history books. There are other animals belonging to this tribe; but you have now heard of the principal ones.

L. Then I will count them up. The Civet tribe contains—The Civet, the Genet, the Ichneumon, and the Hyæna.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

RICHARD I.

P. We showed last week that Richard had not the highest kind of courage.

W. Yes, you said that his spirit was soon wounded by evil treatment, and *sunk* under it. That is, when he was hated by an enemy such treatment made hatred to rise within him. His spirit could not keep down the bad feeling, so it sunk into a state of anger.

P. What, Ion, did you say about Richard's courage?

Ion. I said that he felt himself to be so strong and brave that he had *no fear* of being hurt.

P. And this is the courage which his mind should have had. He should have felt that his spirit was so strong that he could face insults and malice bravely, without *fear* of being vexed, or wounded. It requires much more bravery to do this than to face swords and guns without fear. But there is more than this. Richard was called brave, not only because he resisted his enemies—

L. But he conquered them. He rushed on them, and overpowered them. When he did that, he stopped them, so that they could not *try* to injure him again.

P. Richard knew only one way to do this. Let us talk of a more courageous way. If an enemy show you hatred, to wound your spirit, put down, quickly, any bad feelings that may be rising within you. Stop them! and pour upon him kind words, so that he cannot possibly hate you any longer. *Overpower* him with kindness, so that he must stop. Then you will be doing what the Prince

of Peace, the greatest warrior and Prince that ever lived, has commanded.

Ion. What is that, papa?

P. To *do good* to them that hate you, and to bless them that curse you—to overcome evil with good.

This, dear Ion, is the highest courage. I shall often talk to you about this courage, so that, when your are at home, or in the school, or in the playground, you may remember—the highest courage is in *bearing* injuries, not in giving them.

I should like, dear Ion, for you to grow up a more courageous man than King Richard. The first step is, to conquer the bad feelings that may arise within you, when you are injured; and when you have learned this, you will have strength to conquer the bad feelings of others, for God has said, "HE THAT RULETH HIS SPIRIT IS BETTER THAN HE THAT TAKETH A CITY."

We may learn from Richard a lesson which we have learned from some of the kings before him—it is worth repeating—*How much do all children owe to their mothers!* If, when Richard had been a boy, he had had a kind mother like that of *Alfred the Great*, he might have learned to fear God. Then, what might he not have done with his bold determined spirit! Instead of being feared, and hated for cruelty and avarice, he would have determined that all that was true, and right, and honest, should prosper in his kingdom—he might have been a blessing to the English nation. How much might Eleanor have done for him; and how much trouble might have been spared to all the world, if she had only taught him better!

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

JOHN.

P. Before beginning John's history, let us make the "lesson" on Richard, and learn it.

LESSON 16. RICHARD I.

Began to reign 1189

Died 1199

1. RICHARD I., at the death of his father Henry, was the eldest son living, and he therefore succeeded to the crown. He showed great remorse for his father's bad conduct, and dismissed all who had been his companions in his evil course.

2. Richard was more distinguished as a warrior than as a king. His love of adventure and war, and his religious enthusiasm, induced him to leave his kingdom, and to set out to recover Jerusalem from the Saracens. Accompanied by Philip, King of France, he marched at the head of 100,000 men to Palestine, where, by his extraordinary determination and bravery, he won many battles, took many cities, and defeated the great Saracen leader SALADIN. On account of his prodigious strength, his fearlessness, and wonderful courage, he was called RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, or, Richard with the Lion's heart.

3. The victories of Richard did not, however, lead to the recovery of Jerusalem, for his army was so weakened that he was obliged to make a truce with Saladin. On his way home, he was taken prisoner by his enemy the Duke of Austria, and was confined for fifteen months, when his subjects released him by paying the enormous sum of 150,000 marks as a ransom.

4. Richard then returned to his country, after an absence of four years, and was welcomed by his poor

subjects with unbounded joy and acclamations. The remainder of his reign was spent in his favourite pursuit, war; and four years after his return he was killed by an arrow, when besieging a castle in France—A.D. 1189.

P. As soon as Richard I. was dead, his brother John, who, you may remember, was the youngest son of Henry II., determined to possess the crown. He was obliged to be very careful, for if you had asked the English people whether they would like to have John for their king, they would nearly all have answered "No!"—and if you had asked them why, they would have given you plenty of reasons. They would have said, first, "He is neither honest nor brave;" they would have told you, too, that he had behaved treacherously to his brother Richard while he was in the Holy Land, having tried to seize the crown; and that he had then governed very badly; and some would have added, "finally, he has no right to be king, for the son of his brother Geoffrey is the proper heir to the crown;" so, thousands of people were ready to declare, "We won't have him!"

But John had determined that he would be king; and being a sly man, he knew how to carry out his intention. It mattered very little to him that the crown belonged to Arthur. Poor man!—he seldom stopped to listen to his conscience; his only thoughts were, "How can I get what I want?" not, "How shall I do what is right?"

L. But how did he get the crown, papa?

P. Partly by the help of money, which, unfortunately, can be made to help bad as well as good people.

He was on the continent when his brother died, and he took care first to possess himself of *Normandy*, and all the large territories there. He seized the castle of Chinon, where the king's treasure was, and in time, by the help of soldiers whom he paid with this money, he gained possession of part of the country. Several of the provinces, however, united against him, declaring that they would only submit to Prince Arthur, their just and lawful king. The barons and people of Brittany were very active, as this province, in particular, belonged to Arthur, and could not justly be claimed by any one else.

To gain his end in England, John procured the assistance of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop, before John arrived in England, held a council of the bishops and barons, at which, by promises and secret gifts, he persuaded them to swear obedience to John.

John, soon after, reached this country, when he *boldly* claimed the crown, and a great public meeting was held, in which the archbishop advocated his right to succeed his brother. The archbishop said that the crown was not *hereditary*, which means descending from the king to his heir; but *elective*, that is to say, the crown was always to belong to whomsoever the people might choose. This was an important difference. To allow that kings were to be *chosen*, was to alter the plan which had been observed hitherto, for the crown had always been considered "hereditary;" but the archbishop kept to his point, he declared again and again that no king had any right to say who should be king after his death, and that no one could succeed to the crown unless he

were chosen to be king by the whole body of the nation. He then said that, at the council of bishops and barons, John *had been* elected; so the people soon after consented that John should be crowned, and in spite of their dislike to him, they hailed him with the cry of "Long live King John!"

Oh, it was an unhappy day for the people when they consented to such a choice! John, alas! was the worst king that ever sat on the English throne. It was very unpleasant work to tell of his cruelty and cowardice, his *passion*, and all his dreadful vices. We will say as little about them as possible.

You may remember the list I gave you of the possessions of Henry II., in Europe.* You will see that such territories were very extensive; and being inhabited by such different people, they could not be very easy to govern. John found that, before he could be king over all, he must gain his kingdom with the sword. He accordingly entered into war with the men of Brittany, and the King of France, who was helping them. Philip knew very well the difference between the warlike Richard and John, and secretly determined to take from England all Normandy and other possessions; and in this design, after a war of about five years, he was entirely successful.

At the beginning of these wars, John was acknowledged as king by the Normans, and others, more readily than he had expected; he even caused some of those who had rebelled, to submit. It happened, however, that he gained admission by treachery into a town in which his nephew Arthur

was living ; and, in the night, Althur was taken in bed, and many nobles of Brittany also. The savage John used his power for the basest vengeance, loading the nobles with irons, tying them together in carts, placing them in dungeons, and even, it is said, causing twenty-two noblemen to be starved to death in Corfe Castle.

"The most dismal part of the story has yet to come. John now determined to rid himself of all fears from his nephew Arthur, by *murdering* him! It is said that being at first afraid to kill him, he ordered the keeper of his dungeon to put out his eyes with red-hot iron; but the keeper was so moved by Arthur's entreaties to spare him, that he could not execute the king's orders. It is supposed that, finding no one whom he could trust to do the wicked deed for him, John stabbed him with his own hand, and threw his body into the Seine, A.D. 1203.

"In time, the dreadful news became known ; at first, people dared not suspect the truth. They could not believe the rumours which went abroad, but as soon as they were found to be correct, a universal cry of horror and indignation arose. John became the object of the blackest hatred, and schemes of revenge and punishment filled the minds of all. The Bretons (or people of Brittany) were loudest of all in their curses upon him. Their anger amounted to frenzy—

they were mad with despair. Arthur was their own beloved prince, who had been born and brought up amongst them, and they had looked upon him with hope as their future king—as one who should make Brittany an independent kingdom, free from the power of England or of France. And now were all their hopes destroyed, whilst their nobles had been disgraced! Disgust, horror, shame, wrath, and contempt for the cruel and cowardly king, all worked together to raise a fearful storm, and an almost general insurrection took place. John was immediately summoned to a trial before his peers, as a vassal of the French king; and refusing to appear, city after city refused to obey him. The Bretons and the French together soon compelled the other provinces to desert him. John had not the courage to resist—he dared not make one attempt in his own defence, but fled in disgrace to England.

Thus were Normandy and the other foreign provinces lost for ever to the crown of England. Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, Maine, Tourraine, and Poictou, and all that formed the great empire of his father, Henry II., returned to the dominion of France. Even the duchy of Normandy, after having been separated from France for nearly three hundred years, now became a part of the French kingdom, and has been to this day.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,

"Before writing my account of Lincolnshire, I send you the notes on Nottinghamshire to learn.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

(Etymology.) Nottinghamshire is so called from the Saxon word *Sno-dengaham*, which means, "The house of caverns."

(Shape.) The shape of Nottinghamshire resembles that of an egg.

(Position.) It is a midland county, being bounded on the north by Yorkshire, on the south by Leicestershire, on the east by Lincolnshire, and on the west by Derbyshire.

(Soil.) Being sheltered from the west wind by the hills in Derbyshire, and from the east wind by the hills of Lincolnshire, the climate of the county is very mild and salubrious, so as to render the soil fertile. On account of its pleasant situation, we find that a great number of noblemen and gentlemen have chosen it as a place for their country seats.

The county was once covered with forests; the part now remaining is called *SHERWOOD FOREST*, and was formerly the hiding-place of the outlaw *Robin Hood*, and his friends.

(Rivers.) The principal river is the *Trent*, which crosses the county obliquely. It is a fine river, being the fourth river in England; but is rather inconvenient, as it frequently overflows its banks.

(Capital.) The capital is *NOTTINGHAM*, situated on a tributary of the *Trent*, called the *LENE*. It is famous for its castle, its manufactures of lace and hosiery, and its ale.

The other towns of note are *MANSFIELD*, *NEWARK*, and *WORKSOP*.

The most celebrated men connected

with this county were—*Archbishop Crammer*, *Kirke White*, *Lord Byron*, and *Sir Martin Frobisher*.

"Dear me!" I said to the coachman, as he was driving me through Lincolnshire, 'what a marshy place this is—how very flat! And, look yonder! what is that great patch of white on the ground in the far distance? Is it snow? No, it cannot be, it is moving.'

"No, sir; they are white geese. I dare say you have heard how Lincolnshire is famous for its geese. These geese are kept principally for the sake of their quills and their feathers. I've heard, sir, that the peasants used at one time to let the geese lodge in their houses, even up in their bed-rooms; they used to have large pens, made of basket work, and placed one above another against the walls of their rooms. They pluck the feathers from the geese four or five times in the year.'

"Is not that cruel work?" I said.

"No, sir, I believe not. They wait till the feathers are nearly ripe and ready to fall off (like ripe fruit, when it nearly falls off the tree), and then they may be plucked easily. If they are pulled out before then, the poor animals bleed and feel pain. If the feathers are plucked while the birds are alive, they are more valuable than when they are dead; but I believe, sir, that the feathers of each goose do not yield much more than 3d. a-year.

"You see how marshy this part is and suitable for geese. Just look at this piece of ground which we are passing now; it looks very bright and green, but it is boggy and spongy; and, every now and then, you see little pools, like that

one yonder, half filled with rushes and flags.'

"'And *frogs*, I suppose?"

"'I dare say, sir, and a number of small fish, sticklebacks in particular. Immense shoals of sticklebacks sometimes come up the river *Witham*; and, indeed the sticklebacks in these parts are so plentiful that they are often sold at a half-penny per bushel—cart-loads of them are taken away, and are used as manure.'

"'That,' I said, 'reminds me of something—I once had a goose which was sent me as a present from Lincolnshire, but I could not eat it, its flesh had such a *fishy* taste. Do the geese eat these sticklebacks?'

"'No doubt they do, sir.'

"'Then that is the reason why the goose had a fishy taste: it is far better to keep the birds alive for the sake of their quills and feathers. This part of the country seems to be very flat, and very wide.'

"'Yes, sir, we call it "the Lincolnshire flats." Sometimes we call it "the fens," or the "marshes." Some parts which are well drained form famous pasture land, and very fine oxen indeed are reared on them. Cattle and sheep are often brought here from other parts to be grazed.

"'The *horses* of Lincolnshire are very famous, particularly for their size and strength. I have often bought a fine horse at *Horncastle*, which, you may know, is a Lincolnshire town. *Horncastle* fair is very noted. Numbers of the London horse-dealers meet there, and buy hunters and carriage horses at very high prices. The horses which are bred on the *fens* (or marshy places), are apt, from the softness of the ground, to have

feet which are too broad and flat; they are more useful for farming than to run on the hard roads. Not only horses, oxen, and geese are found on these fens, but numbers of wild fowl.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I have a little book in my pocket with an account of the manner of catching them: I will read it to you—

"The number of water-fowl, particularly the duck, mallard, teal, and widgeon, which were formerly taken in these fens, was prodigious. There are still great numbers taken by means of decoys, which are very large ponds dug in the fens with four or five creeks running from them to a great length, and each growing gradually narrower till it comes to a point. The banks are well planted with willows, sallows, osiers, and the like kind of underwood. Into these ponds the fowls are enticed by ducks bred up tame for the purpose. The boughs are arranged with such art that a large net is spread near the top of the trees, and fastened to hoops, which reach from side to side, though the passage is so wide and lofty that the fowls do not perceive the net above them. In the meantime, the decoy-man going forward behind the reeds, throws corn into the water, which the decoy-birds greedily devour and encourage their visitors, till by degrees they all get under the sweep of the net, which grows imperceptibly narrower till it ends in a point like a purse, perhaps two or three hundred yards from the entrance. When the decoy-man perceives that they are all within the net, a dog who is perfectly taught his business, rushes from behind the reeds into the water, swimming directly after the fowl, and barking at them. Immediately they take wing, but, being beat down by the nets, they naturally swim forward to avoid the dog, till they are at length hurried into the purse, where they fall a prey to the decoy-man, who there waits to receive them. All this

is done with so little disturbance, that the wild ducks left in the great pond take no notice of it, so that a single decoy-man having seized all the fowl in one of these creeks or canals, goes round to the others to execute the same business, always taking care to distinguish the decoy-ducks, and set them at liberty. By these means incredible numbers of wild fowl are taken every week during the season, most of which are sent up to London. Ten decoys, it is said, during one winter furnished the enormous number of 30,000 birds.

"I believe," replied the coachman, "that the account is correct. You have, I see, sir, a map as well as a book. If you will open it I will explain to you this part of Lincolnshire. You see at the south a river called the *Welland*. Well, sir, all the way from the Welland up to the river Humber, except just in one place, the coast is low and marshy, scarcely higher than the sea; indeed, sir, in some parts it is *lower* than the sea, so that it has to be protected by a *sea-wall*, or bank. If it were not for that, the sea would overflow the land.

"Lincolnshire, sir, is divided into three parts. *Lindsey*, which is all that large tract at the mouth of the river Witham; *Kesteven*, which is the south-western part; and *Holland*, which is the south-eastern part."

"Holland," I said, "is the name of a whole country?"

"Yes, sir; and the South of Lincolnshire has the same name as that country, because it is so much like it."

"The name," I said, "is derived from the Saxon word "*Hol*," which means a *hole* or *hollow*."

"And that, sir, is a very proper name, for both places are hollow, and as low as the sea. It is supposed

that nearly all the district called Holland was once covered with water, but it was reclaimed from the sea by frequent embankments, made in the times of the Romans. But the climate, sir, in these low marshy parts, is still very unhealthy; there is scarcely such a thing as a spring of pure water in all the fens! and only bad brackish water can be procured from the wells and ponds. Unwholesome vapours thus arise, so that the people are subject to ague, and "intermittent" fevers.

"I might as well also tell you, sir, that not only is Lincoln very flat, but the neighbouring counties, Huntingdon, Northampton, Cambridge, Norfolk, and Suffolk. These form a great extent of land, called the *BEDFORD LEVEL*. It is called the Bedford Level because the Dukes of Bedford have given so much attention to draining it. Enormous sums have been spent at different times in cutting canals and drains, and in forcing-pumps to carry off the water. On one occasion no less than £300,000 was spent. There are some pumps in the distance! which are being worked by windmills—most of them are now worked by steam."

"Thank you," I said; "I shall not easily forget the flats and fens of Lincolnshire." As we passed through the open country, I observed another circumstance which we will mention under the head "Surface;" it was, that there were many churches, with tall spires, some of which were very beautiful.

"On reaching my next resting-place, I discovered the "etymology" of Lincoln. It was so called from its Latin name *Lindum*, and the Latin word *Colonia*, a colony; the

long name, Lindum-colonia, was in time changed to *Lincoln*.

"The boundaries of Lincoln I also noticed.

"The *shape* also; and, lastly, the *size* of the county.

"It then occurred to me, 'Well, I have heard of so many new things that I am afraid of forgetting some of them.' As I cannot finish my notes to-day, I will just arrange the different facts in their proper order."

1. (*Shape*.) Long; rather oval.

2. (*Size*.) Second county; the largest except Yorkshire.

3. (*Etymology*.) Named from the two Latin words, Lindum and Colonia.

4. (*Boundaries*.) North, Yorkshire; east, North Sea; west, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, and Rutland; south, Northamptonshire and Cambridgeshire.

5. (*Soil*.) Flats and fens. Geese, sticklebacks, oxen, sheep, horses, wild ducks, &c. Holland; drainage, pumps, canals, drains, embankments, &c.; impure vapours; fevers, ague.

6. (*Surface*.) Beautiful churches; three divisions.

SPRING.

Oh, welcome the Spring in its early pride,
As it hurls its prison-band;
As it lavishly scatters its beauties around,
And gilds the weary land.

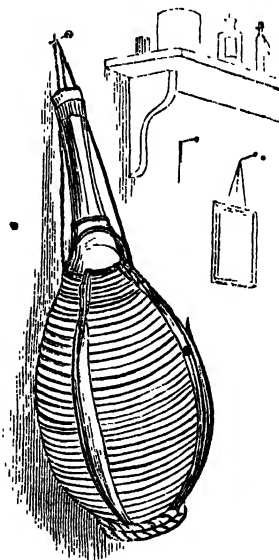
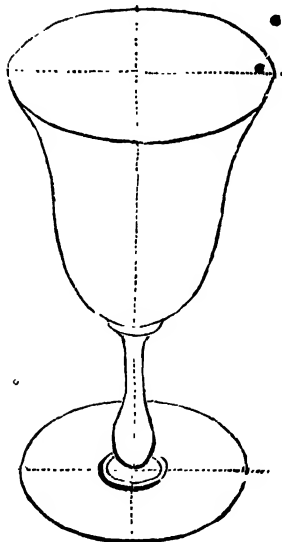
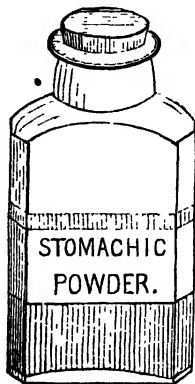
I love to roam where the spring flowers peep,
And rear their lovely heads;
Where they rise as if from their winter's sleep
In the folds of an icy bed.

I could linger long where the violets blow,
And richest fragrance yield;
Where the primrose blooms with a pallid hue,
And decks the verdant field.

The frisking lambs, in their playful mood,
Perform a thousand feats;
The murmuring bee now sallies forth
To cull the vernal sweets.

The blackbird sits on a fragile spray,
And plumes his jetty wing,
As he blithely warbles a cheerful lay—
A herald-note of spring.

And the merry brook pours its waters forth,
And the bursting buds are free.
Lo! they all proclaim, with vocal mirth,
The fresh-wrought mystery.





PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM

23rd Week.

MONDAY.

Natural History.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE BEAR TRIBE.

Ion. Get your bonnet, Lucy. We are going to the Zoological Gardens to see the bears.

L. I am very glad of that.

W. Here, Lucy, dear, is the white bear. Mamma, why have you brought us to see this shaggy fellow first?

M. Because we are now going to learn about the Bear tribe.

Ion. What a quiet sleepy beast he is? See how lazily he gets out of the water! Please, mamma, to let him give us his own history, as the dog did, if he is not too tired and sleepy. You see he need not have the trouble of speaking, you would do all that for him—he will merely put the thoughts in your head.

M. Well, you may ask him.

Ion. Mr. Bear, are you in a good temper this fine day? We would thank you to give us some AUTOBIOGRAPHY—that is, if your style is not too heavy. Do you ever grumble in this hot country?

W. (In a whisper.) Don't mention that subject, Ion; I have often heard the expression, "as surly as a bear"—"he grumbles like a bear." Let us hear what he will say!

White Bear. It's yaw-aw-aw-a-a-a-a-aw.

W. Yes.

L. See, he is stretching himself!

W. B. It's yaw-aw-aw—

W. So it is!

W. B. It's a-va-a-ry—warm—dayya-a-a-w!

W. Yes, but—

M. Don't interrupt him! Hear what he will say.

W. B. Yaw-aw-aw-w—

L. I really don't think he is going to say anything else. Yes, he is stretching again!

W. B. Did—you—make—?

W. Yes, of course, we did. We made the remark that we should like to hear your history.

W. B. Ya-a-a-se I—se-c—par—tece—l-a-a-a-r—ob—

Ion. Objection, you were going to say—nor more have we. The only thing we object to is the waiting for you to begin—we are losing our time and patience.

W. B. Did you ever see an iceberg?

Ion. No. Did you?

W. B. If you could only see an iceberg, you might look up, and look up again, and you might be looking up higher and higher still, for half a day—thou would'st never see the top!

W. It must be very tall. But what is an iceberg—where is it to be found?

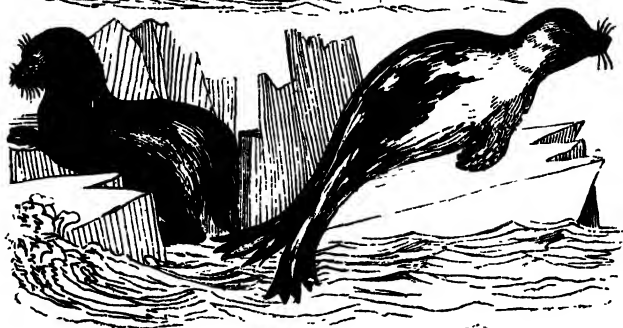
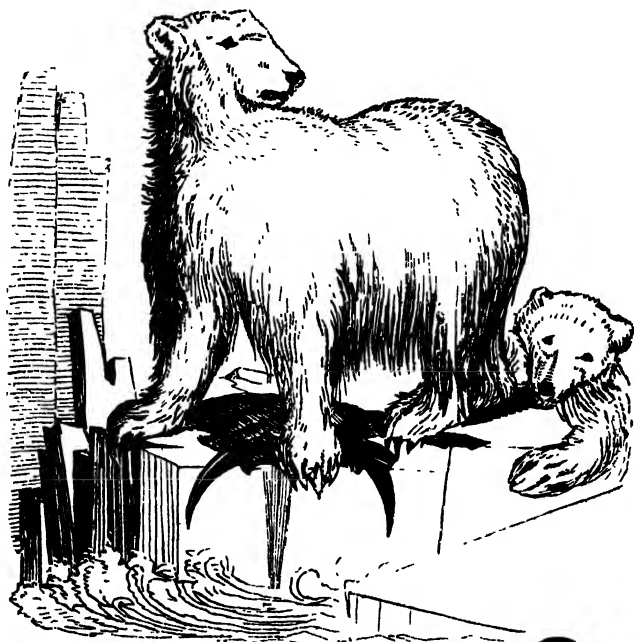
W. B. Thou should'st go beyond the *seventieth degree*—far, far, beyond. Beyond Sweden and Norway; beyond Nova Zembla—up to SPITZBERGEN. Aye, farther still! up, up to the regions around the North Pole—

W. "Polar Regions," we call them.

W. B. Yes. There is a dreary

MAMMALS.—ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE BEAR TRIBE—THE SEAL TRIBE.



F. WHIMPER SC.

place, where the ground is ice, and the mountains are ice—those are the mountains we call *icebergs*! They are often broad flat masses of ice, very much larger than all the Zoological Gardens! Zoological Gardens—Bah! Ah, how hard it is to live in this warm country and bathe in water with the chill off! Ah! let me return to the North Pole!

Ion. What is there worth seeing there?

W. B. There are the great northern lights, the rosy *Aurora Borealis*!—there shine very brilliant stars! Up there, it is a solemn and retired place, when the pale moon shines on the ice—and her bright beams of silver dance on the waves of the restless sea! When I was a young bear, and loved to roam, I would climb from rock to rock, and up steep icebergs to some very open place, there I would listen to the roaring of the waves, and the creaking of the ice, and the flapping of the wings of the cold north wind.

L. And what did you see?

W. B. Sometimes a quiet whale. Enormous Greenland whales would quietly swim about, enjoying the silence and peace.

Ion. But suppose that you felt hungry!

W. B. Why, if I felt hungry, I would go to the edge of the water; there I would wait at the large holes in the ice, for I know that the seals came to such holes to get fresh air,—these animals I would catch; or I would dive in after the fish. Sometimes I would climb the high rocks, and begin sniffing the wind to discover the smell of *hot Walrus*. I once went out to try and find food; and on I travelled for fifteen miles, when I found some smoking Wal-

rus which some sailors had cooked and had left on the ice. I had smelt it all that way off.

I was often very hungry, and then I would even fight the *Walrus* himself. Whenever I could kill him I ate him, all but his skin and tusks. The carcase of a dead whale I would sometimes find on the water, or carcase of some animal from the land; sea-birds, also, and their eggs I would eat; while, if I reached the land, and were hungry, I would even eat roots and fruits; sea-weed also I have eaten. But, one day when I had smelt some delicious and rich-smelling walrus, and found it ready cooked, I was just going to enjoy a dainty meal, when some sailors with guns and spears—ah! you know the rest; I was soon bound and taken on board ship—and here I am in the *Zoological Gardens*! Zoo-o-logical Gardens! Bah! its very hot—(*plunge*).

L. There! he has gone into the water to cool himself—perhaps when he comes out he will finish his story.

Ion. We should like, sir, if you are cool enough, to hear the rest of your story. You are aware that you are one of the *bear tribe*, belonging to the order of “flesh-eating animals.” We should be glad to know how you differ from the other tribes, so as to be called

A BEAR.

W. B. Well, you must know that I am rather “*Pestalozzian*” in my way. I wish you to use your reasoning powers as well as your perceptive faculties.

W. Oh!

W. B. So you may not only notice what *parts* I have different from the other tribes, but now that you know my habits, you may see *why* I have such parts. What

do you notice about me particularly?

W. That you are a rough-looking fellow, with long shaggy hair. I wonder why *your* hair is white, while other bears have brown hair?

W. B. Ah! there is something in that. Why is your mamma wearing a white dress now? Why does that gentleman who is looking through the railing wear a white hat in this warm weather?

L. Because it is cooler.

W. B. That is it, miss! *White* is not a good conductor of heat (ask your mamma what that means), so the heat from the sun will not pass through your mamma's white gown, or that gentleman's white waistcoat, or his white hat, so easily as it would if these things were all black.

Ion. Then, why do *you* wear a white coat up at the North Pole? You don't want to be kept cool up there.

W. B. No; I want to be kept warm! If my blood were not warm it would not circulate; but the fact is, that at the North Pole there is scarcely ever any warmth from the sun to reach anybody; the warmth is *in* my body, not outside it.

L. Ah! I see, that is a famous plan! Of course your body is warmer than the air, and you want the white coat to keep the warmth in your body, just as we have white clothes to keep it out.

Ion. And, just as the white things keep my milk-and-water warm longer than black ones would—papa told me so once. And just as a white tea-pot will keep the tea warm longer than a black tea-pot would.

W. B. Very true; and now notice my hair,—just feel it!

Ion. You won't bite?

Bear. No!

Ion. Here, *you* feel, Willie! I'm afraid.

W. Yes. His hair is very coarse and wiry; I've read that; I know without feeling.

W. B. And something else,—feel!

W. Yes—greasy. Do you use bear's-grease, then?

W. B. Never mind. Why is it greasy, think you?

L. To keep out the water when you are swimming. The feathers of the water-fowl, and the fur of the beaver, are greasy for the same purpose.

W. B. Very good. Now, look at my paw. Here it is.

Ion. Mind, Lucy; you can see from here without touching him. Look at the *twinkling* in his eye.

L. Yes; I notice your great *nails*, and the soles of your feet are very flat.

W. Look at the long hairs,—they are even under his feet; how rough his soles must be!

W. B. Well, sir, have you never heard of horses being rough-shod in slippery weather?

W. Then those hairs, I suppose, keep you from slipping on the ice.

W. B. You may now notice the parts which distinguish me as a bear—not as a *Polar* bear—simply as a BEAR.

W. Yes. Then, 1st, all bears have rather flat feet, and are called *plantigrade*; thus you can walk on your hind legs without difficulty.

W. B. So we can; and can dance. You have heard of dancing bears, no doubt. Anything else?

L. Yes. 2ndly, you have *sharp nails* at the ends of your feet, which are fitted for attacking other animals (at least, I thought so just now), and for digging, perhaps.

W. B. True; and for climbing

up icebergs they are very useful. Look, too, at my friends, the *brown bears*, in the other part of the gardens. How *they* climb! there they go—up the pole! Anything else?

Ion. Yes. Bears may be known, 3rdly, by their *ponderous bodies*, and massive limbs. 4thly, by their awkward movements. I will count up your distinctions;—plantigrade feet, sharp nails, ponderous bodies, &c., awkward movements, and shaggy hair.

M. Lastly, I must add something which our friend has omitted. Of all the flesh-eating animals, the bears are the most *omnivorous*; that is, they will eat all sorts of food,—one kind, the black bear, lives almost entirely on vegetables. Thus, although they have four great *canine* teeth for killing their prey, as all flesh-eating animals have, yet their *grinding* teeth differ: the grinding teeth of those which eat vegetables are not nearly so sharp as in those which eat flesh only; so you may add, lastly—

W. I will add it,—“varied diet, and teeth.”

M. If our friend the bear has no objection, I will give you one or two particulars which have not been mentioned. I know a gentleman who has lived in Siberia, and has seen some of the brown and black bears. These animals are found in the northern parts of Asia, America, and Europe—in

Norway and Sweden. This gentleman told me that, in the winter, they shut themselves up in their caves, which are in the rocks, mountains, and caverns, or in the depths of the forests. Here, as they cannot get food, they sleep for some months. Like the hedgehogs, they go to sleep very fat, and awake looking very thin. Then they have a bony, grim, and hungry appearance, looking out of their unfriendly eye in an eager manner, which shows them to be very dangerous neighbours.

W. B. You may say the same thing of me, except that I never get the chance of eating *honey*, as they do.

M. Yes; that reminds me that the bears, like our friend the fox, are very fond of the wild honey, which they find on the trees; and, as they can always climb trees, they are famous for their cunning and skill in procuring it. I found in the Penny Cyclopædia an extract from a book called “*The Tour in the Prairies*,” which I presume relates to the American bears. You shall hear it:—

“The bears is the knowingest varmint for finding out a *bee* tree in the world. They gnaws for a day together at the trunk, till they makes a hole big enough to get in their paws, and they’ll haul out honey, bees, and all.”

W. If the gentleman who wrotoed them words would just go to school again—he might learn *grammars*.

SELF-LOVE but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The centre moved, the circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race!

POPE.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

JOHN.

P. You learned in our last lesson that John, by his bad conduct, lost his possessions in Normandy. This foolish king next engaged in a quarrel with the Pope, which happened in this way. The Archbishop of Canterbury died, and when another Archbishop was to be chosen, the Augustine Monks and the Bishops of England could not agree in their choice. John, seeing that there was a quarrel, thought that he would take a part in it; and, being on the side of the Bishops, he elected the Bishop of Norwich. The Monks, however, declared that they and their Bishops had been accustomed to manage their affairs, and that no king had any right to interfere with such matters. The Pope, they said, was the proper person to settle the question; and accordingly they appealed to him.

When the message of the Monks reached Rome, the Pope said that both of the parties chosen in England were to be put aside; and that *Cardinal Stephen Langton* should be made Archbishop instead. This decision John would not agree to, saying that the Pope had no power to decide the question. The Pope declared that he only had the power to decide—while John, in return, to show his power, turned the Monks of Canterbury out of their cloisters, seized all their goods, and at last drove them out of the kingdom.

Thus began a terrible quarrel—a quarrel between England's basest king, and one of Rome's mightiest Popes. John soon felt the effects of his rashness; the thunders of Rome rolled heavily over his head.

Innocent, the Pope, began by laying the kingdom under an *interdict*, which, in those days, was a most terrible sentence. Divine service was instantly stopped, the church doors being closed. Not a sound of church-bell was heard, but a dismal silence reigned; and no priests were allowed to fulfil their offices except to give baptism to the new-born, or the holy sacrament to the dying. No prayers were read over the dead, but the bodies were laid in unconsecrated ground, and were even thrown into ditches, and left on the public highways. The silver saints were taken down from their places, and laid in ashes in the empty church; while the statues and pictures were veiled with black cloth.

But John would not repent. He only showed the same bad spirit as the Pope, and treated the clergy with all kinds of cruelty. Thus more than a year passed away, when, as *Innocent* saw that John would not obey, and that his people hated him as the cause of their troubles, he hurled against him the terrible sentence of *excommunication*. By this sentence he was declared to be impious, to be unfit for human society, and of course unfit to govern. His subjects were declared to be freed from his authority, and all the princes of Christendom were invited to help in driving him from his throne—they were told to take up a *crusade* against him, as they had against the Saracens of the Holy Land.

But, by this act, the Pope had taken upon himself more authority than belonged to him. There is no king of kings, but the most high God, and he who takes upon himself to give a punishment that

God only can give, loses God's favour. It is true that John's cowardice at last induced him to submit, although he had an army of 60,000 men, but the Pope never gained from him that obedience which he would have gained by *Christian* means. John pretended to obey—he kneeled down before Pandulph, the ambassador from Rome, and in the presence of all the great bishops, barons, and knights, he took an oath of obedience to the Pope, agreeing to surrender the crown of England to him, and to hold it of him as *his master*; also agreeing to pay every year a tribute of 1,000 marks; 700 for his kingdom of England, and 300 for the kingdom of Ireland.

The Pope then removed the interdict, and the sentence of excommunication; he sent Langton to England to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and commanded the King of France, who had invaded England, to return to his own country. But, as King Philip had been *told* to dethrone John, he determined, now he was in England, to try and do so. John's army, however, conquered him; a great battle was fought at sea, and nearly all the French ships were destroyed; this was the first great sea-fight between the English and French nations.

The loss of Normandy, and the quarrel with the Pope, were two principal events of John's reign; the third and greatest was the quarrel with the barons, which ended with the signing of *Magna Charta*. I dare say you remember hearing, in one of our lessons, of the four powers of government; the people, the nobles, the clergy, and the king; you have since seen

that each party often tried to increase its privileges. The quarrel which next took place between the king and the barons served to increase the people's liberties as much as those of the barons.

When the Pope removed the interdict (which had lasted for about six years), the barons had for some time resolved to quarrel with their king. They remembered the good laws which the nobles used to enjoy in the time of the Saxon King, *EDWARD THE CONFESSOR*; they remembered, too, the charters which had been given to them in the reign of John's grandfather, *HENRY I.*, but these laws and charters had been broken, and they were again treated very badly in several ways.

In the first place, when any baron died, his castle and lands were said not to belong to his son, but to the king; and, before the rightful heir could obtain possession, he had to *buy* his property back again from the king. King John in particular would often make the heir of a baron pay a very large sum for his father's lands; almost as much as the full value of the property.

W. Why, I should call that robbery.

P. You know, too, that in the reign of Henry II., the custom of hiring "soldiers" was begun; and that the barons, instead of bringing their vassals, and following their king to the battle, paid a tax which was called a *scutage*. John had been making the barons pay very heavy scutage, which they did not like. Besides this, there were many other evils, as you will see presently.

The barons resolved that they would not bear with these troubles any longer. Two thousand of them

assembled together, declaring that they were the army of God, and the holy church. Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and others of the clergy, joined them, and a small number of them waited on John. They then stated their grievances; and bringing forward an old copy of Henry I.'s charter, which the archbishop had found, they demanded that John should renew it. As soon as he heard their complaints, and knew what they wished him to do, he burst into a most violent passion, swearing dreadful oaths, and saying to them, "Why do ye not also demand my kingdom?" But his passion did not frighten the barons. Finding that he would not be reasoned with, they began at once to besiege some of his cities, and a dreadful civil war would have happened but that the cowardly John was afraid to fight. He could only find seven knights to be his friends, and he therefore resolved to submit.

He told the barons to meet him at a place called *Runny-mead*—between Staines and Windsor. Here, in a meadow close by the Thames, the barons, dressed in full armour, presented to John a paper, on which many great promises were written, and which was accordingly called the *MAGNA CHARTA*. Without making much attempt to alter it, John easily agreed to fulfil all the promises, and immediately signed the scroll, on the 15th June, 1215.

The great charter contained 63 clauses. I will mention some:—

1. A *baron* at his death may leave his property to whomsoever he likes.

2. If a man die without making a will, his *family* shall inherit his property, and not the king.

3. No *scutage*, or any other tax,

shall be imposed without consent of the great council of the nation.

4. Men shall obtain justice by jury, instead of depending on the uncertain decisions of the courts.

5. The clergy shall choose their own bishops, and manage their own affairs.

Those were some of the privileges granted to the higher orders. There were also privileges to be granted to the *people*. Some of them were as follows:—

6. Merchants may carry on their business, and go in and out of the kingdom at their own pleasure, and shall not pay heavy fines and taxes whenever the king wishes to make them.

7. A poor man may bring an action against a rich man.

8. Justice may not be bought, sold, or delayed; no freeman may be turned out of his house, or imprisoned, or banished, except by the judgment of his peers.

9. There shall be one uniform weight and measure used throughout the kingdom.

10. No officer of the king shall take a poor man's cart, or horse, or plough, or any of his farming implements, without his leave.

These few particulars will show you *some* of the evils that existed. The removal of these evils was a source of great joy to the people, who were very grateful to the barons.

The *VILLAINS*, the most numerous class in the kingdom, could now have the *law*; they were *free*! The *MERCHANTS* could now work hard without fear of being cheated, and they were not to be hindered in going to and fro; they were free! The *CLERGY* could choose their bishops according to their own hearts; they were free! The *BARONS* were free from unjust taxes before inheriting property—they could not be made to pay a

scutage which was not a fair one; they were free! Before the Charter, if the heir of a baron's property were a lady, the king would *choose a husband* for her; and if she refused him, she forfeited her land. If the heir were a male, he could not get married without the king's consent, unless he chose to pay a very large sum for the liberty of choosing a wife; but now he could choose his own wife!—he was truly *free*! No wonder that when people write history books, they call the Magna Charta "the great bulwark of English liberty."

But, alas! there is no sunlight without a shadow! By the side of the bright joys of the people were the dark shadows of John's treachery. The ready manner in which he had signed the Charter was very suspicious, and now it was found that he had no intention of keeping his promise. He obtained from the Pope a *bull* to annul the Charter. He retired secretly to the Isle of Wight, where he collected a large body of foreign soldiers, and rose suddenly on the barons. They were not prepared to meet him, and he therefore committed the most horrible cruelties. At last, however, they obtained help from the French king, and made ready to fight John.

It was a happy thing for the people that the war for their Magna Charta did not last long. John was marching with his army by the shores of the Wash, in Lincolnshire—a place noted for its marshy lands; while crossing the Wash, the tide suddenly rose, and rushing upon his army, it swept

away his horses, carriages, and wagons full of treasures. Many of his men even were swallowed up in the whirlpool caused by the impetuous tide. He himself did not escape easily, and hurrying on in terror, he was taken ill suddenly, and died at Newark, in Nottinghamshire, A.D. 1216. Whether he died from grief, fever, or poison, it is not known.

You may now make the lesson.

Lesson 17. JOHN.

Began to reign 1199

Died 1216

1. JOHN, the brother of Richard I., ascended the throne against the will of most of his subjects, as his nephew Prince Arthur was the heir to the crown. He was soon engaged in a war with the King of France, when, having taken his nephew prisoner, it is said that he murdered him with his own hands. This cruelty caused him to be so much hated, that his Norman barons and others deserted him; and Normandy, and his other possessions in Europe, were soon lost to England for ever.

2. The king next quarrelled with the Pope concerning the choice of an Archbishop of Canterbury. The Pope laid the kingdom under an interdict, excommunicated John, and caused him to submit.

3. The third and last quarrel of John was with his barons in England. They forced their cowardly king to sign the MAGNA CHARTA, and thus laid the foundation of the people's liberty. He afterwards made a disgraceful attempt to break all his promises, and raised a civil war, in which he died, A.D. 1216.

WILT thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

SHAKSPEARE.

TIN.

M. Tin! This will be a very nice metal to talk about. Suppose we begin with its history. Tin is one of the metals which were earliest known. A very long time ago, before JULIUS CÆSAR came to this island (when was that?), people called *Phœnicians* used to pay visits in their ships to the coast of Cornwall, and buy tin. Even now, when you go to Cornwall, you may see the miners working in the *tin* mines.

W. Why was tin known in such early times, mamma? Is it because men could find it easily?

M. Yes, that is one reason. 1st, it is found near the earth's surface; and, 2ndly, the ore is easily separated from the earthy materials; a heat strong enough for the purpose can be made with charcoal, in a common furnace.

Generally the miners find their tin in the veins (or cracks, if you like to call them so) in the hard granite and other rock—they call these cracks "*lodes*." Sometimes it is found scattered amongst gravel and loose earth which has been washed down from the mountains.

L. Just as the gold is found.

M. I will explain to you how the metal is procured from the ore. The lumps of stone and tin are pounded in a stamping-mill. You know what a beam of wood is. Now, imagine two great beams placed upright;—the lumps of ore are placed underneath them, and as a water-wheel outside the building turns round, the great beams move up and down, like a pair of legs walking—

W. But I suppose they don't walk far—do they ever move forward?

M. No; they are like a pair of legs on the tread-mill, except that, instead of their moving the wheels, the wheel moves them. As with their heavy weight they stamp on the ore beneath, it is crushed—

W. To death!

M. No, into powder; or smaller pieces, rather.

Ion. I should have thought that wooden beams would not have been hard enough—the stony ore must hurt their feet.

M. But I was going to tell you, the beams have *shoes*,—each beam has a heavy mass of iron at the end, weighing about 156 pounds; with the soles of such heavy "*shoes*" the ore is easily crushed. It is next washed in water, and sifted, to separate the metal from the earthy parts entirely, and after a great deal of washing and sifting the metal is ready to be smelted, in much the same manner as the other metals.

The metal separated from the earth is by no means pure lead, it contains *arsenic*, *iron*, *sulphur*, &c. When the *arsenic* is separated from it by burning, the process is very dangerous, on account of the poisonous fumes; the men engaged in it nearly always die when they are young, after a few years' employment. The tin washed down from the hills is purer than from the *lodes*—it contains less *arsenic*, and is called *stream-tin*. The mines in Cornwall are sometimes dug very deep, and carried some distance under the sea. Such mines are then very dangerous; there have been several instances where the water rushing in, has filled up the mine, and in the midst of their work the miners have had to flee for their lives. One ingenious man dug a mine, and built a turret of wood

all round it to keep out the water. The mine was worked for some years, and about £70,000 worth of tin was procured from it, but unfortunately one stormy night an American ship struck against the frame-work of wood, and broke it, so that the mine was quickly filled with water.

L. Is much tin sold in this country, mamma?

M. Yes, great quantities. About 60,000 persons are employed in the works in Cornwall, and in one year they have used as much as 40,000 lbs. of gunpowder for the purpose of blasting.

W. I do not wonder at so much tin being made, it is such a nice metal. But what is the use of tin? only to make tin saucepans, I suppose.

M. Let us talk of the *uses* of tin. The making of "tin" saucepans is not its greatest use, for the saucepans which you think are made of tin, are really thin sheets of iron washed over with tin. A great cauldron of melted tin is made ready,—the thin sheets of iron are well cleared with water and sand, and are dipped in weak sulphuric acid, which process is termed *pickling*; they undergo all manner of operations, by which they are brought to a beautiful state of smoothness and brightness, and are then ready to be dipped into the melted tin. After remaining in the melted tin for about an hour and a half they are taken out with tongs, and laid on an iron-rack where the superfluous tin drains off.

Ion. But still, mamma, if you cut one of the tin-plates—if you cut a tin saucepan, it seems to be white all through, not a dark colour inside, like iron.

M. That is because, after dipping

the plates in tin, there are other processes of washing with acids. By these means the tin is not only well fixed to the surface of the plate, but made to penetrate through it. When we talk of the qualities of tin, you will find that it is one of the softest metals—almost as soft as lead. Saucepans made of such a metal would soon lose their shape on the fire.

W. Mamma, I have often seen, at the ironmonger's, saucepans marked "block-tin"—"WARRANTED BLOCK-TIN." What does that mean?

M. Block-tin goods are also made of tinned iron, only the plates are thicker and of a better quality. These plates are afterwards hammered on anvils with polished steel hammers, which hammering gives them a bright silvery appearance. You learned in our lesson on Copper that vegetable acids cause it to form a poisonous rust; therefore all copper vessels that are used for cooking, are, or *should* be, coated with tin.

Ion. I wonder what other uses tin has! Are *tin-tacks* made of tin? I suppose not; they would be too soft.

M. Tin-tacks are *iron* tacks tinned; this is done by a process called *wet tinning*. The tacks are put into a stone bottle with tin and "sal ammoniac;" the bottle, having been stopped up, is then plunged into a fire, and frequently turned round, so that all the tacks may be tinned alike.

Pins, also, you may remember, have a white appearance. A pin is made of brass wire, and, as brass is a different metal from iron—

W. I suppose that a different mixture must be used.

M. Yes. You have seen the powder called "cream of tartar"; a

quantity of cream of tartar, and alum., and salt, is mixed with water. In this mixture tin filings are dissolved. The brass pins are then thrown into it and boiled; when taken out they have a white coating of tin, and are then polished in a curious manner. They are thrown into a tub filled with bran; the tub is set in quick motion, and, by the constant rubbing from the bran, the pins are rendered bright.

L. I have thought, mamma, of another use. I once heard that tin is used in *dyeing*.

M. It is. Tin is dissolved in tartaric acid (and other acids), and is used as a *mordant*; that is, for fixing the colours in the articles dyed.

Ion. Now, we have talked of the *history* of tin, and the *uses*; please let us hear of the *different sorts* next.

M. I do not know of any different sorts except *grain-tin* and *block-tin*. Tin is, however, often found under different forms, for it can be mixed with other metals. What do we call two metals when they are mixed together?

L. We say that they form an *alloy*.

M. Tin, then, forms several alloys, some of which we have mentioned; but I will recapitulate them.

(1.) 10 parts of tin and 90 of copper form *bronze*, which was used by the ancients for knives, swords, and cannon.

(2.) 20 parts tin and 80 parts copper form *bell-metal*.

(3.) Nearly the same proportions of these metals are used by the Chinese to form *gongs*.

(4.) 1 part tin and 2 copper, with a little arsenic and silver, form *speculum metal* for telescopes.

(5.) Tin also forms part of the

alloys—*Pewter*, *Britannia Metal*, and the *Solder* which plumbers use for mending tin and iron goods.

W. Now, let us finish our lesson by talking of the qualities of tin. We can easily discover them from the uses. It does not rust in water or air very easily.

Ion. And it is very *light*.

M. Yes, it is the lightest of the *DUCTILE* metals; it is only about seven times heavier than water. I should like you to compare this metal with *lead*.

Ion. It differs from lead, because it is *light*; but it is like it because it is *soft*, and will not rust in water.

W. And it is like lead, because it is *in-elastic*, and because it is very *fusible*—it melts easily.

Ion. It is a little like lead in its colour; lead is a whitish grey, and tin is quite white—it is rather more like silver.

L. We may add that it is *malleable*; it may be beaten into very thin leaves called "tin-foil." That reminds me of another use—the tin-foil is used with mercury for silvering looking-glasses.

M. You may now make the lesson, but you may change the arrangement. Instead of writing the particulars in this order—*history*, *uses*, *different sorts*, and *qualities*; begin with the *qualities*, and *end* with the *history*.

L. Very well, mamma.

Lesson 19. TIN.

(Qualities.) *Tin is slightly like lead in its colour, which is white; it is also like lead in being soft, in-elastic, very fusible, and flexible, and in not rusting easily in the water or air. It differs from lead in its weight—its specific gravity being little more than 7.*

(Uses.) *Tin is used for making tin-plate for saucepans, &c.; for tinning the surface of copper and brass cooking-utensils; as a coating for pins, tin-tacks, &c.; as a mordant for dyeing; for silvering looking-glasses, &c.*

(Different Sorts.) *There are many alloys of tin—such as Bronze, Bell Metal, Gong Metal, Speculum Metal,*

Britannia Metal, Pewter, Plumber's Solder.

(History.) *This metal was well known in the olden times. The ancient Phœnicians used formerly to visit the English shores, and purchase tin in CORNWALL. Cornwall is the great English storehouse for tin; but it is also found in GERMANY, CHILL, and MEXICO.*

SONGS FOR THE MONTHS.

JUNE.

A WILD wreath! a wild wreath! for the leafy month of June!
Pluck'd in the dewy morning, twined in the sultry noon,
In shady nook, on breezy hill, or in the vale below,
By mossy fount, or stream, which glides with music in its flow!

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! of blossoms rainbow-hued,
That spring up all unnoted in the lonely solitude,
That deck the hedgerows, and the fields, where trends the foot of toil,
Of youthful hearts the treasure-stores, of tiny hands the spoil!

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! of bright and fragrant flowers,
That May hath foster'd with her smiles, and nourish'd with her showers,
To twine amid the dark locks of her swarthy brother June,
As he resteth where the leafy trees 'sprout forth a shady boon.'

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! of blossoms, where the bee
Revels in plenty, amid halls bedeck'd right gorgeously,
Where the gauze-wing'd fly keeps festival, and the fairy folk, 'tis said,
Retire for rest and shelter, when the eastern sky grows red.

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! of the perfume-laden bell,
Of trumpet shape, and every form where grace and beauty dwell;
Of every pure and mingled hue that's lovely to the sight,
With glowing sunshine floating round, like streams of liquid light.

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! for the lusty mower June!
You will hear the merry rink-a-tink of his rasping scythe full soon;
The winds will send up fragrance of their grassy honours shorn;
Then let us twine a wild wreath, that may with pride be worn!

H. G. ADAMS.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

MALAGA.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,

"The road from Cordova to Malaga was very rough—it was truly *Spanish*—even worse than that between Seville and Cordova. It was so rutty that even with thirteen mules drawing our diligence, they never exceeded a walk, unless they came to some awkward obstacle in the road; then the driver, exerting himself to the utmost, urged his steeds to a gallop, and dashed recklessly at it, without care for the feelings of his passengers, who were thrown into each others' arms, and forced to indulge in close embraces.

"You would have liked the scenery around Malaga; it is said to be as fine as anything in Switzerland. I thought it was very much like Wales, which is, you know, a mountainous country. The city of Malaga is beautifully situated in the midst of the hills; they surround it like an amphitheatre. As we reached the high ridge of one of the mountains, and looked down upon the city from our diligence, it appeared to be within a mile of us; but we continued for nearly an hour to wind and wind round in a "spiral" road amidst beautiful vineyards. It was the time of the vintage, or wine-making season, and the sight of the peasants picking the grapes was very pretty.

"You have, I dare say, heard of mountain wine. On our way to the city, I learnt something about wines. The wines made from the grapes on the mountains around Malaga are called 'Mountain wine,' and 'Tent wine.' Tent wine really

means *tinted* wine; it is made from the same grapes as the mountain wine, but they are not used for the purpose until some time after they have been perfectly ripe. The juice from the grape, when fermented into wine, is white, like the mountain wine, but is afterwards coloured, and thus becomes very red and rich. In Spain it is called *vino tinto*, or coloured wine.

"I might also mention here that the principal wine of Spain is called *Sherry*. It is manufactured at a little town called Xeres, between Cadiz and Seville. I should perhaps have visited it on my way to Seville, if I had travelled by diligence; but you may remember that I went in the steamer up the river Guadalquivir. I might also have mentioned, when writing about Portugal, that there is a town called Oporto, from which an enormous quantity of deep red wine, called *Port*, is sent forth; as much as 24,000 pipes in a year sometimes. There is also a wine made at Lisbon, called *Lisbon wine*.

"When at Malaga, I visited some of the warehouses, which were filled with fruit and wine. I saw the mysteries of sorting and packing raisins; but on observing the careless manner in which the common sorts were heaped on the dirty floors, and trampled on by nasty-looking feet, I lost for ever my relish for 'Malaga raisins,' and have since felt some difficulty in enjoying plum-pudding.

"The market of Malaga is a pleasant place to see; it is amusing to stop and watch the chattering women as they pack up the oranges. Each orange is wrapped up in paper, and cleverly stowed away in the box, so that the whole

seem to form a solid mass in spite of their round shape. But the fruit in a Spanish market is always a glorious sight; in Malaga it was so especially. The display was abundant. The rich olives, the heavy baskets of luscious sugary figs, the ripe and bursting grapes, were piled up everywhere; but above all, the most striking objects were the cool, juicy, water-melons, black, yellow, white, green, and of almost every shade, which lay heaped in thousands on the ground. They were sold to the poor people by weight. Two or three of them would club together to raise a few coppers, and would buy one about eighteen or twenty inches in circumference. As soon as they had made their bargain they plunged their murderous-looking *narvajos* (long folding knives) into the streaming pulp, and in a few minutes demolished their shares. This was all done with a dispatch, and capacity of stomach, that much astonished me.

"I have hardly anything to say of the town of Malaga itself. 'Malaga is noted for its fruits,' and that is all—nearly. The cathedral was begun by the monarch who began the Escorial—Philip II. He was a celebrated Spanish king, and, as you will learn in your English history, was the husband of Queen Mary. His 'arms' and those of his wife are cut

(if you know what that means) over the doorway.

"On the 20th of the month, a steamer started for Gibraltar, but I was persuaded by two English officers to wait with them until the following day. And very sorry I was afterwards that I did so, for the next steamer was a wretched, cranky little tub, with a self-willed engine that refused to work, and a boiler that every now and then showed a great desire to burst. After having settled ourselves on board with our luggage, we waited for half an hour, and were then requested to take ourselves on shore again. We made another effort the following evening; and after much coaxing, we infused a little life into the rickety machine, and started when the 'stars began to blink.' Our progress, however, was so slow that we did not reach Gibraltar until the middle of the next day. Very tedious was the journey; and yet the poor boat had very hard struggles to accomplish it. Very unpleasant it was also, to think all the time that the chances were in favour of our being blown piece-meal through the air.

"So you see, dear children, that 'foreign travelling' is not always safe—either on the water or the land.

"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

SELF-CONSEQUENCE.

BEWARE of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence!
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move and act for *him* alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

COWPER.

RECAPITULATION.

1. You should remember five points when drawing a line. Do you know what those points are?

2. Can you explain what is meant by the words, "Perpendicular," "Horizontal," "Oblique," and "Parallel"? Be very particular in describing what is meant by parallel.

3. What is an *Angle*? How many angles could you draw with three straight lines; with four, five, or six?

4. Name some articles of furniture containing four angles.

5. How do you know a Right angle from an Acute, or Obtuse angle?

6. How many straight lines are required to make a TRIANGLE?

7. What do you call a triangle with three equal sides?

8. With two equal sides?

9. With unequal sides?

10. What do you call a triangle if it contains a Right angle?

11. What name do you give to all FOUR-SIDED FIGURES?

12. How many angles must a quadrilateral figure contain?

13. What do you call a Quadrilateral figure with equal sides, and equal angles?

14. What is the name of a quadrilateral figure with equal sides, and two acute, and two obtuse angles?

15. With two pair of equal sides, and two acute, and two obtuse angles?

16. A quadrilateral figure with two pair of equal sides, and four right angles?

17. What are all other quadrilateral figures called?

18. Tell me what is meant by a *Square*?

19. What sort of a figure is a *Rectangle*?

20. What is a *Rhomb*?

21. What is a *Parallelogram*?

22. What is a *Trapezium*?

23. When do you say that an object is seen "in perspective"?

24. What do you call that line in a picture which you would draw to mark the parts which are on the same level as your eye?

25. Suppose you are standing by the side of an object, and are drawing (in perspective) those parts which are really parallel to the horizontal line,—if the lines of those parts are below the horizontal line, in which direction must the lines incline?

26. If they are above the horizontal line, in which direction would you draw them?

27. If the lines of those objects were extended (in the same direction) for a great distance, they would meet—what do you call the place where they would meet?

28. Suppose that you were drawing a number of objects opposite to you—what would you call that part of the horizontal line exactly opposite to your eye?

29. What do you call the point at which you are standing?

30. Suppose that you were to draw an imaginary line from the point of station to the point of sight, how would you tell which lines in your drawing are to incline to the point of sight?

31. And all other lines in perspective, to what must they incline?

32. How would you put a triangle in perspective?

33. How many different curved lines do you know?

34. What is a *Circle*?

35. Mention the different parts of a circle.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

24th Week.

MONDAY.

Object Lesson.

QUICKSILVER.

L. I should think, mamma, that we have reached the end of our course on metals. We have heard of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead, and Tin.

M. There are one or two others which are not in such common use. I will tell you of one. You have heard of the poisonous qualities of lead, and of the effects which it produces on the plumbers and painters who use it. If you go to the southern part of Europe, to the Empire of Austria, you will find a town called *Idria*. If an Austrian judge found that an Austrian man had been stealing, he would, at one time have said, "Go to *Idria*, go work in the mines." Poor man! no man would like to work in the Austrian mines, for he would have to work at a metal which is more poisonous than lead. Its subtle (or fine) particles would penetrate his very skin; and more, they would mix up with the particles of the *air* he breathed—

L. And go down his throat (or windpipe)—

Ion. Into his lungs—

W. And there mix with his blood—

M. And be circulated with his blood through his body; so that as the blood caused the perspiration to exude (or ooze out) through the pores of his skin, the fine particles of this metal would be exuded also.

Ion. It cannot be a very *solid* metal, mamma, for the particles to fly about so. What is it called?

M. It is not all solid, as you

will see presently, when I show it to you, and it is a *white* metal.

But I was going to tell you about the mines. In the town of *Idria* there are more than 4,000 people, but they must lead a very uncomfortable life. Those who work are always suffering severe ill health from the heat inside the mines, and the fumes from the metal. Their mouths become "salivated" and their teeth fall out, while nearly all have the toothache; they become subject to convulsions, and arrive at old age before their time—few live beyond forty years. It is said that, after some time, the miners become so impregnated with this metal, that if a piece of brass be held in their mouths it will become white like silver, or even if it be rubbed between their fingers!

W. Please, mamma, let us see the metal. What is it called?

M. You shall see it soon. Let me tell you more of its history. About 300 years ago, these mines in *Idria* were discovered by accident, just as the silver mines of *Potosi* were. Many coopers dwelt in this place, and one of them having made a new tub, placed it under a dropping spring, as he left his work in the evening, to try if it would hold water. When he came in the morning, he found that it was so heavy that he could scarcely move it; so, he examined it, and found a shining heavy fluid at the bottom. This was—

W. Ah! what was it?

M. I have not done with its history yet. There are not only mines of this metal in *Idria*, but

in, another Austrian place, called *Carniola*. There are more extensive mines of it in Spain; and still richer mines in Peru. There are none in this country. As the metal is fluid, it is brought in bottles of wrought-iron; each bottle holds about 108 lbs. and is called a *quintal*.

Ion. But, I cannot think, mamma, how this can be separated from the ore, if it is *fluid*; why it would—

M. I will explain to you. The ore consists of the *fluid metal*, and sulphur mixed together, and is called "cinnabar." The cinnabar is placed in an earthen vessel, with some lime. The vessels are then closed up, and heated until they are red hot. The heat causes the sulphur to unite with the lime, while the metal is brought into a state of vapour. The vapour is allowed to escape from the vessel, and as it rises, it is condensed on a cold surface, just as you once noticed that the steam from the hot potatoes was condensed on the tureen cover. Now, I will show you some. Please to give me that bottle, Willie.

Ada. Oh, look, *Ion*! Mamma is pouring out the metal on the table. See, how it runs, and it makes little round balls—I will pick up one. There! it won't be picked up—directly I touched it, it divided into four or five little balls, which rolled away to different places. I will push one—see now, how *quickly* it runs! Why, two of them have joined together again.

Ion. And how it shines, like silver! I should call it QUICKSILVER.

M. That is its name, or one of its names. Now, find out some more of its qualities.

Ion. We have noticed that it is *bright*, and *white*, and *fluid*. Is there any reason for its being fluid?

M. Yes. What is it that separates the particles of the butter,

and changes it from a solid, to a fluid state?

W. The heat, mamma (or *caloric*). But I should think it could not be caloric which causes the quicksilver to be fluid, because, even in the cold freezing days, when there is *no* heat, it is still fluid.

M. Indeed, Willie, there is plenty of heat, even in the very coldest days. The reason why we cannot feel it, and say that "it is cold," is that *the air does not contain as much heat as we have in our bodies*. If, on a bitter frosty day, the mercury could speak, it would tell you that there is too much heat; so much, that it will not let it be solid, but still separates its particles.

W. How curious! that such a very little heat (for I should think there must be *very* little on a frosty day) should separate its particles. Why is it?

M. You can understand, if you will pay attention. It is fluid in this country because *it cannot hold enough heat*. The metal, iron, can hold very much heat (or caloric).

Ion. I remember how hot our iron-roller was the other day, when the sun was shining upon it—it had more caloric in it than I liked.

M. Yes, the iron *absorbed* the caloric as it came in rays from the sun; the caloric did not seem to disturb the particles of the iron—they still held together, and the iron was almost as solid as ever.

L. It was just a *little* softer, I suppose.

M. Yes. And if you had taken the iron before the door of a roaring furnace, it would have continued to absorb the caloric from the fire, until it would be hot enough to set your clothes on fire; still the particles would hold together, and the iron would be solid.

W. But, suppose that you put the roller *in* the furnace?

M. Ah, then it would absorb more caloric than ever—so much, that, when you took it out again, it would be *red*; but still the particles would hold together, and the roller would be solid.

L. Only they would have been loosened more than before, for the iron would be *very* soft.

M. If the roller were put in the dreadful fire again, it would absorb more and more caloric from the flames around it, until, at last, the particles of the iron would not be able to stand it any longer, and they would separate from one another, and flow about.

Ion. Then we should say “the iron is *melted*,” and that it is *fusible*; but how very much caloric is wanted to melt iron!

L. Not so much caloric is required to melt lead—the lead *cannot hold so much*, and the particles separate sooner.

Ion. And not so much caloric is wanted to melt water. The water takes a little, and then more heat gradually; then enough to make it “simmer,” until at last it is “boiling,” and then it *cannot hold any more*—the particles seem as if they could not bear it any longer, and *must* separate; so, away they fly out of the spout of the kettle, and are called “steam.”

M. Thus you see why some substances are more fusible than others.

L. Yes. Some can hold more caloric—the more caloric they can hold, the longer it takes to melt them.

M. Now you may understand why the quicksilver cannot be solid in England—it has *very little power of holding caloric*; even the very little caloric we have on a frosty day, is sufficient to keep it fluid.

L. But suppose you could take all the caloric away from it, would it be solid then?

M. Yes, then it *must* be—there would be nothing to keep the particles separate, and the power of “attraction” would draw them quite close together. This power of attraction was mentioned in one of our former lessons. I might as well tell you that if you take quicksilver up to the cold icy regions of the North Pole, it there becomes solid.

W. That is because there is not caloric enough there, to separate its particles; so we may say that it cannot contain more caloric than is found in the North Pole, without becoming fluid.

M. Not much more. You may add, that when thus rendered solid it seems to be entirely without heat. It is impossible to touch it without feeling a pain like that from hot iron.

We have been a long time talking about this quality in the quicksilver, but it is a very useful one, as we shall see soon. Because it has so little power of holding caloric, a very little caloric has an effect upon it. If there should happen to be only a *slight* warmth in the air, directly that warmth reached the quicksilver —?

W. Then its particles must separate, and the quicksilver would swell out larger.

L. Or expand.

Ion. Yes. And directly the warmth was taken away, the particles would get closer together again.

W. To keep each other warm?

Ion. No; that is nonsense. I will say it again—in a better way. The power of attraction *draws* them together again, and the quicksilver becomes smaller, or *contracts*.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

THE SEAL TRIBE.

W. We talked of the *Bear tribe* last week. Are there any other animals in that tribe besides the bears?

M. Yes. There is an animal called the *RACCOON*, which belongs to the New World; the *PANDA*, belonging to the *Himalayan* mountains in the Old World, and others. The *Raccoon* lives on the margins of rivers and swamps, and sometimes on the sea-shore. It not only eats large insects, birds, and eggs (for it climbs trees in the same manner as the bear), but it even eats shell-fish, and can open oysters very cleverly.

W. Now, I will make a list of the *Bear tribe*. The White bear, Brown bear, Black bear, the *Raccoon*, the *Panda*, and others.

M. We have now reached the last tribe of flesh-eating animals—the *SEALS*. These animals, you will perceive by the picture (page 354), live both in the water and on the land, like the white bear.

Ion. And, therefore, they are called *amphibious* animals. The beaver is an *amphibious* animal, so is the shrew, and the water-rat.

M. True; but you must not suppose that all the bear tribe frequent the water; the brown and the black bears live in the woods. They are valuable animals in the cold countries. To the inhabitants of *Kamtschatka*, they supply the necessities and the comforts of life. The skin forms their beds and counterpanes, fur bonnets for their heads, gloves, coats, collars, harness for their dogs, &c. The flesh and fat form their food. The intestines are stretched so as to

form a very thin membrane, and are used instead of glass for their windows, and so forth. This is not the only instance of an animal being indispensable to the natives of a country.

L. No: the Reindeer is the support of the Laplanders.

M. And the *SEAL TRIBE* are equally the support of the Icelanders. If you were to go to their cold snowy country, the Icelanders would tell you that he could not live long without the Seals. "The flesh," he would say, "we eat for food, the fat we use as oil for our lamps, and to burn with the wood in our fire; indeed, we burn very little wood, mostly hard frozen oil. And when we take down our dry salt-fish to eat, we dip it in the oil of the seal to soften it. Again, if we want corn or cheese, or clothing of any kind which we cannot make in our own country, we buy it with our seal oil. If we want to sew our clothes of fur, we can sew better with fibres from the seal's sinews than with thread or silk. When we want windows for our tents, we use the skin of their entrails, which is so thin that the light passes through it."

Ion. Like the entrails of the bear!

M. And he would go on to say, "When we throw our harpoons at the seal, if they do not strike them but fall in the water, they might sink, so we fasten the *bladder* of the seal to the harpoon and fill it with air to use as a float. Every part of the seal we use; even the *stomach*, which, you know, is in the shape of a bag. This we dry and use as a flask to keep oil in. We do not waste the *blood*, but we boil it up with other things for soup. The *skin*," he would say, "is very useful indeed. Our large boats and

small boats, and the *kajaks*, in which we go hunting, we cover with their skin. We use skins for our tents and clothing."

The seal is of equal value to the *Greenlander*; so that it is said, "No man can pass for a *Greenlander* who cannot catch seals." The education of a *Greenland* or *Iceland* boy consists in training him to be a good *seal-hunter*. The boat, called a *kajak*, in which the *Iceland* hunter hunts, is entirely covered over at the top, except an opening large enough for his body; thus the water cannot get in. His work is very dangerous; for he has to float over rough breakers, and sunken rocks close to the shore. It is there that the seals are found snoring in the caverns of the cliffs, basking in the sun, between the rocks and masses of ice, sometimes peeping forth very carefully, and raising their heads above the water to breathe. As the hunter sits in his light *kajak* the dashing and foaming waves give it a very unsteady motion, so that he has to wait for a moment's stillness before he throws his harpoon. If he strike the animal, it plunges into the water, carrying the harpoon, float and all, with it, but it must soon rise to the surface to breathe, and then the hunter attacks it again with his long lance. The hunter's work is also dangerous from the attack of the seal, which sometimes overturns him and his *kajak*, or even bites a hole in it, so that it fills with water and he sinks.

W. Are seals found in any other countries besides *Greenland* and *Iceland*?

M. Yes; not only in the northern regions, but in the temperate and frozen countries at the south of the equator. They often visit the shores of *Britain*, swimming up

the rivers, where, as they feed on fish, they make sad havoc amongst the salmon. Indeed, they are so plentiful at the north of *Scotland*, and in the *Orkney Isles*, that seal-hunting is a very important business. One of the methods of seal-hunting in *Scotland* is singular. During the dark night the hunters land on the rocky shore, where the seals sleep in their caverns. They take with them lighted torches, and bludgeons, and instruments for making a loud noise. The seals soon awake, when, frightened by the shouts and strange noises and the torchlights, they rush in a crowd to the sea. As they scuffle and scramble along (for they cannot walk), many never reach the water, but are killed by the bludgeons of the men.

There! I think you have a sufficient description of the seal's uses and habits. Now notice its parts, and distinctive features.

W. Yes, poor thing, I'll notice its parts. It has only two paws, and no legs at all;—no wonder it scuffles when on the land.

M. It has four "limbs," Willie, although its legs are so short that you can hardly perceive them. In order that it may swim, the toes of its feet have a web between them, like those of all amphibious animals. These "web-feet" are used as fins. The hind-feet are directed backwards towards the tail, where they seem sometimes to be folded up around it. You may see in the picture that these feet may be spread out so as to make a fine broad paddle for swimming with, but on the land they are much less useful. Its limbs are better fitted for life in the water than on the land. Can you, by observing the animal, see any

other way in which it is fitted for the 'water'?

L. Yes, in the shape of its body, I should think. It is much like that of a *fish*, which is, I suppose, the best shape for a swimming animal.

Ion. We may say that its body has a *tapering* shape,—for it tapers to a point, like a cone, or sugar-loaf.

W. I will notice its *head*. It has a roundish head, with good stiff whiskers. I wonder whether it can keep the water out of its ears and nostrils, as the *shrew* can. Has it a thin skin, or valve, or anything for a protection?

M. Yes; it has a membrane to cover both openings, and glossy greasy hair, to keep its body dry, as the bear has.

L. Are there many animals in the seal tribe, mamma?

M. There are many kinds of seals. The *Common Seal*, the *Greenland Seal*, the *Elephant Seal*; and others, such as the *Sea Lion*, *Sea Bear*, &c. I have drawn in the picture one called the *Fur Seal*, which is rather famous, and its skin is very useful. These animals were

once very numerous; but I have read that, for fifty years, no less than 1,200,000 of their skins were obtained annually from the shores of a single island, so that there cannot be quite so many fur seals now as there were.

W. No; in 50 years, 60,000,000 must have been killed, at that rate.

M. There is a great fellow belonging to this tribe, whom I dare say you have heard of. He is called the *Walrus*, or *Sea-cow*. There are many amusing tales to be told about this animal—but we have no time now to describe him, or his habits.

W. But I should like, before we stop, to put down the seal's "distinctions;" or else I shall forget them.

A SEAL is (1.) an AMPHIBIOUS animal, with (2.) webbed feet, and (3.) limbs which are better fitted for swimming than walking. (4.) Its BODY is tapering, like that of a fish; (5.) its HEAD is round, with whiskers, and its ears and nostrils are protected from the water by a thin membrane, while (6.) its COVERING consists of glossy greasy hair, through which the water cannot penetrate.

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease!
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"
Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holiest melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

RECAPITULATION.

P. Let us recapitulate our history. I have prepared a list of all the kings we have learned about, which you may commit to memory.

History of England.

THE ROMAN PERIOD

B.C.

55. JULIUS CÆSAR.

CLAUDIUS CÆSAR.

NERO CÆSAR.

A.D. VESPASIAN.

430. VALENTINIAN the Younger.

Irruptions of the Picts and Scots.

THE SAXON PERIOD.

450. HENGIST and Horsa.

600. SAXON HEPTARCHY.

827. EGBERT.

Ethelwolf—Ethelwold.

Ethelbert—Ethelred.

871. ALFRED THE GREAT.

EDWARD.

ÆTHELSTAN.

EDMUND.

EDRED.

EDWY.

959. EDGAR.

EDWARD the Martyr.

ÆTHELRED.

EDMUND Ironside.

The Three Danish Kings.

1016. CANUTE.

HAROLD.

HARDICANUTE.

EDWARD the Confessor.

1066. HAROLD II.

THE NORMAN KINGS.

1066. WILLIAM I.

1087. WILLIAM II.

1100. HENRY I.

1135. STEPHEN.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

1154. HENRY II.

1189. RICHARD I.

1199. JOHN—*Died* 1216.

When you have learned this list you should repeat once more (in full) the old history table, on page 282, vol. I. You may then answer the following questions:

1. Once there was a king who had not any crown. He did not wear any royal robes either; neither was he *called* "a king." He was taken prisoner by a certain general; and having been chained, he was led before an emperor, who ordered his chains to be struck off. What were the names of the "king," the general, and the emperor?

2. Why did the emperor set him free?

3. I remember mentioning an emperor who lived in a great city. He had many soldiers, and he ruled over a great empire; but his enemies, who came across the Alps from the North of Europe, were so numerous, and attacked his city so fiercely, that he was obliged to send for his soldiers in other parts of the world to help him. He therefore sent for his soldiers in Britain, who left the island, and did not return again. What was the emperor's name, and when did this happen?

4. There were two generals, brothers, who became well known in England soon after. What nation did they belong to? and what were their names?

5. Mention something of the habits and manners of the Ancient Britons?

6. The names of their teachers and priests?

7. Which part of the island was the most civilised when the Romans came over?

8. What induced the British to invite such fierce people as the Saxons to their island?

9. Who built the Roman wall?

10. The name of the general who fought with Cassibelaunus?

11. There was a queen who fought very bravely against the Romans, but, being defeated, she poisoned herself—what was her name?

12. Was it a good or a bad thing for Britain, that the Britons were conquered by the Romans? Why?

13. Into what four places did most of the Britons flee when conquered by the Saxons?

14. How long was it from the time when the Saxons arrived in England, until the complete conquest of the island?

15. By the end of that period how many kingdoms were established, and what were they called?

16. Mention the kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy.

17. Tell me how the barbarians used to arrange their affairs, when they had determined to conquer a country?

18. What name has been given to the system of government in England in the time of the Saxons?

19. Tell me something about that system, and why it was called "Allodial."

20. Do you remember any of the superstitions which were seen in the laws of the Saxons?

21. What name was given to the meeting of the "wise men" who made the laws?

22. What was the greatest event in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy?

23. What king united the seven

kingdoms in one, and in what year?

24. Soon after the beginning of EGBERT'S reign, England was subject to constant invasions from fierce pirates,—where did they come from?

25. Upon what island did they first land?

26. How often did they come during the short reigns of Ethelwolf, Ethelbald, Ethelbert, Ethelred?

27. What was the name of Ethelwolf's little son whom he took with him on his pilgrimage to Rome?

28. Did he ever become King of England?

29. Can you give me the real reasons why people still call him "great" and "good"?

30. Tell me three anecdotes about him; one, to show his generosity; another, to show the distress and danger he was in; and a third, to show his ingenuity and skill in attacking the enemy?

31. Give me an instance of his mercy?

32. Tell me of something which showed his strictness, and mention many of the good things he did, and caused to be done.

33. Can you tell me one cause of this king's good character? When did he die?

34. Which Saxon king tried to prevent war, and fortified the cities of England?

35. Which king encouraged commerce?

36. Tell me a pretty anecdote about this king, which showed that he knew how to conquer his prisoners?

37. What was it that he conquered in those prisoners?

38. How did King Edmund die?

39. Who succeeded Edmund?

40. What did I say about the religion of the nation in his days?

41. What name do we give to that feeling which made men's minds so dark?

42. Why did people so easily learn to be superstitious?

43. Tell me one curious way in which all people who were rich enough usually showed their superstition?

44. Another curious way in which they spent their money?

45. What great priest had much influence in Edred's reign?

46. Do you remember any of the tales he told the people, to prove that he was a *saint*?

47. What law did he help to make for all the other priests?

48. What was the name of Edred's successor? and what was done to his wife Elgiva? •

49. What did the priests do to him? and why? •

50. Who did they put on the throne instead of him?

51. Tell me four facts about this king; and tell me by whom was he guided in most of his actions?

52. I remember a king who had a step-mother; and this step-mother had a son, who was therefore his *half*-brother. Now, his step-mother wanted her own son to be king instead; and when this king had reigned four years, to carry out her wishes, the wicked woman caused him to be stabbed in the back whilst he was drinking. What was the king's name?

53. What was the name of his step-mother? the name of his half-brother? and of the castle where the king was stabbed?

54. What sort of a character was **ETHELRED**?

55. What name was given to

him because of his character? Tell me what horrible cruelty he committed.

56. How can we account, partly, for his becoming so cruel a man?

57. What king conquered Ethelred, and drove him from his country?

58. Why was Ethelred able to return soon?

59. What brave man became king after his death? and with whom did he divide the kingdom?

60. What happened to **EDMUND** soon after?

61. Mention some good things and bad things concerning Canute?

62. Tell me an anecdote about him, and say what you think of his character?

63. For what was the reign of Harold remarkable?

64. I told you about another son of Canute, who was rather gluttonous. Do you remember his name?

65. Was the next king Danish or Saxon?

66. What was his name? For what was he remarkable? •

67. What relation was he to the great noble, Earl Godwin?

• 68. Tell me the history of Godwin?

69. What relation to Edwin was Edward's successor, Harold?

70. Who said that he ought to be King of England instead of Harold? and why? •

71. Who were the Normans descended from, and where did they live?

72. How did **WILLIAM, DUKE OF NORMANDY**, try to enforce his claim; and by what means did he raise a large army? •

73. I have often heard of the *Battle of Hasting*s—how **HAROLD** the Saxon, with a small army,

fought **WILLIAM** the Norman, with his large army:—what happened to Harold in that battle?

74. What were the consequences of that battle?

75. Where, and when, was William crowned?

76. What was done with the lands and property of the Saxon nobles?

77. What became of the common people?

78. What new system of government was then introduced?

79. Think, and point out three great differences between the "Allodial" and the "Feudal" systems of government?

80. There were six other important features in William's reign—the *conspiracy*—the *rebellion* of the barons, of Malcolm, of Canute, and of William's sons—the *doomsday book*—the *curfew bell*—the *New Forest*—and *William's death*. Tell me all you know about each?

81. Do you call him a poor conqueror, or a great one; and why?

82. What relation was **WILLIAM II.** to William I.? When did he begin to reign?

83. What was the principal event of his reign?

84. What relation was **HENRY I.** to William II., and when did he begin to reign?

85. What were the three principal events of his reign?

86. The principal social events?

87. What relation was **STEPHEN** to Henry; and when did he begin to reign?

88. Give the reasons for the wars between him and Matilda, and say how they ended?

89. The state of England during this reign, and the causes of that state?

90. Show what relation **HENRY II.** was to Stephen, and when did he begin to reign?

91. Do you remember the principal events and characters of his reign—anything about his vast possessions—Thomas à-Beckett—Ireland—Henry's four sons—his death?

92. What relation was **RICHARD I.** to Henry II.? When did he begin to reign?

93. Describe the character of Richard—his expedition to the Holy Land, wars, captivity, return, and welcome home, and cause of his death?

94. What relation was **JOHN** to Richard I., and when did he begin to reign?

95. Who else had a claim to the throne? Describe his quarrel with the Norman barons—the Pope—and the English barons?

96. The causes of those quarrels? the result of those quarrels?—when did John die?

97. What did you learn about GOVERNMENTS? Are there any differences between a Republic, a Limited Monarchy, and an Absolute Monarchy?

98. What did you learn of the **ANGLO-NORMAN PEOPLE**; of their births, burials, and marriages—meals—money—amusements—religion?

99. What was the object of the **FIRST CRUSADE**—the **SECOND**—the **THIRD**?

100. Do you remember any of the kings and princes who attended each crusade?

QUICKSILVER.

ZINC. PLATINA.

L. We only learned the history and some of the qualities of quicksilver yesterday, mamma.

Ion. We learned that quicksilver is white, bright, and fluid, and we may say that it is very cold—I could tell that without feeling it, because we know that it cannot contain much heat. What is its specific gravity?

M. Quicksilver is nearly four-times heavier than water. When you speak of quicksilver being cold, you may say *very cold*, for it is the coldest of all fluids; and, although it is not the heaviest metal, you may say that it is the heaviest fluid.

W. And we ought to say something about its particles dividing so easily, and being always round, like little globes,—I have heard another word for little globes.

M. They are called “globules,” so you may say of the quicksilver, “Its particles easily separate into globules.” Now we may speak of its uses. Do you know of any?

W. Yes, mamma. You said that it was used with other metals to separate them from the earth and stones in the ore. You said that, when mixed with another metal, it formed a soft paste.

M. And this paste of quicksilver and other metals we do not call an alloy,—it is called an *amalgam* (from a Greek word meaning to soften).

L. It is also used for silvering looking-glasses. I should like to know how that is done. What has the *tin-foil* to do with it, mamma? Is it the tin-foil which sticks to the glass, or the quicksilver?

M. The quicksilver; the tin-foil is used as a protection to the thin coating of quicksilver. If we should ever have a lesson on a looking-glass, you shall hear how the silvering is performed. But you have not yet mentioned its principal use. Quicksilver has an important use, because its particles are so easily acted upon by heat.

L. We know, mamma. We were looking at the thermometer this morning. Papa told us that the slightest heat in the air makes the quicksilver *expand* and rise in the tube; and that in cold weather, when the heat has gone, then the mercury *contracts* and falls.

W. And papa talked to us about the barometer this morning. He said that the air is not always of the same weight. I will read to you what he said—“When the atmosphere is light, it no longer supports the vapour and clouds which float in it, and they consequently descend towards the earth; but when the air is more dense, they are borne up, and we have fine weather.” Then he showed us that there was a column of quicksilver in a tube, and that the difference in the *weight* of the air caused the column to become larger or smaller. So the thermometer shows the *heat* of the air, and the barometer shows the *weight* of the air.

L. Papa said, too, that the names of both instruments were made from Greek words. Barometer, from *Baros*, weight, and *Metron*, measure; Thermometer, from *Thermos*, heat, and *Metron*, measure; “*Baros-metron*,” and “*Thermos-metron*.”

W. I have heard, mamma, that quicksilver has another use—for making some colour.

M. Yes, quicksilver and sulphur combined, form the bright red colour called *vermilion*; and quicksilver, combined with chlorine and a gas, forms the celebrated medicine called *calomel*. You, *Ion*, had some calomel last week in the *blue pill* which the doctor was kind enough to send you. I ought to tell you, before finishing our lesson, that quicksilver is more generally called "mercury," after one of the heathen gods. Mercury was the messenger of the other gods—so the quicksilver was called by the same name because—?

W. Ah! because it *runs about*, I suppose.

M. And so, just as we say that any one who is slow and heavy in his movements is of a *lead* disposition—so, when we find a person who is *light-hearted*, and not very steady, but flying about from one place to another, we say he has a *mercurial* disposition. I have a book called "*Evenings at Home*," in which you may read that all the metals we have been learning about, are called after the different gods. Here is the book. *Lucy* may read the conclusion of the lesson on metals, which you will find in it. (*Lucy reads.*)

"*Tutor.* Now, try to repeat the names of all the metals to me in the order of their weight.

"*Henry.* There is first *gold*.

"*George.* Then *quicksilver*, *lead*, *silver*—

"*H.* *Copper*, *iron*, *tin*.

"*T.* Very right. Now I must tell you of an odd fancy that chemists have had of christening these metals by the names of the heavenly bodies. They have called gold *Sol*, or the sun.

"*G.* That is suitable enough to its colour and brightness.

"*H.* Then silver should be the moon, for I have heard moonlight called a silver hue.

"*T.* True—and they have named it so. It is *Luna*. Quicksilver is *Mercury*, so named probably from its great propensity to dance and jump about: for *Mercury*, you know, was very nimble.

"*G.* Yes—he had wings to his heels.

"*T.* Copper is *Venus*.

"*G.* *Venus*! surely it is scarcely beautiful enough for that.

"*T.* But they had disposed of the most beautiful ones before. Iron is *Mars*.

"*H.* That is right enough, because swords are made of iron.

"*T.* True. Then tin is *Jupiter*, and lead *Saturn*, I suppose only to make out the number. Yet, the dullness of lead might be supposed to agree with that planet which is most remote from the sun. These names, childish as they may seem, are worth remembering, since chemists and physicians still apply them to many preparations of the various metals. You will probably often hear of *marial*, *lunar*, *mercurial*, and *saturvine*; and you may now know what they mean.

"*G.* I think the knowledge of metals seems more useful than all you have told us about plants.

"*T.* I don't know that. Many nations make no use at all of metals, but there are none which do not owe a great part of their subsistence to vegetables. However, without inquiring what parts of natural knowledge are most useful, you may be assured of this, that all are useful in some degree or other; and there are few things that give one man greater superiority over another than the extent and accuracy of his knowledge in these particulars. One person passes all his life upon the earth a stranger to it, while another finds himself at home everywhere."

M. That is a very nice extract. Before we make up our lesson on *mercury*, we will mention two other metals which have lately been getting into general use. There is

one which you often see used for the plates of doors and offices, with names of persons engraved upon them; it is also used for the cowls you sometimes see on chimneys; for rain-water pipes, gutters, and other purposes.

L. You are speaking of Zinc, mamma; it is something like lead.

M. Yes. Can you tell me any difference between that metal and lead?

W. I will. It is rather blue, not so soft, and it will break sooner than lead; I have tried it, it breaks with a sort of *grain* in it. I think, too, that it is not very elastic.

M. No, not very. And again it differs from lead in one point particularly; it is very *light*, its specific gravity is only 7. Again, it is less fusible than lead. This is why it is often used for water-gutters and other purposes, when lead would be too soft, and too flexible, and too heavy.

L. Or too fusible; a rain-water gutter on the roof of a furnace might melt if it were made of lead, when zinc would not.

M. True. And I will tell you something curious about the fusibility of zinc. You saw the little marks on the wood of your father's thermometer?

W. Yes. Papa called them "degrees."

M. Thus we measure heat by "degrees." When zinc is heated to a temperature of 250 degrees, it becomes very malleable, and may be rolled into thin sheets between steel rollers. When heated to 400 degrees, it becomes quite brittle—you may easily pound it into powder. When heated to 500 degrees, it is fusible.

W. Ah! that is curious. Please, mamma, to let me add one more

use—when mixed with copper, it forms an alloy called *brass*.

M. The last metal we will mention is a whitish metal called *Platinum*. It is the heaviest of all metals, being twenty-one times as heavy as water. It is almost infusible, and when melted it does not lose its weight in forming an "oxide." What sort of a metal, therefore, do you call it?

Ion. A perfect metal, mamma; you said the same thing about gold.

M. I did. Platinum is also a very scarce metal; it is used for crucibles, and other chemical vessels, which have to bear great heat. It is also used for the touch-holes of fowling-pieces, and has proved to be a famous metal for the specula, or mirrors, of telescopes. Let us now make three lessons at once, and thus finish our course on metals.

Lesson 20. QUICKSILVER.

ZINC, AND PLATINA.

1. (Qualities.) QUICKSILVER differs from the other metals in being fluid, because it can contain very little heat; it is the coldest and heaviest of fluids. Although fluid in this country, it solidifies at the North Pole, where there is little heat. It is also white and bright, and divisible into an infinite number of globules. The shape of its particles causes them to "run about," and on this account it has received both its names—Quicksilver and Mercury.

2. (Uses.) Quicksilver is used for silvering LOOKING-GLASSES; for forming an AMALGAM with other metals, and separating them from their ores; for THERMOMETERS and BAROMETERS; for making a red colour called VERMILION; and a medicine called CALOMEL.

3. *This metal has been known from the earliest times. The operation of mining is most destructive to the health of the miners, because the air they breathe becomes "impregnated" with particles of the metal. It is found principally in Idria and Carniola in AUSTRIA, also in SPAIN and SOUTH AMERICA.*

ZINC.

(Qualities and Uses.) *Zinc is a metal of recent use. It slightly resembles lead in being inelastic and of a bluish gray colour; but it differs in being harder, lighter, less fusible, and more brittle, breaking with a*

sort of grain. It is used for door-plates, rain-water pipes, gutters, chimneys, &c., and is also useful in forming an alloy called brass.

PLATINUM.

(Qualities and Uses.) *This is one of the heaviest and least fusible of metals. It is one of the "perfect" metals, and is of a whitish colour. It is also very scarce and difficult to procure; therefore it has a great "artificial" value.*

It has also a natural value, being very useful for the specula of telescopes, and for crucibles and other chemical vessel

THE IRISH HARPER AND HIS DOG.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog, Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said—while the sorrow was big at her heart—
"Oh! remember your Sheelah, when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog, Tray."

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog, Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog, Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never return with my poor dog, Tray.

CAMPBELL.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"Since writing you my account of the soil and surface of Lincolnshire, I have visited two of the towns of this county, and have heard an account of the others, but I do not find anything very remarkable to tell you.

"The capital is called LINCOLN, and is situated on the north side of the river Witham. I was at a long distance from the town—several miles, I believe—when I saw before me a very beautiful building with three fine towers. 'What a long way off that building seems to be!' I remarked to a young man, who was sitting beside me, 'What place is it?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'in our flat level county we can see places at a great distance; that is our cathedral—*Lincoln* cathedral. You may see it from almost any part at the south of the town, because it is situated on such a high hill. See how beautiful it looks now, sir, rising above those trees; and look at the beautiful sun-light shining on the central tower! Ours is the finest cathedral in England.'

"'Except York,' I said.

"'No, sir,' was the answer, 'it is a finer cathedral than York, though there be some that say it isn't.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I know that that is a matter of opinion, for the Yorkshire people told me that their cathedral was the best; but it certainly looks very pretty now—it seems to be rising higher as we get nearer to it.'

"We soon after approached the city, and crossing the river Witham on a bridge with a very high arch,

we drove up the hilly streets. The town is indeed 'set on a hill.' The principal street was formerly so steep and narrow that carriages could not easily ascend it; a more convenient road has lately been made.

"The cathedral is certainly a very splendid place; it would be just as difficult to describe as York Minster. It has two towers at the west, like those of York and Westminster, but the central 'lantern tower' is the finest I have yet seen. In it is a noted old bell, called 'Tom of Lincoln.' This bell is so large that it requires a great many men to ring it; in the year 1827 it became cracked, and in the year 1835, having been broken up with six other bells, it was re-cast. The present bell weighs 5 tons 8 cwt., which is 12,096 lbs.; it is therefore the third bell in England. The largest is the 'Mighty Tom of Oxford,' weighing 7 tons 15 cwt.; and the next in size is the 'Great Tom of Exeter,' weighing 6 tons.

"The interior of the cathedral contains many monuments; they would have been much more numerous, but in the time of the *Reformation*, many were broken and pulled down from bad feeling to the Roman Catholics; and in the time of *Oliver Cromwell*, when the Puritans had power, more monuments were destroyed from bad feeling to the Church of England.

"The destruction in the time of the *Reformation* was very great. I have read that Henry VIII. plundered the cathedral of 2,621 ounces of pure gold, and 4,285 ounces of silver, besides an amazing number of precious jewels; these were taken principally from the monuments. In addition, there was

a large *shrine* of pure gold and another of silver over the bodies of two bishops,—those also he took. In the civil wars between Charles I. and Cromwell, there was not so much left to plunder; the beautiful brass gates and the ‘brasses’ over the graves were taken away, and the cathedral was used as barracks for soldiers. Since then the cathedral has only contained a shadow of its former riches.

“As Lincoln was a Roman city, I found many antiquities—there is still part of the old Roman wall and a Roman gateway. The road which is continued over the Witham bridge and through the city, is a Roman road, and is the great highway to the north. If you have a map of Lincoln you may see that this road extends to *Barton-on-the-Humber*, from which town there is a ferry across the Humber to the great eastern port *Hull*. You will perhaps hear of other Roman roads still in use in England; for no roads that have been made since have proved so good, so firm and durable as those of the Romans.

“Near the mouth of the river Witham is a large town called *Boston*. Being situated, as you may see, in the marshy part of Lincoln, it was once injured very much by a great flood. The water, it is said, ‘overwhelmed an intolerable number of men, women, and children. Not long before a great part was destroyed by fire. Perhaps the town would have become very rich, but, at the same time when Lincoln Cathedral was plundered by Henry VIII., the monasteries of this town were dissolved and their riches carried away.

“The most famous place in Boston is its church. The tower of this church is one of the loftiest in the kingdom: it is 300 feet high,

being ascended by 365 steps. Because it is so high and situated so near to the sea, it was formerly made use of as a land-mark for sailors, and could be seen on the water at a distance of forty miles.

“There are other large towns in Lincolnshire, viz., *Stamford*, in the south-west corner; *Gainsborough*, on the Trent, in the north-west; and *Great Grimsby*, in the north-east.

“The notes on Lincoln I send you herewith, and remain

“Your faithful friend,

“HENRY YOUNG.”

LINCOLNSHIRE.

(Etymology.) *The name Lincoln is derived from the old Latin name “Lindum-Colonia.”*

(Shape.) *In shape Lincolnshire is rather long and oval; and in size it is the second county in England.*

(Boundaries.) *It is bounded on the north by Yorkshire, on the east by the North Sea, on the west by Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and on the south by Northamptonshire and Cambridgeshire.*

(Soil.) *The soil is generally very flat and marshy, but the western parts are rather hilly. Geese, cattle, and wild ducks, are found in great numbers on the flats and fens.*

(Surface.) *The most attractive feature on the surface is the number of beautiful churches seen in all parts. The whole county is arranged into three divisions.*

(Rivers.) *The principal rivers are, the Trent, the Welland, and the Witham.*

(Towns.) *The capital is LINCOLN, an ancient Roman town, with a fine cathedral and great bell. BOSTON is famous for its church, with its high tower. The other important towns are STAMFORD, GAINSBOROUGH, BARTON-ON-THE-HUMBER, and GREAT GRIMSBY.*

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION, ON THE INFANT-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

25th Week.

MONDAY. English Geography.

RECAPITULATION.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"According to your papa's request, I send you several questions which I trust will puzzle you very much. You may answer all of them, if you try.

"Your faithful friend,

HENRY YOUNG.

"P.S.—I might as well add that you had better also answer the old questions (page 12, and pp. 286, and 316, vol i.) if you can."

1. You have heard of my travels in *ten* counties—viz., Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire. Tell me which of these counties I am thinking about: it is bounded on the north by Northumberland; on the south by Yorkshire; on the east by the North Sea; and on the west by Cumberland.

2. I am thinking again of a county whose capital is built on an island. The cathedral, and the town itself in fact, are on a hill; and from the Saxon words for island and hill, it receives its name. What county is it?

3. Tell me two large counties, which are both divided into three divisions. Also say the names of those divisions.

4. Do you remember which is the larger county, Westmoreland or Yorkshire?

5. Mention a larger county in England than Yorkshire.

6. What great river flows be-

tween Yorkshire and Lincolnshire?

7. Mention some of its tributaries.

8. One of the northern counties is completely divided by an arm of the sea—which is it?

9. There is a county bounded on the north by Yorkshire, on the east by Lincolnshire, on the west by Derbyshire, and on the south by Leicestershire. What is its name?

10. Which county is partly separated from Scotland by the Solway Frith?

11. There is a county bounded on the north by Lancashire, on the south by Shropshire and Staffordshire, on the east by Derbyshire, and on the west by Flintshire; which is it?

12. How is Northumberland bounded? 13. Cumberland? 14. Yorkshire? 15. Lancashire?

16. Mention two capes at the east of Yorkshire.

17. Mention the boundaries of each of the other six counties.

18. An island at the east of Northumberland, inhabited by the Eider duck?

19. I am going to think about some towns. There is a town famous for cotton, like Manchester. A large railway bridge extends over the houses from one side of the town to the other.

20. Mention a town where much machinery is made.

21. I remember a town where many porcelain articles are made. There is a singular mill in the town, the first one of the kind that was ever made in England. The Italians were very angry with the man who made it; and it is said

that they sent over a woman to poison him. What was made in the mill, and where is it?

22. There is a cathedral town, with a small manufactory of gloves. The cathedral was the plainest I had seen. What is the name of the town?

23. There is a capital which is altogether an unimportant place, when compared with other towns in the same county. The scenery around it, and the castle of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, are its most important features.

24. What is the name of that capital which has such perfect walls surrounding it? Why has it not become as important a port as Liverpool?

25. There is a capital containing a cathedral which is said to be as fine as York Minster.

26. There is a capital with a great highway to the north running through it—where is it?

27. In a certain capital there was an old castle, which was a great stronghold—it was “dismantled” in Oliver Cromwell’s time. What is the name of the capital?

28. Mention all the kings who have, in some way or other, been connected with that castle.

29. Do you remember a town in Cheshire noted for silk? 30. A town noted for its mineral waters, and romantic scenery? 31. A city noted for its good ale? 32. A cotton town where pins are manufactured? 33. A town noted for carpets and hosiery? 34. Another town in the same county once noted for its cheese-markets? 35. The principal cotton-manufacturing town in England? 36. Mention the cotton town where the first spinning-jenny was made? 37. The name of a cotton town where *canal coal* is found?

38. Can you give me the names of the *eight* principal cotton towns?

39. A town, so called because in ancient times it contained many monasteries and priests? 40. The second commercial town in England? 41. The great north-western port of England? 42. With what countries does it trade—and why?

43. Mention a town noted for cutlery? 44. The principal town for woollen cloths? 45. A village where black-lead is found, and a town where black-lead pencils are made? 46. A town where a coarse green cloth or druggut was formerly made for the archers? 47. A town containing a church with a very high tower and a lantern, formerly used as a “beacon” for sailors?

48. The busiest town that I know of has three famous parks in its suburbs,—what are their names?

49. Tell me the names of the principal buildings in that town, and something about the *quantity* of cotton goods made there.

50. One more question concerning the towns. Mention the *county* in which each of these towns is found:—Newcastle, Sunderland, Hull, Great Grimsby, Newark, Chesterfield, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Mansfield, Macclesfield, Sheffield, Matlock, Wigan, Liverpool, Kendal, Leeds, Halifax, Bradford, Lincoln, Barton-on-the-Humber, Workington, Darlington, Warrington, Bolton, Buxton, Preston, Boston, Stockton, Stockport, Frodsham, Scarborough, Gainsborough, Doncaster, Lancaster, Whitehaven, Chester, Berwick, Carlisle, Nantwich, Whitby, Derby, Appleby, Pontefract, Northwich, Middlewich, Blackburn, York, Rochdale, Nottingham—and then tell me something about each town.

51. Did you ever hear anything

about the *soils* of the different counties? Do you remember a county with a range of hills on the western side, on which the clouds from the Irish Sea break, causing the county to be damp?

52. What is therefore largely cultivated in that county?

53. What valuable mineral is found at the south of the county?

54. In which county does the soil produce mustard? 55. In which county might you see fields of flax? 56. Where are there plenty of geese? 57. A county celebrated for its horses? 58. A county with great caverns, and many natural wonders? 59. A bleak, mountainous, and thinly populated county? 60. The county with fine lake scenery? 61. A very flat fenny county? 62. Where would you find a fine climate and many noblemen's seats? One reason why the climate is so mild?

63. A county famous for cheese? 64. Where is Sherwood Forest? 65. Where is the *Peak*? 67. In which county is much salt found? 68. The principal county for coal and iron? 69. What is the name of the county where the calves are killed when very young, in order to save the milk? 70. Can you make a question yourself on the soil of any of these counties? 71. Let us talk of the *rivers* of the counties. Is the river Trent in Northumberland or in Lincolnshire? 72. What is the name of that river which flows through Nottinghamshire in an oblique direction? 73. Why is that river an "inconvenient" one sometimes? 74. Why is Lincoln like the capital of Spain? 75. The name of the river between Cheshire and Lancashire? 76. The river flowing between Lincolnshire and Yorkshire? 77. Another between

Yorkshire and Durham? 78. Another between Durham and Northumberland? 79. Another between Northumberland and Scotland? 80. Another between Cheshire and Northumberland? 81. Where is the river Witham? 82. The river Ribble? 83. Name the most southern tributary of the Humber? 84. On which tributary is York situate? 85. Where is the river Weever? 86. Where is the river Eden? 87. Tell me the position of each of these rivers,—the Tweed; the Tyne; the Tees; the Humber; the Mersey; the Dove. 88. Do you remember my description of the river Dove? Tell me all you know about it? 89. What capital is on the little river *Lene*? 90. Which capital is on the river *Lon*? 91. Let us talk of celebrated men. What bad king died at Newark? 92. What saint was buried at Lindisfarne, and afterwards removed—why? 93. What celebrated poet and lord lived at Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire? 94. Mention another poet, and an admiral, who lived in this county. 95. Mention a celebrated outlaw and robber who died in this county? 96. At Hull there is the statue of a great man, what was his name?

97. What weak king was put to death in Pontefract Castle?

98. What Scottish king was defeated at Nevill's Cross, near Durham, by a queen, when her husband was absent in France—and what were the names of the queen and her husband?

99. What king made York his head-quarters during the civil war; and what town refused to open its gates to him?

100. In what castle did Edward I. reside, when he came to Scotland as an "umpire?"

RECAPITULATION.

OBJECT LESSON.

M. Get *Volume I. of Pleasant Pages*, Willie, and answer all the questions printed on page 284.

* * * *

M. I am going to think about every object in our course of LESSONS ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE. Instead, however, of telling you the objects, I will mention their *qualities*, and you may tell me their *names*. I will first tell you a few of the qualities in each—the most striking (or distinctive) qualities. There were, you may remember, 14 objects.

Object 1 is a granulous mineral substance. What is its name?

Object 2. A granulous vegetable substance. What do you call it?

Object 3. A pulverable and aromatic vegetable substance?

Object 4. An artificial vegetable substance, partly *pulverable* and partly *friable* (the friable part, by keeping, may become pulverable—the crisp pulverable part, by keeping, may become tough), very nutritious?

Object 5. A very thin, white, and artificial vegetable substance?

Object 6. An *oval* animal substance?

Object 7. A tasteless, colourless, transparent fluid—natural?

Object 8. A white opaque fluid—natural (sometimes *artificial*)?

W. That is, when it is of “the chalk formation,” as the geologists say.

M. *Object 9.* A solid, inflammable, and unctuous animal substance—yet not prepared from the fat of any animal; edible, but not very nutritious?

Object 10. A more solid animal substance. One part is unctuous

and soft, another more fibrous and harder, and the third part is more tough. These parts are *yellowish*, *reddish*, and *brownish*, in their colour. The whole is edible, unctuous, and very palatable?

Object 11. A rather *oily* brown seed—sweetish, nutritious, and forming a nice paste to eat, or a pleasant drink?

Object 12. Two objects which are nearly always friends and companions—real friends helping each other in their daily business, but sometimes made to work independently. You find them waiting for you every day,—one on your right hand, and one on the left.

W. Except when you have *soup* for dinner.

M. They are artificial, one part being formed of a vegetable, and another of a mineral substance; sometimes of an animal and mineral substance?

Objects 13 and 14 are artificial mineral substances, both having circular edges; both have very smooth surfaces, are hard and brittle. One is flat, and the other concave.*

15. Where is *SALT* found principally?

16. What are the principal uses of salt?

17. Why should we be ill if left without salt?

18. Why do farmers mix salt with the fodder for their cattle?

19. In what part of the world is salt very scarce and expensive?

20. Which quality in salt renders

* ANSWERS.—*Object 1.* salt; 2. sugar; 3. coffee; 4. bread; 5. table-cloth; 6. egg; 7. water; 8. milk; 9. butter; 10. rasher of bacon; 11. cocoon; 12. knife and fork; 13 and 14. plate and cup.

it useful for preserving meat, &c.? What is the name of its particular flavour? What gas, so useful in *bleaching*, is found in salt?

21. In what county of England is salt procured from the sea, and how?

22. Mention other ways in which salt is procured? What do you call the salt which is dug out of the earth? What country in Europe has such wonderful mines of rock-salt?

23. From what countries is SUGAR procured?

24. Mention four qualities in sugar which are also found in salt.

25. What part of the sugar-cane is the sugar?

26. Describe the appearance of a field of sugar-canes.

27. Tell me how the sugar is procured from them.

28. From what different animals is MILK procured in England? From what animal in Wales, in Lapland, in Arabia, in South America?

29. What is the breakfast TABLE-CLOTH made of?

30. Tell me some linen manufacturing towns.

31. From what plant is linen procured?

32. What else is procured from that plant?

33. On what does COCOA grow—on a plant, a cane, a shrub, or a large tree?

34. Of what use are the pods before they are ripe?

35. Do you know anything else about the cocoa-tree, or seeds?

36. From what countries do we procure COFFEE?—the best coffee—the commonest coffee?

37. What is the appearance of a COFFEE shrub when in bloom?

38. The appearance of the seeds before they are brought to England?

39. What do the grocers do to the coffee seeds before they are sold?

40. Tell me the difference between the methods of cultivating coffee in the West Indies and Arabia?

41. Have you ever heard of Mocha?

42. Or of Ceylon?

43. How many kinds of BREAD can you count up?

44. Is bread an animal or a mineral substance?

45. If it were a mineral substance and I could live upon it, what would you suppose me to be?

46. What is bread called because it has so much of the quality "*nutritious*"?

47. Did you ever taste any BUTTER?

48. Do you generally take it in coffee, or in cocoa?

49. Why is it not very nice on a rasher of bacon? Which quality in the butter would then render it objectionable?

50. How is butter made from milk? Is it made from the cream or the curds?

51. Tell me a country where there is plenty of pasture-land for the cows, and the people supply an enormous quantity of butter and cheese to England every year?

52. Can you name the counties of England from which London is supplied with butter?

53. Which class of vertebrated animals supply us with eggs?

54. Mention other animals which lay eggs?

55. Which would you sooner have for breakfast—the egg of a fish, or the egg of a bird?

56. Mention eight different parts in an egg.

57. I wonder whether you could find twenty qualities in WATER? Try!

58. Tell me nine different sorts of water.

59. Water may be found in nine different *states*. Mention them.

60. From the numerous and varied uses of water, select the four which are most important. Also select two qualities without which water would be perfectly useless.

61. If you remember the lesson on the RASHER OF BACON, perhaps you can tell me whether it was procured from a cow or a sheep?

62. Which are the best sheep for supplying bacon?

63. Did you ever see any bacon which had been procured from the sheep?

64. In which country does the pig feel himself quite "at home?" Why?

65. What two nations will not eat bacon? Why?

66. Mention two towns in Ireland famous for bacon?

67. What town in Yorkshire is famous for its KNIVES and FORKS?

68. The six "distinctive" qualities (or parts) in the blade of a dinner knife?

69. Mention twelve different sorts of knives.

70. Here is the list of Object Lessons once more. In reading it, supply the name of the object for its description.

The cook spread out for herself
• a *linen substance*, on which she placed two *sharp instruments formed of mineral and vegetable substance*; between these she placed a *flat circular mineral object*, and on it a

salt, palatable animal substance. After eating this, she took up a piece of a *yellowish-white, friable, and highly nutritious vegetable substance*, on which she spread a *soft, unctuous animal substance*, and of these, together she ate great mouthfuls,—just stopping now and then to scoop out some *animal substance* from the interior of a *white oval object*, into which, after breaking off the top, she had previously sprinkled a *white, sparkling, granulous mineral substance*. Then, feeling rather exhausted with so much exertion, she refreshed herself with a *brown liquid aromatic fluid*, with which she had taken care to mix plenty of a *brown, granulous, sweet, vegetable substance*; and a *white, fluid, emollient, animal substance*. The drink, however, in her already heated state, was rather too stimulating. Therefore she took down a *clean, bright, white, smooth, hard, brittle, concave object with a handle*, and a *circular edge*. Into this she put a rather *sweet, nutritious, brownish substance, prepared from the seed of a large tree in the WEST INDIES*; and pouring upon it a *bright, liquid, transparent, inodorous, and tasteless substance*, from a rather grim-looking kettle, she put the same additions as before, stirred it round with her spoon, and drank it off to her complete satisfaction. Then did friend Cookie arise, and leave her breakfast; therefore will we also leave our OBJECT LESSONS FROM THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

WHAT is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more!
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused.

SHAKSPEARE.

FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

RECAPITULATION.

M. To-day we will begin our recapitulation of the Natural History; but before doing so, let us make a "lesson" on the whole order of Carnivorous Animals.

Lesson 18. MAMMALS.

ORDER 5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS
(Carnivora).

1. This order of Mammals subsists on the flesh of smaller animals found on the earth, and in the water;—and they are adapted for such food, by peculiarities in their senses, limbs, extremities, teeth, and stomach, with which they find, pursue, seize, kill, eat, and digest their prey.

2. They may be arranged in six different tribes, viz.:—

(a). Animals having pupils to their eyes, which expand during the night, having elastic pads, and sharp retractile claws to their feet; having very large tearing-teeth, and being the most destructive tribe of this order. They are called the CAT TRIBE, and include the DOMESTIC CAT, WILD CAT, LYNX, LEOPARD, TIGER, and LION, which are found in the Old World; and the Puma, Ounce, and others living in the New World.

(b). Animals which are much smaller than the first tribe, with long vermiform bodies, so that they can enter the burrows of underground animals—short legs, and semi-digitigrade feet; a covering of fine fur, which, in some of them, is very valuable; and glands containing a strong smelling fluid, which they use as a means of defence. Although small, they are exceedingly bloodthirsty, and have very long sharp canine teeth. They are called the WEASEL TRIBE; and include the WEASEL, POLECAT, FERRET, STOAT, MARTEN, SABLE, SKUNK, BADGER, GLUTTON, OTTER, and others.

(c). A tribe with digitigrade feet, un retractile claws, and blunt nicks; so that, unlike the Cat tribe, they seize their prey with their teeth. Some are particularly distinguished by their attachment to man, their faithfulness, and sagacity. They are called the DOG TRIBE; and include the various breeds of DOGS, the WOLF, the JACKAL, the FOX, and others.

(d). The fourth group contains many odd animals, which may be known by having semi-retractile claws, the pupil of the eye always round, and a pouch containing a fatty substance with a musky odour. They are called the CIVET TRIBE; and include the CIVET, GENET, HYENA, LINCURION, and others.

(e). The fifth group may be known by their ponderous body, massive limbs, broad plantigrade feet, with sharp nails, awkward movements, long shaggy hair, and by their not being purely carnivorous—some are omnivorous. They form the BEAR TRIBE; and include the WHITE, BLACK, BROWN, and GRIZZLY BEARS, the RACCOON, and the PANDA.

(f). The animals of the last tribe are purely amphibious, and their parts are fitted for life in both the land and water. The body has a shape like that of a fish, and the limbs are like fins. The food of these animals is principally fish, but some feed on the vegetables, seaweed, &c., growing at the bottom of the sea. These are called the SEAL TRIBE; and include the SEAL, the SEA LION, the SEA ELEPHANT, the FUR SEAL, DUGONG, and others.

Ion. Let me finish the lesson.

We have thus learned about five orders of mammals.

1. TWO-HANDED ANIMALS.
2. FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS.
3. WING-HANDED ANIMALS.
4. INSECT-EATING ANIMALS.
5. FLESH-EATING ANIMALS.

M. Let us now recapitulate our
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lessons from the beginning. I hope you will be able to answer nearly all the questions.

W. Suppose that we answer three out of four, will that do?

M. Yes. Here is a hard question to begin with—I know an animal with a long tail—

Ada. A monkey!

M. A brownish fur—

Ada. No. A cat.

W. A cat is not “brown.” It is a *shrew*!

M. And sharp retractile claws.

Ada. There, it is a cat!

M. It can see as well in the night as in the day—for the pupils of its eyes enlarge.

Ada. I said so!

M. It springs upon its prey with tremendous force, giving a loud roar—

Ada. Oh!

M. And shaking its great *shaggy mane*. Thus, it so terrifies the other animals by its voice and power, that it is called **THE KING OF THE BEASTS**.

L. Well—it is a *lion*, after all.

M. Yes. And it is neither a monkey, a shrew, nor a cat. You see, now, how many mistakes you make, if you are in too great a hurry to speak. You should first have the patience to listen, and not speak before you have had the proper means of judging. You will seldom form a correct judgment unless you have heard *all* the particulars which are to be given—and it is generally so in other cases. You were not *judging*.

W. No; we were *guessing*.

M. Therefore—I will not ask you any more questions, but will write them so that you may have time to consider well before you answer **Question 2**. Here is an animal. It is covered with a thick fur, and it has webbed feet; it has

a long vermiform body, and sharp canine teeth. It was formerly an English “sport” to hunt this animal with dogs. In India, however, it is treated more reasonably; the natives use it to catch fish for them. What tribe, and what order, does this animal belong to?

3. I know an animal with plantigrade feet. It is smaller than a bear, living on the shores of rivers, swamps, and seas. It can climb trees, like the bear, so that it eats young birds and eggs; it also eats shell-fish, and is clever in opening oysters. What is its name?

W. Mamma is thinking of all the “out of the way” animals, which we have not heard much of.

4. When you learned of the “Insect-eating order,” and had heard of the moles, shrews, and hedgehogs, what tribe was mentioned next?

5. Tell me an animal which seems to connect the monkeys and the bats.

6. What animal resembles both the monkeys and the squirrels?

7. Which animal in the Civet tribe is like one of the Weasel tribe?

8. Which in that tribe might almost be placed in the *Cat* tribe?

9. And which, in the *Dog* tribe?

10. Which tribe of four-handed animals live among the rocks and mountains, and are more solitary than the others?

11. Which live almost entirely on the trees, and can even climb with their tails?

12. Which live partly on the ground in a kind of hut, and walk on their hind limbs?

13. Which are of a *gay* disposition?—which are *surly*?—which are *grave*?

We will finish our Natural History questions next week.

THE FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

GIBRALTAR.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN—

"What is Gibraltar? It is a great natural oven, situated round a high barren rock, as high as—I can't say exactly how high—but, I think, 1,450 feet. This high barren rock is of the shape of a sugar-loaf. It is *almost* an island, and is connected with Spain only by an 'isthmus,' which is a long track of sandy land.

"The rock is of grey marble, with a cold, forbidding appearance, and contains many caverns. It is surrounded by very strong fortifications, with plenty of port-holes, from which peep out great cannons. The base of the rock begins at the very edge of the water, but it does not continue upwards in a straight line. There are *ledges*, or terraces, on which the houses are situated. The batteries, with their guns, rise tier after tier above one another, giving the town, strong as it is, a stronger appearance. At each commanding point guns of the heaviest metal are placed; and even in the public garden, black yawning muzzles are seen peering from amidst the roses. I had been to see the batteries one day, and was just leaving the place, when I heard coming through the air a great sound—BOO-O-O-O-M. I looked out on the water and saw two ships. It appears that one was a Spanish "coast-guard" ship chasing a smuggler, but in doing so she had ventured on the part of the water which is called 'British.' The shot from the gun had been fired over her to warn her that she was 'trespassing.' No heed was taken of this, and soon I heard another thunder

—BOOO-O-O-O-M, shaking the very air. The shot this time was sent just before her bows, but still she heedlessly continued the pursuit. Again came the heavy hollow sound—BOOO-O-O-O-M, and this time the shot was aimed at the ship herself, point blank. It entered her 'between wind and water;' she ducked, rose again, then, rushing down head-foremost, disappeared for ever under the waves. The crew were all saved, except two men, who sank with the vessel."

L. What a dreadful thing! Can you tell me, papa, what made the people so cruel? What is meant by the water being "British"?

P. If, dear Lucy, you will get down your map of Europe, you will see that Gibraltar is at the very south of Spain, and that there is only a very narrow *strait* of water between that place and Africa. You may see, also, that a ship could not sail into the Mediterranean Sea, or out of it, without coming close to the guns of the fortifications, and that the British, by firing upon it, could prevent it from passing. The British, therefore, do so to all ships which they do not wish should pass; and thus they call Gibraltar "the key of the Mediterranean."

W. Yes. Because they can let any one go in or out just as they please. But that is very *rude* conduct, papa, to sink the ship;—then, to kill the men is horrible! How did the English get possession of Gibraltar?

P. They took it from the Spaniards about 150 years ago—in the year 1704. It has belonged to Britain ever since, but has sustained two extraordinary sieges

from the French, and French and Spaniards combined. It has, I believe, been a very expensive place to this country, and is principally useful as a war-station. You may remember reading in uncle Richard's letter that it was on this rock that the first Moors and their leader *Tarik* landed. But let me hear the rest of the letter.

"I had often heard of the tailless monkeys (or baboons), living on the summit of this rock, and stood a long time watching for them, but not one would show itself. I had with me two officers who had accompanied me on board the rickety old steamer; and as soon as we had parted with the Serjeant of Artillery who had escorted us over the fortifications, they proposed to visit the cave of St. MICHAEL'S, which is the greatest wonder of the rock. They had gained permission to do so, and accordingly we went. It is said that this cave extends under the sea, to the African coast on the other side, but we all doubted this very much; particularly when we heard that no one had been known to travel through it. A corporal and a private of the garrison endeavoured to explore it some years since, but they never returned. We went in a considerable distance; but, after a time, we deemed it prudent to stop, for the bottom was slippery with wet and slime; an unlucky stumble might have hurled one of us down some unfathomable abyss; besides, some living thing was moving in one of the dim corners. I heard a hissing sound, and saw a shadowy form flitting round the stalactites which were hanging over our heads. My presence evidently displeased it; and as, without knowing whether it was a snake, a monkey, or a bogie, none of us wished to make

it our enemy, we deemed it prudent not to intrude on its privacy, and retreated.

"Not much can be said in favour of the town of Gibraltar. Many of the houses and streets were wretched and dirty places. The inns seemed to be quite as bad. The most pleasing feature was the mixed population; the streets often resemble a carnival scene; that are always gay in appearance with the dashing uniform of the military and naval officers, while they are gay in sound, from the shrill ear-piercing life. There were sailors and soldiers of all nations, kilted Highlanders, and English soldiers, whose bright uniform was a contrast to the dirty, ill-clad warriors of Spain. Spanish peasants in their showy costume lay idly basking in the sun, and smoking. The grey jackets of the Hungarians mingled with the snowy dress and turban of the brown Moor—while hook-nosed Jews from Africa and Europe hurried along with anxious looks, talking eagerly about 'monish.'

"In the course of a few days I bid good-bye to Spain, and to Europe; and I hope in my next letter to tell you of a new country.

"Your affectionate friend,

"UNCLE RICHARD.

"P.S.—I have been reading some of Mr. Young's letters, and found that he is in the habit of making notes for you on the countries he visits. It has therefore occurred to me to give you the same kind of notes on Spain and Portugal. I have also added a few questions by way of recapitulation."

Notes. EUROPE.

PORTUGAL—SPAIN.

"1. PORTUGAL is a country situated on the west of Spain.

2. *The capital is LISBON, on the river Tagus. The town was partly destroyed by an earthquake in the year 1755; it is a rather dirty town, and the streets are so very steep, that the passengers find it rather more convenient to travel on mules than to walk.*

In Portugal there is another large town called OPORTO, famous for its port wine.

3. *SPAIN is a much larger country than Portugal, and together the two countries form a large peninsula.*

4. *The capital of Spain is MADRID, on the river Manzanares, over which are two majestic bridges. The city is surrounded by heavy brick walls, with heavy gates of coarse granite. The houses have a grand appearance, but are more showy than substantial. The public walks, the Museum, and the Armoury, are the principal places of attraction. The ancient palace, the ESCURIAL, which is built in the form of a gridiron, is in the neighbourhood of Madrid.*

5. *SEVILLE is one of the principal cities in Spain, and in the ancient times was its capital. The houses, the narrow winding streets, and ragged awnings, give it the appearance of one of the cities in the East. The golden tower; the Giralda and Cathedral; and the tobacco manufactory, are objects of interest.*

6. *CORDOVA is another great city; the ancient seat of learning in the times of the Moors. It contains a fine ruin of a Moorish mosque, in the midst of which the Spaniards have, with bad taste, erected their cathedral.*

GRANADA is the most beautiful of all the Moorish cities; not only on account of its buildings, but its beautiful situation. In the times of the Moors, it resembled an earthly paradise, and was their last place of abode in Spain. The most magnificent specimen of the Moorish palaces, the ALHAMBRA, is situated on one of the hills in this city.

MALAGA, another large city, sur-

rounded by mountains, is principally famous for its raisins, and its wines, which are called Mountain wine, and Tent wine.

RECAPITULATION.

1. Will you look at the map of Europe, and tell me how SPAIN is bounded?

2. How is PORTUGAL situated?

3. On what river is Madrid situated?

4. On what river is Lisbon situated?

5. What is the name of the town in Portugal from which port wine is procured?

6. The town in Spain whence we have sherry wine?

7. The port in Spain belonging to England?

8. There is an animal which is much more sure-footed than a horse, and, as Spain is a hilly country, it is much used there. What animal is it?

9. What is the favourite amusement of the Spaniards, and in which town did I witness one of these entertainments?

10. In which did I have the trouble of racing up and down the hilly streets, under the heat of the burning sun, in order to procure my "passport"?

11. In which part of my journey did I feel such a dread of robbers?

12. What was the name of the town where I was so disgusted with the beggars?

13. I remember a town where the fruit in the market, and the grapes growing on the hills, delighted me. What is its name?

14. Mention all the places in Spain which I visited?

15. The name of the river on which I travelled to Seville?

16. Near which city is the Escorial?

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—SUMMER SONG.

Pret-ty bee, pray tell me why, Thus from flower to

Pret-ty bee, pray tell me why, Thus from flower to

flower ye fly, Culling sweets the live-long day, Ne-ver leaving

flower ye fly, Culling sweets the live-long day, Ne-ver leaving

off to play, Ne-ver leav-ing off to play?

off to play, Ne-ver leav-ing off to play?

Little child, I'll tell you why
 Thus from flower to flower I fly;
 Let the cause thy thoughts engage,
 From thy youth, to riper age.
 Summer's flowers will soon be o'er
 Winter comes—they bloom no more;

Finest days will soon be past,
 Brightest suns will set at last.
 Little child, come, learn of me,
 Let thy youth thy seed-time be;
 So, when win't'ry age shall come,
 Shalt thou bear thy harvest home.

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